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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED;

WITH NOTES.

VOL. V.

A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

WITH NOTES.

Dodsley, Robert



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RURAL ELEGANCE:

An ODE to the Ducheſs of SOMERSET[a].

Written in 1750.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

I.

WHILE orient ſkies reſtore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;

Amid

[a] Frances, eldeſt daughter of the honourable Henry Thynne, only ſon of Thomas firſt Viſcount Weymouth. She was married to Algernon Earl of Hertford afterwards Duke of Somerſet, and died at Percy Lodge

Amid the ſprightly ſcenes of morn,
Will aught the Muſe inſpire?
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the ſacred lyre!

II.

Ye rural *thanes* that o'er the moſſy down
Some panting, timorous hare purſue;
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does ſhe ſmooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude conſtraint, reſound the jovial cry?

III.

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched ſwain your ſport ſurvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He ſees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curſes loads the deed.

July 7, 1754. She was the intimate friend of Mrs. Rowe, on whoſe death ſhe wrote ſome verſes, and likewiſe was author of the Epiſtles ſigned Cleora, in the Collection of Letters from the Living to the Dead. Mr. Walpole ſays, ſhe had as much taſte for the writings of others as modeſty about her own.

IV.

Nor yet, ye *ſwains*, conclude
That Nature ſmiles for you alone;
Your bounded ſouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the ſelfiſh boaſt diſown:
Yours be the produce of the ſoil!
O may it ſtill reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceleſs train
Of clinging infants, aſk ſupport in vain!

V.

But though the various harveſt gild your plains,
Does the mere landſcape feaſt your eye?
Or the warm hope of diſtant gains
Far other cauſe of glee ſupply?
Is not the red-ſtreak's future juice
The ſource of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuſe,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
A thirſt ye praiſe the limpid ſtream, 'tis true;
But though, the pebbled ſhores among,
It mimic no unpleaſing ſong,
The limpid fountain *murmurs* not for you.

VI.

Unpleas'd ye ſee the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the Spring her *flowery* robe reſume;
Unmov'd the mountains airy pile,
The dappled mead without a ſmile.

O let the rural conſcious Muſe,
For well ſhe knows, your froward ſenſe accuſe:
Forth to the ſolemn oak you bring the ſquare,
And ſpan the maſſy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

VII.

or yet ye *learn'd*, nor yet ye *courtly* train,
If haply from your haunts ye ſtray
To waſte with us a ſummer's day,
Exclude the taſte of *every* ſwain,
Nor our untutor'd ſenſe diſdain:
'Tis Nature only gives excluſive right
To reliſh her ſupreme delight;
She, where ſhe pleaſes kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene, and forms us to enjoy.

VIII.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh their foaming tides,
The mountain ſwells, the dale ſubſides;
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wandering ſight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

IX.

With what ſuſpicious fearful care
The ſordid wretch ſecures his claim,
If haply ſome luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What ſcruples leſt ſome future birth
Should litigate a ſpan of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for proſe,
The towering Muſe endures not to diſcloſe;
Alas! *her* unrevers'd decree,
More comprehenſive and more free,
Her laviſh charter, Taſte, appropriates all we ſee.

X.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the ſolemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial ſort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the ſea;
Each laughing Muſe derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria ſcorns the mock embrace,
To ſome lone *hermit* on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle ſhores in dow'r,
His breaſt to admiration prone
Enjoys the ſmile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

XI.

Fatigu'd with form's oppreſſive laws,
When SOMERSET avoids the Great;
When cloy'd with merited applauſe,
She ſeeks the rural calm retreat;
Does ſhe not praiſe each moſſy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could ſhe not more delighted hear
Yon throſtle chaunt the riſing year?
Could ſhe not ſpurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primroſe of the plains?
Does ſhe not ſweets in each fair valley find,
Loſt to the ſons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

XII.

Ah! can ſhe covet there to ſee
The ſplendid ſlaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That ſlight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded ſpires,
To where the *lonely* halcyons play,
Her philoſophic ſtep retires:
While ſtudious of the moral theme,
She, to ſome ſmooth ſequeſter'd ſtream
Likens the ſwain's inglorious day;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd from the flowery margin to ſurvey,
How cool, ſerene, and clear the current glides away.

XIII.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who ſlight the ſweetly-penſive mind!
On whoſe fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muſe prophetic ſmil'd.
Not that the poet's boaſted fire
Should Fame's wide echoing trumpet ſwell;
Or, on the muſic of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted ſweets of praiſe remove,
Yet ſhall *ſuch* boſoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet theſe the ſpirits, form'd to judge and prove
All Nature's charms immenſe, and Heav'n's unbounded love.

XIV.

And oh! the tranſport, moſt ally'd to ſong,
In ſome fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch ſoft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the ſloping hill,
Or ſmoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careleſs groups of roſes bloom;

Or let ſome ſhelter'd lake ſerene
Reflect flow'rs, woods and ſpires, and brighten all the ſcene.

XV.

O ſweet diſpoſal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And every *gentle* breaſt partakes the joy!
While *Charity* at eve ſurveys the ſwain,
Enabled by theſe toils to chear
A train of helpleſs infants dear,
Speed whiſtling home acroſs the plain;
Sees vagrant *Luxury*, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceleſs deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

XVI.

Why brand theſe pleaſures with the name
Of ſoft, unſocial toils, of indolence and ſhame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not *all* was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not *all* for needleſs uſe alone;
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe the ſmell.

XVII.

Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? for uſe?

For

For preſervation? Every ſphere
Shall bid fair *Pleaſure's* rightful claim appear.
And ſure there ſeem, of *human* kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife;
Some for *amuſive* taſks deſign'd,
To ſoothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

XVIII.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the ſons of Fancy flew;
There long had Art ordain'd a rival ſeat;
There had ſhe laviſh'd all her care
To form a ſcene more dazzling fair,
And call them from their green retreat
To ſhare her proud controul;
Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And emulous of Nature's pow'r,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each ruſtic limb anew,
And warp'd the very ſoul!

XIX.

Awhile her magic ſtrikes the novel eye,
Awhile the faery forms delight;
And now aloof we ſeem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer ſky,
Where all is wonderous, all is bright:
Now landed on ſome ſpangled ſhore
Awhile each dazzled maniac roves
By ſaphire lakes, through em'rald groves.
Paternal acres pleaſe no more;
Adieu the ſimple, the ſincere delight—
Th' habitual ſcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the ſoil,
And drink the cup of thirſt, and eat the bread of toil.

XX.

But ſoon the pageant fades away!
'Tis *Nature* only bears perpetual ſway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with ſplendour's irkſome beams,
Fancy again demands the ſight
Of native groves, and wonted ſtreams,
Pants for the ſcenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and baniſhes diſguiſe.

XXI. Then

XXI.

Then hither oft ye ſenators retire,
With *Nature* here high converſe hold;
For who like STAMFORD [b] her delights admire,
Like STAMFORD ſhall with ſcorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the Britiſh oak's majeſtic ſhade,
Shall ſee fair Truth, immortal maid,
Friendſhip in artleſs guiſe array'd,
Honour, and moral Beauty ſhine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

XXII.

Yes, here alone did higheſt Heav'n ordain
The laſting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy ſeeks to ſhare,
The *great*, the *various*, and the *fair*,
For ever ſhould remain!

XXIII.

Her impulſe nothing may reſtrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midſt all the city's artful trim,
To rear ſome breathleſs vapid flow'rs,
Or ſhrubs fuliginouſly grim:

[b] Harry Booth the fourth Earl of Stamford. He died the 24th of June 1768.

From

From rooms of ſilken foliage vain:
To trace the dun far diſtant grove,
Where ſmit with undiſſembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her abſent love,
Borne to the duſty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and ſoothe ſome vapour'd fair.

XXIV.

But how muſt faithleſs *Art* prevail,
Should all who taſte our joy ſincere,
To virtue, truth or ſcience dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from theſe the public ſphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From theſe impartial Heav'n demands
To ſpread the flame itſelf inſpires;
To ſift Opinion's mingled maſs,
Impreſs a nation's taſte, and bid the ſterling paſs.

XXV.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whoſe graceful deeds have exemplary ſhone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By ſolemn grott, or ſhady ſpring,
To join their pleaſing dreams!

Theirs

Theirs is the rural bliſs without alloy,
They only that deſerve, enjoy.
What though nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountain rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental ſight,
A train of ſmiling Virtues bright
Shall there the wiſe retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

XXVI.

And though by faithleſs friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd preſumptuous war;
By SEYMOUR's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united ſhine,
No longer ſhall their counſels jar.
'Tis hers to mediate the peace:
Near Percy-lodge [c], with awe-ſtruck mien,
The rebel ſeeks her lawful Queen,
And havoc and contention ceaſe.
I ſee the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair deſign;
Nature exalt the mound where Arts ſhall build;
Art ſhape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

[c] Percy-lodge near Colebrook, in Middleſex, a ſeat belonging to the Dutcheſs, which had been purchaſed of Lord Bathurſt. The name by which it had formerly been known was Richings.

XXVII.

Begin, ye ſongſters of the grove!
O warble forth your nobleſt lay;
Where SOMERSET vouchſafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely ſport and play.
—Peace to the ſtrepent horn!
Let no harſh diſſonance diſturb the morn,
No ſounds inelegant and rude
Her ſacred ſolitudes profane!
Unleſs her candour not exclude
The lowly ſhepherd's votive ſtrain,
Who tunes his reed amidſt his rural chear,
Fearful, yet not averſe, that SOMERSET ſhould hear.

INSCRIPTION near a SHEEP-COTE. 1745.

BY THE SAME.

SHepherd, would'ſt thou here obtain
Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
Gentle ſhepherd! lend an ear.

Learn to reliſh calm delight,
Verdant vales, and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
Caves that eqho tinkling rills.

If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe
In the ſimpleſt bud that blows;
Go, forſake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleaſures never cloy;
Baniſh each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inſpires
Fonder wiſhes, fiercer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet, ere thou the reins reſign,
Hear what reaſon ſeems to ſay,
Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimſon leaves the roſe adorn,
" But beneath 'em lurks a thorn:
" Fair and flowery is the brake,
" Yet it hides the vengeful ſnake.

" Think not ſhe, whoſe empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride;
" Think not ſhe who, light and vain,
" Scorns the ſheep, can love the ſwain.

" Artleſs deed and ſimple dreſs,
" Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs;
" Thoughts by decency controul'd,
" Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

" Senſe

" Senſe that ſhuns each conſcious air,
" Wit that falls ere well aware;
" Generous pity, prone to ſigh
" If her kid or lambkin die.

" Let not lucre, let not pride
" Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide;
" Have not thoſe their proper ſphere?
" Gentler paſſions triumph here.

" See, to ſweeten thy repoſe,
" The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the reſt is vain:
" Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain:
" Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er:
" Cloſe thy wiſh, and ſeek no more."

NANCY

NANCY OF THE VALE.

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis, hederâ formoſior albâ!

BY THE SAME.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray;
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artleſs bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſt the *ſcene*, he bleſt the *hour*,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

"Let fops with fickle falſhood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day,
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale!
And every bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naïd of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, ſprung,
And glittering near its ſide;

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom;
Her eye, all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rocks, and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That

That Nature in ſo lone a dell
  Should form a Nymph ſo ſweet!
Or Fortune to her ſecret cell
  Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
  But ſhe would ne'er incline:
" Prove to your equals true," ſhe cry'd,
  " As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
  " Has won my right good will;
" To him I gave my plighted vow,
  " With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
  I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
  And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
  Or I thoſe charms forego;
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
  That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

By the Same.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perſiſts my weary'd ſoul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, ſtrives to bring
Or pleaſure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradiſe's honour'd groves,
Ceaſeleſs fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the reſting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural moſſy bed
My limbs with careleſs eaſe reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent ſpread
The ſame ſoft bandage o'er my mind.

For why ſhould lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly proſpect cloy?
Lend me, ſoft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ſt

Lov'ſt thou yon calm and ſilent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeſtuous wind that blows?

An altar on its banks ſhall riſe,
Where oft thy votary ſhall be found;
What time pale Autumn lulls the ſkies,
And ſickening verdure fades around.

Ye buſy race, ye factious train,
That haunt Ambition's guilty ſhrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiſſant queen! be kind:
If e'er I ſhar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I ſway'd my active mind,
To weave for Thee the rural bow'r;

Diſſolve in ſleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing ſigh remove;
And only let me wake to ſhare
The ſweets of Friendſhip and of Love.

ODE to HEALTH, 1750.

By the Same.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why doſt thou ſhun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to ſhare thy pow'r,
And bleſs thy laſting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether Muſe or Grace,
With tempting ſmile, frequent the place;
I ſigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy ſtay:
Thou yet might'ſt act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'ſt raiſe this languid heart;
Why ſpeed ſo ſwift away?

Thou ſcorn'ſt the city-air;
I breathe freſh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet haſt not thou my wiſhes crown'd,
O falſe! O partial fair!

I plunge

I plunge into the wave ;
And though with pureſt hands I raiſe
A rural altar to thy praiſe,
Thou wilt not deign to ſave.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boaſted name, and titles fair,
Why ſcorns thy foot to rove ?

Thou hear'ſt the ſportſman's claim ;
Enabling *him*, with idle noiſe,
To drown the Muſe's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is Thought thy foe ? adieu
Ye midnight lamps ! ye curious tomes !
Mine eye o'er hill and valley roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee ?
Yet 'midſt his unremitting ſnows,
The poor Laponian's boſom glows ;
And ſhares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When though I ſcorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor ſaid a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bleſt than me?
When the glad ſchool-boy's taſk was done,
And forth, with jocund ſprite, I run
To freedom, and to glee!

How jovial then the day!
What ſince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loſs repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
Nor leſſen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could ſink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my ſtars include;
What *other* breaſts convert to pain,
My towering mind ſhould ſoon diſdain,
Should ſcorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bleſt with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my ſoul ſhould dwell!

Temperance ſhould guard the doors;
From room to room ſhould Memory ſtray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleaſing ſtores—

There let them reſt unknown,
The types of many a pleaſing ſcene;
But to preſerve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair Queen! alone.

To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

By the Same.

AH! what is Science, what is Art,
Or what the pleaſure theſe impart?
Ye trophies which the Learn'd purſue
Through endleſs fruitleſs toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes beſtow,
To ſoothe the miſeries they ſhow?
What, like the bliſs for *him* decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched Fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the ſimpleſt hind,
How rare that object, which ſupplies
A charm for too diſcerning eyes!

[a] Lady Luxborough.

The

The poliſh'd bard; of genius vain,
Endures a deeper ſenſe of pain:
As each invading blaſt devours
The richeſt fruits, the faireſt flow'rs.

Sages, with irkſome waſte of time,
The ſteep aſcent of Knowledge climb:
Then, from the tow'ring heights they ſcale,
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Aſteria, tell us why
We ſcorn the crowd, when you are nigh:
Why then does reaſon ſeem ſo fair,
Why learning then deſerve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your ſhelves behold,
While you ſo fair a proof unfold,
What force the brighteſt genius draws
From poliſh'd Wiſdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What ſtrange perfection bids us own
That Bliſs with toilſome Science dwells,
And happieſt he, who moſt excels?

UPON A VISIT to the ſame in Winter, 1748[a].

By the Same.

I.

ON fair Aſteria's bliſsful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we paſs the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

II.

No linnet, from the leafleſs bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Aſteria's tongue,
Nor *wiſh* the linnet's vernal ſong.

III.

No flowers emit their tranſient rays;
Yet ſure Aſteria's wit diſplays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with *perennial* beauty ſhines.

IV.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd ſtreams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
Aſteria's preſence wakes the lyre;
And well ſupplies poetic fire.

[a] See Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 7.

V. The

V.

The fields have loſt their lovely dye;
No chearful azure decks the ſky;
Yet ſtill we bleſs the louring day;
Aſteria ſmiles—and all is gay.

VI.

Hence let the Muſe no more preſume
To blame the Winter's dreary gloom;
Accuſe his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious *haſte* deplore!

VII.

For ſoon, from wit and friendſhip's reign,
The ſocial hearth, the ſprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year,
On ſavage plains, and deſerts drear!

VIII.

I go—to feed on pleaſures flown,
Nor find the ſpring my loſs atone!
But 'mid the flowery ſweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

An irregular ODE after SICKNESS, 1749.

——— *Melius, cum venerit Ipſa, canemus.*

By the Same.

I.

TOO long a ſtranger to repoſe,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I roſe,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

II.

'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The ſun's forgotten beams:
O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays,
Reflected from the poliſh'd face
Of yon refulgent ſtreams!

III.

Rais'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
And thus in feeble ſtrains and ſlow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

" Come, gentle Air! my languid limbs reſtore,
" And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore:
" For ſure I heard the tender ſighs,
" I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
" Of hapleſs youths, who through the myrtle grove
" Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love;
" To that unjoyous clime,
" Torn from the ſight of theſe etherial ſkies;
" Debarr'd the luſtre of their Delia's eyes;
" And baniſh'd in their prime.

V.

" Come, gentle Air! and, while the thickets bloom,
" Convey the jaſmin's breath divine,
" Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
" Nor ſpare the ſweet-leaft eglantine.
" And may'ſt thou ſhun the rugged ſtorm
" 'Till Health her wonted charms explain,
" With rural pleaſure in her train,
" To greet me in her faireſt form.
" While from this lofty mount I view
" The ſons of earth, the vulgar crew,
" Anxious for futile gains, beneath me ſtray,
" And ſeek with erring ſtep Contentment's obvious way.

VI.

" Come, gentle Air, and thou celeſtial Muſe,
" Thy genial flame infuſe;
" Enough to lend a penſive boſom aid,
" And gild Retirement's gloomy ſhade;

" Enough

" Enough to rear ſuch ruſtic lays
" As foes may ſlight, but partial friends will praiſe."

VII.

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to chear my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of op'ning flowers;
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hill inhales,
Or ſcent Sabea's blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the penſive mind,
By preſcripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan:
Oh, how ſhould They relieve?—the Muſes all were flown.

VIII.

By flowery plain, or woodland ſhades,
I fondly ſought the charming maids;
By woodland ſhades, or flowery plain,
I ſought them, faithleſs maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendſhip lead,
To viſit Luxborough's [b] honor'd bower.
Ah fooliſh man! to ſeek the tuneful maids
On *other* plains, or near leſs verdant ſhades;

[b] See Lady Luxborough's Letters, p. 128.

IX.

Scarce have my footſteps preſs'd the favor'd ground,
When ſounds etherial ſtrike my ear;
At once celeſtial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muſes *here* attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careleſs mien,
The ſportive Graces trip the green.

X.

But whilſt I wander'd o'er a ſcene ſo fair,
Too well at one ſurvey I trace,
How every Muſe, and every Grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plum on India's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on Adria's rocky ſhore,
But torn methought from native lands or ſeas,
From their arrangement, gain freſh pow'r to pleaſe.

XI.

And ſome had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeckt with every ſhrub that blows;
And ſome entwin'd the willing ſprays,
To ſhield th' illuſtrious Dame's repoſe:

Others had grac'd the ſprightly dome;
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or 'mid the decorated ſpace,
Aſſign'd the laurel'd buſt a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of ſhow;
And now from every taſk withdrawn,
They met and friſk'd it o'er the lawn.

XII.

Ah! woe is me, ſaid I;
And BARRELL'S[c] hilly circuit heard me cry,
Have I for this with labour ſtrove,
And laviſh'd all my little ſtore
To fence for you my ſhady grove,
And ſcollop every winding ſhore;
And fringe with every purple roſe
The ſaphire ſtream that down my valley flows?

XIII.

Ah! lovely treacherous maids,
To quit unſeen my votive ſhades,
When pale diſeaſe and torturing pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a reſtleſs couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted taſks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To ſwell the ſong, or plan the ſhade;
By genuine Fancy fir'd,

[c] The ſeat of Lady Luxborough in Warwickſhire.

Her native Genius guides her hand,
And, while ſhe marks the ſage command,
More lovely ſcenes her ſkill ſhall raiſe,
Her lyre reſound with nobler lays,
  Than ever you inſpir'd.
Thus I my rage and grief diſplay;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muſe return
  'Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

BY THE SAME.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
  The wanton Cupid, ſpent with toil,
Had ſought refreſhment from the ſhade;
  And ſtretch'd him on the moſſy ſoil.

A vagrant Muſe drew nigh, and found
  The ſubtle traitor faſt aſleep;
And is it thine to ſnore profound,
  She ſaid, yet leave the world to weep?

But huſh—from this auſpicious hour,
  The world, I ween, may reſt in peace;
And robb'd of darts, and ſtript of pow'r,
  Thy peeviſh petulance decreaſe.

Sleep

Sleep on, poor child! whilſt I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Caſtalian fount ſhe ſaw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

The magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cauſe you ſoon to curſe the day
You dar'd the ſhafts of Love invade;
And gave his arms redoubled ſway.

For, in a ſtream ſo wonderous clear:
When angry Cupid ſearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive ſpoils be found?

Too ſoon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the Muſes myſtic ſpring,
Acquired new force to wound the heart;
And taught at once to *love* and *ſing*.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From Love we learn to ſwell the lyre;
And Echo aſks no ſweeter ſong.

O D E. Written 1739.

By the Same.

Urit *ſpes animi credula mutui.* Hor.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
That love uſurp'd his airy throne,
His boaſted power diſplay'd:
'Tis kindneſs that ſecures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty firſt convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the roſe's hue
Have all its ſweets combin'd;
Yet vain the bluſh, and faint the fire,
'Till lips at once, and eyes conſpire,
To prove the charmer kind—

Though wit might gild the tempting ſnare,
With ſofteſt accent, ſweeteſt air,
By Envy's ſelf admir'd;
If Leſbia's wit betray'd her ſcorn,
In vain might every grace adorn
What every Muſe inſpir'd.

Thus

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He ſcorn'd the pangs of wild deſire,
  Which love-ſick ſwains endure:
Reſolv'd to brave the keeneſt dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
  And ſmiles—muſt ever cure.

But ah! how falſe theſe maxims prove,
How frail ſecurity from love,
  Experience hourly ſhows!
Love can imagin'd ſmiles ſupply,
On every charming lip and eye
  Eternal ſweets beſtows.

In vain we truſt the Fair-one's eyes;
In vain the ſage explores the ſkies,
  To learn from ſtars his fate:
'Till, led by fancy wide aſtray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
  Convinc'd and wiſe—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the liſts of love,
  With tow'ring hopes ſupply'd:
So heroes, taught by doubtful ſhrines,
Miſtook their Deity's deſigns;
  Then took the field—and dy'd.

The DYING KID.

By the Same.

Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit —— VIRG.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring, and flowery mead,
Muſt, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem all raviſh'd at the ſight.

She tells with what delight he ſtood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then ſkip'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near, again to gaze.

She

She tells me, how with eager ſpeed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear, devour'd the ſound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deſerves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs æra flies?
While violence and craft ſucceed,
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! ſoon eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more thoſe bow'rs might Strephon ſee,
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more thoſe beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom now ſo void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but inſipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join thy tendereſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies!

LOVE SONGS, written between the Year 1737 and 1743. By the Same.

SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold;
Of theſe he heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love ſincere.

SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers,
Erewhile I paſs'd the day!
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers ſo gay?

How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landſkip round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I ſpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.

No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee:
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG

SONG III.

YE gentle nymphs, and generous dames,
That rule o'er every Britiſh mind;
Be ſure ye ſoothe their amorous flames,
Be ſure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting ſighs away;
To mourn the night's oppreſſive gloom,
And faintly bleſs the riſing day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born ſwain,
A Britiſh youth, ſhould vainly moan;
Who, ſcornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed ſpear, nor links of ſteel,
Could e'er thoſe gallant minds ſubdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleaſure feel,
And *boaſt* the fetters wrought by *you*.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
  And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſoothe her ear
  To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
  The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
  What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
  And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
  Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

SONG V.

Ah! ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
Optarim, quam te ſic quoque velle putem.

ON every tree, in every plain,
  I trace the jovial ſpring in vain!
A ſickly languor veils mine eyes,
And faſt my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That ſmile on others, ſmile on me;
Mine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe,
Nor ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

What bliſs to me can ſeaſons bring?
Or what, the needleſs pride of ſpring?
The cypreſs bough, that ſuits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine ſo freſh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted care;
My rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield;
So white a flock, ſo green a field!

My friends, that each in kindneſs vie,
Might well expect one parting ſigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unſincere?

But ere I aſk once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his race renew,
Inform me, ſwains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG VI. THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and ſhape, and air:
But ſtill, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the ſmile upon her face.

The crown majeſtic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the creſcent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But ſmiles diſtinguiſh'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of ſmiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentleſt doves;
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then ſmile, my fair; and all whoſe aim
Aſpires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living ſtone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP, A BALLAD; WRITTEN AT COLLEGE, 1736. BY THE SAME.

'TWAS in a land of learning
The Muſe's favourite ſtation,
Such pranks, of late,
Were play'd by a rat,
As gave them conſternation!

All in a college-ſtudy,
Where books were in great plenty,
This rat would devour
More ſenſe, in an hour,
Than I could write—in twenty.

His

His breakfaſt, half the morning,
He conſtantly attended;
And, when the bell rung
For evening-ſong,
His dinner ſcarce was ended.

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,
And maps lay all in flutter;
A river or a ſea
Was to him a diſh of tea,
And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havoc, ſpoil, and rapine,
With grief my Muſe rehearſes;
How freely he would dine
On ſome bulky ſchool-divine,
And for deſert—eat verſes.

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us:
And would make no more
Of *King Arthurs*[a], by the ſcore,
Than—all the world beſide does.

But if the deſperate potion,
Might chance to over-doſe him;
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic, to compoſe him.

[a] Sir Richard Blackmore's Poem under that Title.

A tra

A trap in haſte and anger,
  Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
And ſuch was the gin,
Were a lion once in,
  He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheeſe, not books, 'twas baited;
  The fact, I'll not bely it;
Since none, I tell ye that,
Whether ſcholar or rat,
  Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, ſir,
  Why ſhould I ſing—or either?
Since the rat, with mickle pride,
All their ſophiſtry defy'd;
  And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vaniſh'd,
  Through a fracture in the flooring;
Which though ſo trim
It *now* may ſeem,
  Had then a dozen, or more in.

Then anſwer this, ye ſages;
  (Nor think I mean to wrong ye)
Had the rat, who thus did ſeize on
The trap, leſs claim to reaſon,
  Than many a ſage among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
  Were vermin of condition?
But the rat, who chiefly learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
  Was the deeper politician.

That England's topſy-turvy,
  Is clear from theſe miſhaps, ſir,
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
  But vermin take our traps, Sir.

Let ſophs, by rats infeſted,
  Then truſt in *cats* to catch 'em;
Leſt they prove the utter bane
Of our *ſtudies*, where, 'tis plain,
  No mortal fits—to watch 'em.

A SIMILE. By the same.

WHAT village but has often ſeen
  The clumſy ſhape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and ſhagged hair,
Of that grim brute, yclep'd a *Bear*?
He from his dam, as wits agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you ſee;
Who with her plaſtic tongue alone
Produc'd a viſage like her own.

By which they hint, in myſtic faſhion,
The powerful force of education.
Perhaps yon rural tribe is viewing,
E'en now, the ſtrange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud,
The wonder of a gaping crowd!
So have I known an aukward lad,
Whoſe birth has made a pariſh glad,
Forbid, for fear of ſenſe, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home,
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In ſenſe the ſame, in ſtature higher,
He ſhines, ere long, a rural ſquire;
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and ſwears,
And bawls, and drinks—but chiefly ſtares!
His tenants of ſuperior ſenſe
Carouſe and laugh at his *expence*;
And ſure the paſtime I'm relating
Muſt prove as pleaſant as *Bear-baiting*.

THE CEREMONIAL.

BY THE SAME.

"SIR, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
No, pray, Sir,—*you* are next the door.
"Upon mine honour, I'll not ſtir!"
Sir, I'm at home, conſider, Sir.
"Excuſe me, Sir, I'll not go firſt."
Well, If I *muſt* be rude, I *muſt*;
But yet I wiſh I could evade it;
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh—*be* perſuaded, &c. &c.
—Go forward, cits! go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each, what each admires.
Life ſquares not, friends, with your proceeding:
It flies, while you diſplay your breeding:
Such breeding as one's grannam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches—
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at leaſt half mellow,
To come behind you, unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But *Death*'s at hand—Let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends, or *he'll* ſurprize ye.

The BEAU to the VIRTUOSOS; alluding to a Propoſal for the Publication of a Sett of BUTTERFLIES[a].

BY THE SAME.

HAIL, curious wights, to whom ſo fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem thoſe grubs beyond compare,
Which *common* ſenſe deſpiſes.

Whether your prey, in gardens found,
Be urg'd through walks and allies;
Whether o'er hill, moraſs, or mound,
You make more deſperate ſallies;

Amid the fury of the chace,
No rocks could e'er retard you;
Bleſt, if a fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

'Twas thus [b] Camilla, o'er the plain
Purſu'd the glittering ſtranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
And knew no fear nor danger.

[a] By Mr. Wilkes. This Propoſal is alluded to in another of Mr. Shenſtone's Poems. See *The Progreſs of Taſte*. Vol. I. p. 280. 8vo Edition.

[b] See Virgil.

'Tis you diſpenſe the fav'rite meat
To Nature's ſilmy people;
Know what conſerves they chooſe to eat,
And what *liqueurs* to tipple.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
And when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obſtetric pow'r,
Prevent a mothleſs land.

Yet oh! my friends! howe'er your view
Above groſs objects riſes;
Whate'er refinements you purſue,
Hear what a beau adviſes.

A beau, that, weigh'd with yours, muſt prize
Domitian's idle paſſion;
Who ſought the *death* of teazing flies,
And not their *propagation*.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor fooliſhly determine
To ſlight fair Nature's loveliеſt form,
And ſigh for Nature's vermin.

And ſpeak with *ſome* reſpect of beaux;
No more, as triflers, treat 'em:
'Tis better learn to ſave one's cloaths,
Than cheriſh moths that eat 'em.

VERSES

VERSES TO A FRIEND.

BY THE SAME.

HAVE you not ſeen, my gentle ſquire,
The humours of our kitchen fire?
Says *Ned* to *Sal*—I lead a ſpade;
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play ſomething—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to paſs the time away.
Pho! how ſhe ſtands—biting her nails—
As though ſhe play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, haggling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?
That card will do—blood!—never doubt it—
'Tis not worth while to *think* about it.
Sal thought and thought, and miſs'd her aim;
And *Ned*, ne'er ſtudying, won the game.
Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true
That verſe is but a game at *Loo*.
While many a bard, that ſhews ſo clearly
He writes for his amuſement merely,
Is known to ſtudy, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while;
Or praiſe at moſt (for wreaths of yore
Ne'er ſignify a farthing more:)

'Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He ſees your flying pen obtain it.
Through fragrant ſcenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves;
Where with ſtrange heats his boſom glows,
And myſtic flames the God beſtows.
You, who none other flame require
Than a good blazing parlour fire,
Write verſes—to defy the ſcorners,
In cake houſes, and chimney corners.
Sal found her deep-laid ſchemes were vain;
The cards are cut—come, deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the card comes next my fingers—
Fortune could never let *Ned* loo her,
When ſhe had left it wholly to her.
Well, now, who wins?—Why, ſtill the ſame—
For *Sal* has loſt another game.
I've done, ſhe mutter'd—I was ſaying,
It did not *argufy* my playing.
Some folks will win they cannot chooſe;
But think or not think—ſome muſt loſe.
I may have won a game, or ſo—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps, and ſee,
Our *Ned* will beat me with a three.

'Tis

'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll ſuffer for it when he's marry'd.
Thus *Sal*, with tears in either eye,
While victor *Ned* ſat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your ſucceſs,
And bent to write, and ſtudy leſs,
Sate down and ſcribbled in a trice,
Juſt what you ſee—and you deſpiſe.

You who can frame a tuneful ſong,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a ſprig of bay;
Accept the verſe, howe'er it flows,
From one, who is your friend in proſe.

What is this wreath, ſo green! ſo fair!
Which many wiſh, and few muſt wear?
Which one man's indolence can gain,
Another's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what muſt *Sal* or *Poet* ſue,
Ere they engage with *Ned* or you?
For luck in verſe? for luck at Loo?
Ah no! 'tis Genius gives *you* fame,
And *Ned* through ſkill ſecures the game.

WRITTEN AT AN INN ON A PARTICULAR OCCASION.

BY THE SAME.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire,
From flattery, feaſting, dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in domes much higher
Than the low cot, or humble *inn*.

'Tis here with boundleſs power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaign;
For Freedom crowns it, at an *inn*.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from Falſhood's ſpecious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuſe my lodgings, at an *inn*.

Here, waiter! take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in ſtore,
It buys me Freedom, at an *inn*.

And now once more I ſhape my way
Through rain or ſhine, through thick or thin,
Secure to meet, at cloſe of day,
With kind reception—at an *inn*.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May ſigh to think how oft he found
His warmeſt welcome—at an *inn*.

THE

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

BY THE SAME.

Servum ſi potes, Ole, non habere,
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. MAR.

I ASK'D a friend, amidſt the throng,
Whoſe coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—don't you mind?
"That with the footmen ſtuck behind."
"O Sir, ſays he, what, ha'n't ye ſeen it?
'Tis Timon's coach, and Timon in it.
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not?
Your old acquaintance, Timon!"—"True,
"But faith his equipage is new.
"Bleſs me, ſaid I, where can it end?
"What madneſs has poſſeſs'd my friend?
"Four powder'd ſlaves, and thoſe the talleſt!
"Their ſtomachs, doubtleſs, not the ſmalleſt!
"Can Timon's revenue maintain,
"In lace and food, ſo large a train?
"I know his land—each inch o' ground—
"'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
"And if his whole eſtate can bear
"To keep a lad, and one-horſe chair,

"I

" I own 'tis paſt my comprehenſion!"—
Yes, Sir; but Timon has a penſion.
Thus does a falſe ambition rule us;
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himſelf the worſt of ſlaves.

A BALLAD,

BY THE SAME.

——*Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.* VIRG.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young ſquire,
To bring down a wife, whom the ſwains might admire;
But, in ſpite of whatever the *mortal* could ſay,
The *goddeſs* objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball,
For to view the ſtag's horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor India to ſee!
Nor lace-man to plague in a morning—not ſhe!

To relinquiſh the play-houſe, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his loneſome abode!
O Heav'ns! ſhe ſhould faint, ſhe ſhould die on the road!

To

To forget the gay faſhions and geſtures of *France*,
And to leave dear Auguſte in the midſt of the dance;
And Harlequin too!—'Twas in vain to require it—
And ſhe wonder'd how folks had the face to deſire it!

She might yield to reſign the ſweet fingers of Ruckholt[a],
Where the citizen-matron regales with her cuckhold;
But Ranelagh ſoon would her footſteps recall,
And the muſic, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-hall.

To be ſure ſhe could *breathe* no where elſe than in town.
Thus ſhe talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown:
But while honeſt Harry deſpair'd to ſucceed,
A coach with a *coronet* trail'd her to Tweed.

THE EXTENT of COOKERY.

BY THE SAME.

——*Aliuſque et Idem.*

WHEN Tom to *Cambridge* firſt was ſent,
A plain brown *bob* he wore;
Read much, and look' as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

[a] Ruckholt-houſe, in the pariſh of Lowleyton, in Eſſex, was uſed as a place of publick diverſion between the years 1740 and 1750. It was an ancient and venerable building purchaſed by Earl Tylney for one of his ſons, but has now been pulled down many years, and the materials of it ſold.

See

See him to *Lincoln's Inn* repair,
His reſolution flag;
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a *bag*.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the houſe;
And ſoon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye *bobs!* ye *bags* give place!
Full-bottoms come inſtead!
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing—a *Calve's head!*

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE. A COMMON CASE.

BY THE SAME.

—— *Suade, nam certum eſt.*

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and ſeem'd half afraid)
I am thinking to marry thy miſtreſs's maid:
Now becauſe Mrs. Martha to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bid'ſt me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jeſt on't, 'tis no jeſt to me;
For faith I'm in earneſt, ſo prithee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl ſince I knew her:
But I'd have thy advice, ere I *tye* myſelf to her.

Said Thomas to Richard—to ſpeak my opinion!
There is not ſuch a bitch in king George's dominion!
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'ſt her as I do,
Thou would'ſt chuſe out a whipping-poſt, firſt, to be ty'd to.
She's peeviſh, ſhe's thieviſh, ſhe's ugly, ſhe's old,
And a lyar, and a fool, and a ſlut, and a ſcold—
Next day Richard haſten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had ſaid.

* *

SLENDER'S GHOST.

BY THE SAME.

—— *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve, methought I ſpy'd
Poor Slender's ghoſt, that whimpering cry'd,
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe;
Come learn of me to weep your woes;
O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Why

Why ſhould ſuch labour'd ſtrains
  Your formal Muſe engage?
I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt, or pierc'd my heart,
  But ſigh'd, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you, whoſe love-ſick minds
  No medicine can aſſuage!
Accuſe the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
  O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

And you, whoſe ſouls are held,
  Like linnets, in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my ſtrains:
  O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boaſt* or *grieve*,
  What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do when I ſigh
  O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
  Of ſhepherd, or of ſage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expreſſes all you have to ſay—
  O ſweet! O ſweet Anne Page!

Upon

Upon RIDDLES.

BY THE SAME.

HAVE you not known a ſmall machine
Which brazen rings environ,
In many a country chimney ſeen,
Y-clep'd a tarring-iron?

Its puzzling nature to diſplay,
Each idle clown may try, Sir,
Though when he has acquired the way,
He's not a jot the wiſer.

'Tis thus with him, who fond of rhime
In Wit's low ſpecies piddles;
And tries his thoughts, and waſtes his time
In explicating riddles.

Shall idle bards, by fancy led,
(With wrathful zeal I ſpeak it)
Write with deſign to plague my head,
Who have no right to break it?

He

He writes the beſt, who, writing, can
  Both pleaſe and teach together:
But 'tis the devil of a plan,
  That can accompliſh neither.

Ye readers, hear! ye writers too!
  O ſpare your darkling labours!
For though they pleaſe, not profit, you,
  They plague and hurt your neighbours.

Go learn of POPE; then judge aright,
  Which way to Fame's the ſurer:
To put the truth in faireſt light,
  Or render it obſcurer.

VERSES to a Writer of RIDDLES.

AH! boaſt not thoſe obſcuring lays,
  Nor think it ſure and certain,
That every one can draw a face,
  Who can produce a curtain.

POPE does the flouriſh'd truth no hurt,
  While graceful flowers diſguiſe it;
Thou daub'ſt it ſo with mud and dirt,
  That not a ſoul eſpies it.

His fancy decks, thy fancy ſhrowds;
What likeneſs is between 'em?
'Twixt one who ſoars above the clouds,
And one entangled in 'em?

But let my candour not upbraid
Thy ſtrains, which flow ſo purely;
It is thy ſecret, 'tis thy trade,
Thy craft—to write obſcurely.

Obſcurity in thee to blame
I've not the leaſt pretence;
'Tis that alone can guard thy fame,
The ſtyle that ſuits thy ſenſe.

When Nature forms an horrid mien
Leſs fit for vulgar ſight;
The creature, fearful to be ſeen,
Spontaneous ſhuns the light.

The bat uncouth through inſtinct fears
The prying eyes of day;
Yet when the ſun no more appears,
Securely wings away.

'Tis inſtinct bids the frightful owl
To devious glooms repair;
And points out riddles to a fool,
To wrap his genius there.

To * * * * *.

By ANTHONY WHISTLER, Eſq;

RESOLVE me, Strephon, what is this;
I think you cannot gueſs amiſs.
'Tis the reverſe of what you love,
And all the men of ſenſe approve.
None of the *Nine* e'er gave it birth;
The offspring firſt of fooliſh mirth,
The nurs'ry's ſtudy, children's play,
Inferior far to *Namby's*[a] lay.
What vacant Folly firſt admir'd,
And then with emulation fir'd,
Gravely to imitate, aſpir'd.
'Tis oppoſite to all good writing,
In each defect of this delighting.
Obſcurity its charms diſplays,
And inconſiſtency, its praiſe.
No gleam of ſenſe to wake the ſoul,
While clouds of nonſenſe round it roll.
No ſmooth deſcription to delight;
No fire the paſſions to excite;

[a] Namby Pamby. Names given to Ambroſe Philips, on account of his verſes to Miſs Carteret.

Not

Not joke enough to ſhake the pit:
A jeſt obſcene would here be wit.
What train of thought, though e'er ſo mean,
Of black-ſhoe boy or cinder-quean,
But far outſhines Sir Fopling's mind
While bent this ſecret charm to find!
The greateſt charm as yet remains,
But ſuited to the ſearcher's brains,
That when he ſeems on it to fall,
He finds there is no charm at all.
Th' appearance, firſt, of Nothing's fine,
To find it Nothing is divine!
But *Batho* is the flow'r, to ſink
Below what mortal man can think—
Well, now what is't?—what is't—a fiddle!—
Yes, do be angry—'tis a Riddle.

SONG. By the Same.

LET wiſdom boaſt her mighty pow'r,
With paſſion ſtill at ſtrife,
Yet love is ſure the ſov'reign flow'r,
The ſweet perfume of life;

The happy breeze that ſwells the ſail,
When quite becalm'd we lie;
The drop, that will the heart regale,
And ſparkle in the eye;

The ſun that wakes us to delight,
And drives the ſhades away;
The dream that chears our dreary night,
And makes a brighter day.

But if, alas! it wrongly ſeize,
The caſe is twice as bad;
This flow'r, ſun, drop, or dream, or breeze,
Will drive a blockhead mad,

To Lady FANE[a], on her Grotto at Baſilden. 1746

By Mr. GRAVES.

GLIDE ſmoothly on, thou ſilver Thames,
Where FANE has fix'd her calm retreat;
Go pour thy tributary ſtreams,
To lave imperial Thetis' feet.
There when in flow'ry pride you come
Amid the courtiers in the main,
And join within the moſſy dome
Old Tiber, Arno, or the Seine;

[a] Mary, youngeſt daughter of Alexander Stanhope, Eſq; and ſiſter of James, the firſt Earl of Stanhope. She married Charles Viſcount Fane, and died Auguſt 17th, 1762. Baſilden is ſituated on the Thames, about eight miles N. W. of Reading. It had formerly been a ſeat belonging to the old Earls of Bath.

When

When each ambitious ſtream ſhall boaſt
  The glories of its flatter'd lords;
What pomp adorns the Gallic coaſt,
  What Rome, or Tuſcany affords;
Then ſhalt thou ſpeak, (and ſure thy tale
  Muſt check each partial torrent's pride,)
What ſcenes adorn this flow'ry vale,
  Through which thy happier currents glide.
But when thy fond deſcription tells
  The beauties of this grott divine;
What miracles are wrought by ſhells,
  Where niceſt taſte and fancy join;
Thy ſtory ſhall the goddeſs move,
  To join her empire of the main,
Her throne of pearls, her coral grove,
  And live retir'd with Thee and FANE.

The INVISIBLE. By the Same.

Written at COLLEGE, 1747.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame?
  Some write, ſome fight, ſome eat themſelves a name.
For fame beau Frightful haunts each public place,
And grows conſpicuous for —— his ugly face.

Laura, the rural circle's conſtant boaſt,
Sighs for the Mall, and longs to be a toaſt.
The prieſtling, proud of doctrine not his own,
Uſurps a ſcarf, and longs to preach in town.
Ev'n Weſley's ſaints, whoſe cant has fill'd the nation,
Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation.
B——, though bleſt with learning, ſenſe and wit,
Yet prides himſelf in never ſhewing it.
Safe in his cell, he ſhuns the ſtaring crowd,
And inward ſhines, like Sol behind a cloud.
For fame let fops to diſtant regions roam,
Lo! here's the man—*who never ſtirs from home!*
That unſeen wight, whom all men wiſh to ſee,
Illuſtrious grown—by mere obſcurity.

The PEPPER-BOX and SALT-SELLER. A FABLE.

To * * * * *, Eſq. By the Same.

THE 'ſquire had din'd alone one day,
And *Tom* was call'd to *take away*.
Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art;
But, willing to ſecure a tart,
The liquoriſh youth had made an halt;
And left the pepper-box and ſalt
Alone, upon the marble table,
Who thus, like men, were heard to ſquabble.

Pepper

Pepper began, " Pray, Sir, ſays he,
What buſineſs have you here with me?
Is't fit that ſpices of my birth
Should rank with thee, thou ſcum of earth?
I'd have you know, Sir, I've a ſpirit
Suited to my ſuperior merit.—
Though now, confin'd within this caſtre,
I ſerve a northern Gothic maſter;
Yet, born in *Java's* fragrant wood,
To warm an eaſtern monarch's blood,
The ſun thoſe rich perfections gave me,
Which tempted *Dutchmen* to enſlave me.
Nor are my virtues Here unknown,
Though old and wrinkled now I'm grown.
Black as I am, the faireſt maid
Invokes my ſtimulating aid,
To give her food the poignant flavour;
And to each ſauce its proper ſavour.
Paſties, ragouts, and fricaſſees,
Without my ſeaſoning, fail to pleaſe:
'Tis I, like wit, muſt give a zeſt,
And ſprightlineſs, to every feaſt.
Phyſicians too my uſe confeſs;
My influence ſageſt matrons bleſs:
When drams prove vain, and colics teaze,
To me they fly for certain eaſe.
Nay, I freſh vigour can diſpenſe,
And cure ev'n age and impotence:

And, when of dulneſs wits complain,
I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.
  But, to the 'ſquire here, I appeal—
He knows my real value well:
Who, with one pepper-corn content,
Remits the vaſſal's annual rent—
  Hence then, Sir *Brine*, and keep your diſtan
Go lend the ſcullion your aſſiſtance;
For culinary uſes fit;
To ſalt the meat upon the ſpit;
Or juſt to keep our meat from ſtinking——
And then—a ſpecial friend to drinking!"
  "Your folly moves me with ſurprize,
(The ſilver tripod thus replies)
Pray, maſter Pepper, why ſo hot?
Firſt couſin to the muſtard-pot!
  What boots it *how* our life began?
'Tis *breeding* makes the gentleman.
Yet would you ſearch my pedigree,
I roſe like *Venus* from the ſea:
The ſun, whoſe influence *you* boaſt,
Nurs'd *me* upon the *Britiſh* coaſt.
  The chymiſts know my rank and place,
When nature's principles they trace:
And wiſeſt moderns yield to me
The *elemental* monarchy.
By me all nature is ſupplied
With all her beauty, all her pride!

In *vegetation*, I aſcend;
To *animals*, their vigour lend;
Corruption's foe, I life preſerve,
And ſtimulate each ſlacken'd nerve.
I give jonquils their high perfume;
The peach its flavour, roſe its bloom:
Nay, I'm the cauſe, when rightly trac'd,
Of *Pepper's* aromatic taſte.
Such claims *you* teach me to produce:
But need I plead my *obvious* uſe
In ſeaſoning all terreſtrial food?
When *heaven* declares, that *ſalt is good.*
Grant then, ſome *few* thy virtues find;
Yet *ſalt* gives *health* to all *mankind:*
Phyſicians ſure will ſide with me,
While cooks alone ſhall plead for thee.
In ſhort, with all thine airs about thee,
The world were happier far *without* thee."
The 'ſquire, who all this time ſat mute,
Now put an end to their diſpute:
He rung the bell—bade *Tom* convey
The doughty diſputants away.—
The ſalt, refreſh'd by ſhaking up,
At night did with his maſter ſup:
The pepper, Tom aſſign'd his lot
With vinegar, and muſtard-pot;
A fop with bites and ſharpers join'd,
And to the ſide-board well confin'd!

MORAL.

MORAL.

Thus *real* genius is reſpected!
Conceit and folly thus neglected!
And, O my SHENSTONE! let the vain,
With miſbecoming pride, explain
Their ſplendor, influence, wealth or birth;
—'Tis men of *ſenſe* are men of worth.

Written near BATH. 1755.

——Quæ tu deſerta et inhoſpita teſqua
Dicis, amæna vocat mecum qui ſentit. HOR.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE ſaunt'ring cit, who ſtrolls from town,
With ſcorn ſurveys my gothic cell,
Or wond'ring aſks, what homely clown
In this drear ſolitude can dwell.

II.

Theſe mould'ring walls, with ivy crown'd,
That charm *me* with their ſolemn ſcene,
Theſe flow'rs that bloom ſpontaneous round,
Provoke his mirth, or give the ſpleen.

III.

Inur'd to ſmoke, throughout the year
  Yon verdant meads unmov'd he ſees—
Thoſe hills unſightly rocks appear—
  Yon ſacred groves, *mere* heaps of trees.—

IV.

The lucid fount, that murmuring falls,
  Then through my ſhrubs meand'ring ſteals,
An uſeful ſtream he tamely calls,
  But no poetic rapture feels.

V.

Hither from noiſy crowds I fly;
  Here dwells ſoft eaſe and peace of mind;—
Yet think not Fancy's curious eye,
  To theſe deep ſolitudes confin'd.

VI.

Whene'er at morn or eve I rove,
  Where yonder cliffs with pines are crown'd,
What ſplendid ſcenes my rapture move!
  How charm'd I range th' horizon round!

VII.

There Allen's ſtately columns riſe,
  And glittering from the circling wood,
With conſtant beauty feed my eyes,
  As he the poor with conſtant food.

VIII.

Each pompous work, proud Bath! I ſhare
That decks thy hills.—Well-pleas'd I ſee
Thy riſing cirque eclipſe thy ſquare,
And [a] Pitt and Stanhope build for me.

IX.

Each riſing mount, with ſome fair pile
Adorn'd, o'erlooks with conſcious pride
The ſubject meads, that blooming ſmile
On winding Avon's ſilver tide.

X.

Would I fair Eden's bloom reſtore!
Lo! Widcomb's cultivated vale,
Where Flora paints her ſlopes for Moore [b],
And all Arabia's ſweets exhale.

XI.

Luxurious thus I freely rove,
Nor at the ſons of wealth repine;
Mere tenants of each hill and grove,
Which ſovereign Fancy renders mine.

XII.

Familiar grown by conſtant uſe,
The ſtatelieſt dome its maſter cloys—
Then grant him but theſe tranſient views,
What you poſſeſs, the bard enjoys.

[a] Lord Chatham and Lady Lucy Stanhope built ſome of the firſt houſes in the Circus.

[b] An Iriſh gentleman, and great floriſt, who lived there.

VERSES

VERSES to WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

On receiving a Gilt Pocket-Book. 1751.

By Mr. J A G O.

THESE ſpotleſs leaves, this neat array,
Might *well* invite your charming quill,
In fair aſſemblage to diſplay
The power of learning, wit, and ſkill:

But ſince *you* careleſsly refuſe,
And to my pen the taſk aſſign;
O! let your Genius guide my Muſe,
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your beſt, your beſt-lov'd art,
With frugal care to ſtore my mind;
In *this* to play the miſer's part,
And give mean lucre to the wind:

To ſhun the coxcomb's empty noiſe;
To ſcorn the villain's artful maſk;
Nor truſt gay pleaſure's fleeting joys,
Nor urge ambition's endleſs taſk.

Teach

Teach me to ſtem youth's boiſterous tide;
To regulate its giddy rage;
By reaſon's aid, my barque to guide
Into the friendly port of age:

To ſhare what *claſſic* culture yields;
Through *rhetoric's* painted meads to roam;
With you to reap hiſtoric fields,
And bring the golden harveſt *home*:

To taſte the genuine ſweets of *wit*;
To quaff in *humour's* ſprightly bowl;
The philoſophic *mean* to hit,
And prize the dignity of ſoul.

Teach me to read fair *Nature's* book,
Wide-opening in each flowery plain;
And with judicious eye to look
On all the glories of her reign:

To hail her ſeated on her throne;
By aweful woods encompaſs'd round:
Or her *divine* extraction own,
Though with a wreath of ruſhes crown'd:

Through arched walks, o'er ſpreading lawns,
Near ſolemn rocks, with *her* to rove:
Or court her, 'mid her gentle fauns,
In moſſy cell, or maple grove.

Wheth

Whether the proſpect ſtrain the ſight,
  Or in the nearer landſkips charm,
Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,
  To grace your ſweet *Arcadian* farm.

There let me ſit; and gaze with you
  On Nature's works by Art refin'd;
And own, while we their conteſt view,
  Both fair, but faireſt *thus* combin'd!

The SWALLOWS.

Written SEPTEMBER, 1748.

BY THE SAME.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
  And gave to wintry ſtorms the varied year,
The Swallow-race, with foreſight clear inſpir'd,
  To Southern climes prepared their courſe to ſteer.

On *Damon's* roofs a grave aſſembly ſate;
  His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind;
With ſerious look he mark'd the nice debate,
  And to his *Delia* thus addreſs'd his mind.

Obſerve

Obſerve yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Obſerve, and read the wondrous ways of heav'n!
With us through ſummer's genial reign they ſtay'd,
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

But now, through ſacred preſcience, well they know
The near approach of elemental ſtrife;
The bluſtry tempeſt, and the chilling ſnow,
With every want and ſcourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a ſpeedy flight;
For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing;
For this conſult, adviſe, prepare, excite,
And prove their ſtrength in many an airy ring.

No ſorrow loads their breaſt, or ſwells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;
Nor fear they, launching on the boundleſs ſky,
In ſearch of future ſettlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulſe all divine!
That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey;
To this direction all their cares reſign,
Unknown their deſtin'd ſtage, unmark'd their way.

Well fare your flight! ye mild domeſtic race!
Oh! for your wings to travel with the ſun!
Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,
'Till your long voyage happily be done!

See, *Delia*, on my roof your guests to-day;
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more!
Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
And what without a moral would we read?
Then mark what *Damon* tells his gentle maid,
And with *his* lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away;
Thus threats the winter of inclement age;
Our time of action but a summer's day;
And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage!

And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
Nor give us tidings of some happier clime?
Find *we* no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time?

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless day;
That bid our hearts, nor death, nor anguish fear,
This future transport, *that* to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode;
Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care
To bring us safe through Virtue's paths to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a ſigh,
No doubts divert our ſteady ſteps aſide;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die;
Heav'n is our Hope, and Providence our Guide.

PART II.

WRITTEN APRIL, 1749.

AT length the winter's ſurly blaſts are o'er;
Array'd in ſmiles the lovely ſpring returns:
Health to the breeze unbars the ſcreaming door
And every breaſt with heat celeſtial burns.

Again the daiſies peep, the violets blow;
Again the tenants of the leafy grove,
Forgot the patt'ring hail, the driving ſnow,
Reſume the lay to melody and love.

And ſee, my Delia, ſee o'er yonder ſtream,
Where on the ſunny bank the lambkins play;
Alike attracted to th' enliv'ning gleam,
The ſtranger-ſwallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your ſports purſue,
Welcome again to Delia, and to me:
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan your ſettlements from danger free.

No tempeſt on my ſhed its fury pours;
My frugal hearth no noxious blaſt ſupplies;
Go, wand'rers, go, repair your ſooty bow'rs,
Think, on no hoſtile roof my chimnies riſe.

Again I'll liſten to your grave debates,
I'll think I hear your various maxims told,
Your numbers, leaders, policies, and ſtates,
Your limits ſettled, and your tribes enroll'd.

I'll think I hear you tell of diſtant lands,
What inſect-nations riſe from Egypt's mud,
What painted ſwarms ſubſiſt on Libya's ſands,
What mild Euphrates yields, and Ganges' flood.

Thrice happy race! whom Nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taſte her choiceſt ſtores, her beſt delights,
The ſummer's radiance, and the ſweets of ſpring:

While we are doom'd to bear the reſtleſs change
Of ſhifting ſeaſons, vapours dank, or dry,
Forbid, like you, to milder climes to range,
When wintry clouds deform the troubled ſky.

But know the period to your joys aſſign'd!
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball;
Certain as fate, and ſudden as the wind,
Its ſecret adamantine props ſhall fall.

Yet when your ſhort-liv'd ſummers ſhine no more,
My patient mind, ſworn foe to vice's way,
Suſtain'd on lighter wings than yours, ſhall ſoar
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains etherial, and Elyſian bowers,
Where wintry ſtorms no rude acceſs obtain,
Where blaſts no light'ning, and no thunder low'rs,
But ſpring and joy unchang'd for ever reign.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

THE tuneful choir in amorous ſtrains
Accoſt their feather'd loves,
While each fond mate with equal pains
The tender ſuit approves.

With chearful hop from ſpray to ſpray
They ſport along the meads;
In ſocial bliſs together ſtray,
Where love or fancy leads.

Through ſpring's gay ſcenes each happy pair
Their fluttering joys purſue;
Its various charms and produce ſhare,
For ever kind and true.

The

Their ſprightly notes from every ſhade
  Their mutual loves proclaim;
'Till winter's chilling blaſts invade,
  And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund ſcene declines,
  Nor woods nor meads delight;
The drooping tribe in ſecret pines,
  And mourns th' unwelcome ſight.

Go, bliſsful warblers! timely wiſe,
  Th' inſtructive moral tell!
Nor thou their *meaning* lays deſpiſe,
  My charming Annabelle!

THE SCAVENGERS. A TOWN ECLOGUE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

BY THE SAME.

AWAKE, my Muſe, prepare a loftier theme:
The winding valley and the dimpled ſtream
Delight not all: quit, quit the verdant field,
And try what duſty ſtreets and alleys yield.

Where *Avon* wider flows, and gathers fame,
A town there ſtands, and *Warwick* is its name,
For uſeful arts, entitled once to ſhare
The Mercian dame, *Eſtleda's* guardian care.
Nor leſs for feats of chivalry renown'd,
When her own *Guy* was with her laurels crown'd.
Now indolence ſubjects the drowſy place,
And binds in ſilken bonds her feeble race.
No buſy artiſans their fellows greet,
No loaded carriages obſtruct the ſtreet;
Scarce here and there a ſaunt'ring band is ſeen,
And pavements dread the turf's incroaching green.
Laſt of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,
Bred up in labour, and inur'd to care,
To ſweep the ſtreets their taſk from ſun to ſun,
And ſeek the naſtineſs that others ſhun.
More plodding hind, or dame, you ne'er ſhall ſee,
He gaffer *Peſtel* hight, and gammer ſhe.
As at their door they ſate one ſummer's day,
Old *Peſtel* firſt eſſay'd the plaintive lay;
His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd;
And thus alternately their grief they mourn'd.
O. P. Alas! was ever ſuch fine weather ſeen!
How duſty are the roads, the ſtreets how clean!
How long, ye almanacs, will it be dry?
Empty my *cart* how long, and idle I?
Once other days and diff'rent fate we knew,
That ſomething had to carry, *I* to do.

Now e'en at beſt the times are none ſo good,
But 'tis hard work to ſcrape a livelihood.
The cattle in the ſtalls reſign their life,
And baulk the ſhambles, and the bloody knife.
Th' affrighted farmer penſive ſits at home,
And turnpikes threaten to compleat my doom.

WIFE. Well! for the turnpike, that will do no hurt,
The roads, they ſay, are n't much the better for't.
But much I fear this murrain, where 'twill end,
For ſure the cattle did our door befriend.
Oft have I prais'd them as they ſtalk'd along;
Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung.

O. P. See what a little dab of dirt is here!
But yields all Warwick more, O tell me where?
Lo! where this ant-like hilloc ſcarce is ſeen,
Heaps upon heaps, and loads on loads, have been:
Bigger and bigger the proud dunghill grew,
'Till my diminiſh'd houſe was hid from view.

WIFE. Ah! gaffer *Peſtel*, what brave days were thoſe,
When higher than our houſe our muck-hill roſe!
The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,
And mark'd what each load added to its ſize.
Wrapt in its fragrant ſteam we often ſate,
And to its praiſes held delightful chat.
Nor did I e'er neglect my mite to pay,
To ſwell the goodly heap from day to day;
For this each morn I plied the ſtubbed-broom,
'Till I ſcarce hobbled o'er my furrow'd room:

For this I ſquat me on my hams each night,
And mingle profit ſweet with ſweet delight.
A cabbage once I bought, but ſmall the coſt,
Nor do I think the farthing all was loſt:
Again you ſold its well-digeſted ſtore,
To dung the garden where it grew before.
O. P. What though the boys, and boy-like fellows jeer'd,
And at the ſcavenger's employment ſneer'd;
Yet then at night content I told my gains,
And thought well paid their malice and my pains.
Why toils the merchant but to ſwell his ſtore?
Why craves the wealthy landlord ſtill for more?
Why will our gentry flatter, trade, and lie,
Why pack the cards, and—what d'ye call't the die?
All, all the pleaſing paths of gain purſue,
And wade through thick and thin, as we folk do.
Sweet is the ſcent that from advantage ſprings,
And nothing *dirty* that good intereſt brings.
'Tis this that cures the ſcandal, and the ſmell,
The reſt—e'en let our learned *betters* tell.
WIFE. When goody *Dobbins* call'd me filthy bear,
And nam'd the kennel and the ducking chair;
With patience I could hear the ſcolding quean,
For ſure 'twas dirtineſs that kept me clean.
Clean was my gown on Sundays, though not fine,
Nor miſtreſs ***'s cap ſo white as mine.
A ſlut in ſilk or kerſey is the ſame,
Nor ſweeteſt always is the fineſt dame.

Thus

Thus wail'd they pleaſure paſt, and preſent cares,
While the ſtarv'd hog join'd his complaint to theirs.
To ſtill his grunting different ways they tend,
To Weſt-gate one, and one to Cotton-end.

HAMLET's Soliloquy, Imitated.

By the same.

TO *print*, or not to *print*—that is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy,
Or ſend a well-wrote copy to the preſs,
And by diſcloſing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to ſay we end
The head-ach, and a thouſand natural ſhocks
Of ſcribbling frenzy—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To print—to beam
From the ſame ſhelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To ſleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—
For to what claſs a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath ſhuffled off ſome paltry ſtuff,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirſt of fame,
The pride of conſcious merit, and, 'bove all,

The

The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and ſweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of ſteep Parnaſſus' hill,
That undiſcover'd country, with whoſe bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is ſickly'd o'er with a pale manuſcript;
And enterprizers of great fire and ſpirit
With this regard from DODSLEY turn away,
And loſe the name of Authors.

TRANSCRIB'D FROM THE REV. MR. PIXEL'S[a] PARSONAGE GARDEN NEAR BIRMINGHAM, 1757.

SEEK not in theſe paths to view
Dryads green, or Naids blue;
Such as haunt, at eve or dawn,
[b] *Enville*'s lake, or [c] *Hagley*'s lawn:

[a] See Shenſtone's Letters, p. 181. 8vo edition.

[b] Seat of the Earl of Stamford.

[c] Seat of Lord Lyttelton.

Such

Such as ſport on [d] *Worfield*'s meads;
Such as *Shenſtone*'s Genius leads
O'er vale and hill, and to their care
Conſigns his waves and woodlands fair;
While the Muſes vacant ſtray,
And Echo wants her ſweeteſt lay.
Long, long may thoſe unrival'd ſhine,
Nor ſhall my temp'rate breaſt repine,
So Muſic lend her willing aid
To gladden this ignoble ſhade;
So Peace endear this humble plain—
And haply Elegance will deign
To wander here, and ſmiling ſee
Her ſiſter nymph Simplicity.

MALVERN SPA[a], 1757.

INSCRIBED TO DR. WALL.

BY THE REV. MR. PERRY.

WITH bounteous hand the gracious King of heaven
His choiceſt bleſſings to mankind hath given;
Whilſt thoughtleſs they ungratefully deſpiſe
The rich profuſion that ſalutes their eyes.

[d] Seat of Sherrington Davenport, Eſq;

[a] In the County of Worceſter.

But wiſe was he who ſtudy'd every uſe
Of common weeds which common fields produce,
The dock, the nettle, in each ſwelling vein,
A healing balm for many an ill contain:
[b] Ev'n deadly nightſhade, though with poiſon fraught,
At length is found a ſalutary draught.
The ſame creative power that firſt diſplay'd
His wond'rous works for our delight and aid;
His love to mortal man ſtill gracious ſhows,
In every ſtream that glides, and herb that grows.
At his command, Malvern, thy mountains riſe,
And catch their dewy nectar from the ſkies:
At his command guſh out thy cryſtal rills,
To cure the direful train of human ills;
On all alike their influence freely ſhed,
As the bright orb that gilds thy mountain's head.
The wealthy ſquire, whoſe gouty limbs are laid
On beds of down, almoſt of down afraid,
At this balſamic ſpring may ſoon regain
His laviſh'd health, and o'er the ſpacious plain
Purſue the hare, or chace the miſcreant fox
With winged ſpeed o'er hills or craggy rocks.
Here to his comfort the poor helpleſs ſwain,
Rack'd with the torture of rheumatic pain,
Obtains relief without the nauſeous pill,
Or that more ſhocking ſight the doctor's bill.

[b] See a pamphlet lately publiſhed by Mr. Gataker, where its virtues are with great candour and judgement diſplayed.

When cloudy miſts obſcure the viſual ray,
And turn to diſmal night the gladſome day;
The mournful wretch with pleaſure here may find
A ſtream that heals the lame, and cures the blind.
The pamper'd cit, whoſe high luxurious food
With acrimonious poiſon loads his blood,
Here poliſhes once more his ſcaly ſkin,
And purifies the vital ſtream within.
Amazing truth! his wretched leprous heir,
Who undeſerv'd his father's ſpots muſt wear,
Emerges clean if in this fount he lave,
As the white Syrian roſe from Jordan's wave.
The latent ulcer, and the cancer dire,
That waſte our fleſh with ſlow-conſuming fire,
Whoſe ſubtle flames ſtill ſpread from part to part,
And ſtill elude the ſkilful ſurgeon's art;
Here check'd ſubmit, their raging fury laid,
By ſtreams from Nature's myſtic engine play'd.
The ſtubborn evil, for whoſe flux impure
Blind bigotry at firſt devis'd a cure,
Heal'd by theſe waters needs no more demand
The fooliſh witchcraft of a Stuart's hand;
And Brunſwick's line may truſt their royal cauſe
To reaſon, juſtice, liberty, and laws.
Should all the virtues of this ſpa be told,
Its praiſes might be wrote in lines of gold:
No more would poets their Pierian ſpring,
But Malvern ſpa in loftier numbers ſing;

No

No more Parnaſſus, but the Malvern climb,
To make their diction pure, their thoughts ſublime.
Ev'n I at theſe fair fountains eas'd of pain,
To you, my friend, addreſs one votive ſtrain:
To you the Naiad of this balmy well
Reveals the wonders of her ſecret cell:
To you transfers the lay, whoſe active mind,
Like her own ſtream from [c] earthly dregs refin'd,
Explores a panacea for mankind.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON HEARING THE BELL TOLL FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MR. J. GILES[a].

HARK!—what a mournful ſolemn ſound
Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air!
It ſtrikes the ſoul with awe profound,
Affects the gay—alarms the fair.

[c] See a treatiſe publiſhed by Doctor Wall, concerning the extreme purity of the water, and its great efficacy in ſeveral obſtinate chronical diſorders.

[a] Mr. Joſeph Giles reſided ſome time at Birmingham, and lived in terms of intimacy with Mr. Shenſtone. To this gentleman he was indebted for correcting his poems, of which a volume in 8vo was printed in the year 1771.

With

With what a pathos does it ſpeak!
Affecting deep the thoughtful mind:
The golden ſchemes of folly break,
That hold in glittering ſnares mankind.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaims his conqueſt through the ſkies:
The ſun retires behind a cloud,
And Nature ſeems to ſympathize.

Reflect, ye reſtleſs ſons of care!
Your vain deſigns his hand can ſpoil,
Make hard oppreſſors lend an ear,
And wretched miſers ceaſe their toil.

For what avail vaſt heaps of gold,
When Death his aweful writ ſhall ſend?
Though folly ſwell, and pride look bold,
The maſk muſt drop, the farce muſt end.

It is no hoary tottering age
That now lies ſtretch'd beneath his ſtroke;
The tyrant ſtern, that feels his rage:
Th' oppreſſor's rod, that now is broke.

But oh! —'tis generous Cynthio's bell!
Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom:
For Cynthio ſounds the doleful knell,
And calls him to the ſilent tomb:

Cynthio!

Cynthio!—whoſe happy healing art
Turn'd from his friends death's fatal blow;
And ſhielded from that threatening dart,
Which now, alas!—has laid him low.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die,
They leave a grateful rich perfume:
And now, tranſplanted to the ſky,
In heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark!—ah, what celeſtial notes
With grateful accents charm my ear!
As down th' etherial muſic floats,
The ſun breaks forth, the ſkies are clear.

From heav'n deſcends the joyful ſtrain,
Convey'd to earth on angels wings,
To mitigate our grief and pain;
And this the theme of joy it brings:

"Thus write (the voice from heav'n proclaims)
"The virtuous dead are ever bleſt!
"Their works immortalize their names,
"Their labours ceaſe, and here they reſt.

"Behold, the Saviour wide diſplay
"The trophies of his generous love,
"To cheer you through life's thorny way,
"And lead to flowery realms above.

"Tis

" 'Tis He deſtroys Death's baneful ſting,
" And bids the grave's dread horrors fly,
" The choirs of heav'n his triumph ſing,
" And hail him victor through the ſky."

THE ROBIN: AN ELEGY[a].

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN, 1736.

BY THE SAME.

O Come, thou melancholy Muſe,
With ſolemn dirge aſſiſt my ſtrain,
While ſhades deſcend, and weeping dews,
In ſorrows wrap the rural plain.

Her mantle grave cool Evening ſpreads,
The Sun cuts ſhort his joyful race;
The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
Put on a ſickening, dying face.

Stern Winter brings his gloomy train,
Each pleaſing landſkip fades from view;
In ſolemn ſtate he ſhuts the ſcene,
To flow'ry fields we bid adieu!

[a] This Elegy was much altered in the Author's edition of his poems.

Quite ſtript of every beauty, ſee
How ſoon fair Nature's honours fade!
The flowers are fled, each ſpreading tree
No more affords a grateful ſhade.

Their naked branches now behold,
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murmuring ſound;
Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,
Their leafy honours ſtrew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active ſtage,
Like leaf or bloſſom fades away;
In tender youth, or riper age,
Drops thus into his native clay!

Alas! and can we chuſe but moan,
To ſee all Nature's charms expire!
Fair-blooming Spring, gay Summer gone,
And Autumn haſtening to retire!

But ſee the tender Redbreaſt comes,
Forſaking now the leafleſs grove,
Hops o'er my threſhold, pecks my crumbs,
And courts my hoſpitable love.

Then ſooths me with his plaintive tale
As Sol withdraws his friendly ray;
Cheering, as evening ſhades prevail,
The ſoft remains of cloſing day.

O wel-

O welcome to my homely board!
There unmoleſted ſhalt thou ſtand;
Were it with choiceſt dainties ſtor'd,
For thee I'd ope a liberal hand.

Since thou of all the warbling throng,
Who now in ſilence far retire,
Remain'ſt to ſooth me with a ſong,
And many a pleaſing thought inſpire.

AN EPITAPH.

BY THE SAME.

IF e'er ſharp ſorrow from thine eyes did flow,
If e'er thy boſom felt another's woe,
If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did prove,
If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love
Bloom'd to thy wiſh, or to thy ſoul was dear,
This plaintive marble aſks thee for a tear!
For here, alas! too early ſnatch'd away,
All that was lovely Death has made his prey.
No more her cheeks with crimſon roſes vie,
No more the diamond ſparkles in her eye;
Her breath no more its balmy ſweets can boaſt,
Alas! that breath with all its ſweets is loſt.

Pale now thoſe lips, where bluſhing rubies hung,
And mute the charming muſic of her tongue!
Ye virgins fair, your fading charms ſurvey,
She was whate'er your tender hearts can ſay;
To her ſweet memory for ever dear,
Let the green turf receive your trickling tear,
To this ſad place your earlieſt garlands bring,
And deck her grave with firſtlings of the Spring.
Let opening roſes, drooping lilies tell,
Like thoſe ſhe bloom'd, and, ah! like theſe ſhe fell.
In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
And diſtant yews a ſable ſhade beſtow;
Round her, ye Graces, conſtant vigils keep,
And guard (fair Innocence!) her ſacred ſleep:
'Till that bright morn ſhall wake the beauteous clay,
To bloom and ſparkle in eternal day.

UT PICTURA POESIS.

BY MR. NOURSE, OF ALL-SOULS COLLEGE, OXON, 1741.

AS once the Muſe, reclining on her lyre,
Obſerv'd her fav'rite bards, a num'rous choir;
The conſcious pleaſure ſwell'd her ſilent breaſt,
Her ſecret pride exulting ſmiles confeſt.

When thus her ſiſter ſpoke, whoſe care preſides
O'er the mixt paſſat, and the pencil guides:
Juſt, Goddeſs, is thy joy, thy train, we own,
Approaches nearer to Apollo's throne.
Foremoſt in Learning's ranks they ſit ſublime,
Honour'd and lov'd through every age of time:
Yet let me ſay, ſome fav'rite ſon of mine
Has more than follow'd every ſon of thine.
Thy *Homer* needs not grieve to hear his fame
Exceeds not Raphael's widely-honour'd name.
Raphael like him 'midſt ages wrapt in night,
Roſe father of his ſcience to the light;
With matchleſs grace, and majeſty divine,
Bade Painting breathe, and live the bold deſign;
To the clay-man the heavenly fire apply'd,
And gave it charms to Nature's ſelf deny'd.
With judgment, genius, induſtry, and art,
Does *Virgil* captivate his reader's heart?
With rival talents my *Caracci* bleſt,
Fires with like tranſport the ſpectator's breaſt.
The youthful *Lucan*, who with rapid force
Urg'd by *Pharſalia*'s field the Muſe's horſe,
An equal fire, an equal ſtrength of mind,
In *Angelo*'s congenial ſoul will find:
Whoſe wild imagination could diſplay
Fierce giants hurl'd from heaven—the world's laſt day.
With more ſucceſs does tender *Ovid* move
The melting ſoul to ſoftneſs and to love,

Than wanton *Titian*, whoſe warm colours ſhew
That gods themſelves the amorous riot know?
Thy grandeur, *Paulo*, and thy happy ſtroke,
I proudly own my emulation ſpoke,
For I beſtow'd them, that the world might ſee,
A *Horace* too of mine ariſe in thee.
Lo! where *Pouſſin* his magic colours ſpreads,
Riſe tower'd towns, rough rocks, and flow'ry meads;
What leagues between thoſe azure mountains lie,
(Whoſe leſs'ning tops invade the purple ſky)
And this old oak, that ſhades this hollow way,
Amidſt whoſe windings ſheep and oxen ſtray!
'Tis thus *Theocritus* his landſkip gives,
'Tis thus the ſpeaking picture moves and lives.
Alike in *Terence* and in *Guido*'s air,
Our praiſe the height of art and nature ſhare.
In broader mirth if *Plautus* tread the ſtage,
With equal humour *Hemſkirk*'s boors engage.
She ſpoke, with friendly emulation ſtirr'd,
And *Phœbus* from his throne with pleaſure heard.

VACUNA[a].

BY DR. SNEYD DAVIES[b], 1739.

SCEPTRE of eaſe! whoſe calm domain extends
O'er the froze Chronian, or where lagging gales
Fan to Repoſe the Southern realms. O! whom
More ſlaves obey than ſwarm about the courts
Pekin, or Agra—univerſal queen!
Me haply ſlumb'ring all a ſummer's day,
Thy meaneſt ſubject, often haſt thou deign'd
Gracious to viſit. If thy poppy then
Was e'er infus'd into my gifted quill,
If e'er my nodding Muſe was bleſt with pow'r,
To doze the reader with her opiate verſe—
Come, goddeſs; but be gentle; not as when
On ſtudious heads attendant thou art ſeen
Faſt by the twinkling lamp, poring and pale
Immers'd in meditation, ſleep's great foe;

[a] The goddeſs of Leiſure.

[b] Fellow of King's College Cambridge, afterwards rector of Kingſland in Herefordſhire, prebendary of Litchfield, and arch-deacon of Derby. He died February 6, 1769.

Where the clue-guided caſuiſt unwinds
Perplexities; or Halley [c] from his tower
Converſes with the ſtars: In other guiſe
Thy preſence I invoke. Serene approach,
With forehead ſmooth, and ſaunt'ring gait; put on
The ſmile unmeaning, or in ſober mood
Fix thy flat, muſing, leaden eye: as looks
Simplicius, when he ſtares and ſeems to think.
Prompted by thee, Reſervo keeps at home,
Intent on books: he when alone applies
The needle's reparation to his hoſe,
Or ſtudious ſlices paper. Taught by thee
Dullman takes ſnuff, and ever and anon
Turns o'er the page unread. Others more ſage,
Place, year, and printer not unnoted, well
Examine the whole frontiſpiece, and if
Yet ſtricter their enquiry, e'en proceed
To leaves within, and curious there ſelect
Italics, or conſult the margin, pleas'd
To find a hero or a tale: all elſe,
The obſervation, maxim, inference
Diſturb the brain with thought.—It ſure were long
To name thy ſev'ral vot'ries, Pow'r ſupine,
And all thy various haunts. Why ſhould I ſpeak
Of coffee-houſe? or where the eunuch plays,

[c] Edmund Halley the celebrated aſtronomer, at that time keeper of Flamſted Houſe. He died January 14, 1742.

Or

Or *Roſcius* in his buſkin? Theſe and more
Thy crowded temples, where thou ſit'ſt enſhrin'd
Glorious, thy incenſe *ambergris*, and *time*
Thy ſacrifice.—About thee cards and dice
Lie ſcatter'd, and a thouſand vaſſal beaux
Officiate at thy worſhip.—Nor mean while
Is ſolitude leſs thy peculiar ſphere;
There unattended you vouchſafe to ſhroud
Your beauties, gentle Potentate; with me
By vale or brook to loiter not diſpleas'd:
Hear the ſtream's pebbled roar, and the ſweet bee
Humming her fairy-tunes, in praiſe of flowers;
Or clam'rous rooks, on aged elm or oak;
Aloft the cawing legiſlators ſit,
Debating, in full ſenate, points of ſtate.
My bow'r, my walks, my ſtudy all are thine;
For thee my yews project their ſhade; my green
Spreads her ſoft lap; my waters whiſper ſleep.
Here thou may'ſt reign ſecure; nor hoſtile thought,
Nor argument, nor logic's diré array,
Make inroad on thy kingdom's peace.—What though
Malicious tongues me harmleſs repreſent,
A traitor to thy throne: or that I hold
Forbidden correſpondence with the Nine,
Plotting with *Phœbus*, and thy foes! What though
Of ſatire they impeach me, ſtrain ſevere!
Thou know'ſt my innocence: 'tis true indeed
I ſometimes ſcribble, but 'tis thou inſpir'ſt:
In proof accept, O goddeſs, this my verſe.

On

On JOHN WHALLEY[a]

RANGING PAMPHLETS.

By the Same.

WHAT ken mine eyes, enchanted? man of eaſe,
In elbow chair, and under brow of thought
Intenſe, on ſome great matter fixt, no doubt:
What mean the *myrmidons* on either hand
In paper-coats, and orderly array,
Spread far and wide, on table, deſk, and ſtool,
Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,
And grey, and blue's battalion trim; and who
In marbled regimentals, ſome in veſt
Gay edg'd with gold; of various garb, and tongue,
And clime; extended o'er the wooden plain.
Not force more numerous from her teeming loins
Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube*'s bank
Croats and *Pandours:* nor the ſwarming war
Of *Turk* and *Nadir*, nodding oppoſite
With party-colour'd turbans. Sing, O Muſe,
Their marſhal'd numbers, and puiſſance. Firſt,
With ſable ſhield, and arms opaque, advance

[a] Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; an ingenious poet, and the Publiſher of two collections of poems.

Divinity

Divinity polemic, ſober rage,
Yet deadly! (and can rage in minds divine
Inhabit!) councils, ſynods, cloyſters, ſchools,
Cowl beats off cowl, and mitre mitre knocks.
Preſbyt'ry here with wither'd face aſkew,
Vengeance demure; and there devoutly fierce
Catholicos, in lawn ſprinkled with blood.
Not far behind with her divided troops
Comes Policy, with democratic ſhouts
On one hand, on the other loud acclaim
For pow'r hereditary, and right divine:
I ſee the various portraiture diſplay'd,
Brutus and *Nimrod*, libertines, and ſlaves,
And crowns and [b] breeches flutter in the air.
Who next with aſpect ſage and parchment wav'd
Voluminous comes on? I know their beards
Hiſtoric, ſee the ſtyle acute, with which
They fight old Time, maugre his deſp'rate ſcythe,
And as he cleaves the pyramid, apply
Their puny prop. Hence annals, journals hence,
And memoirs, doubtful truth, and certain lies,
And tales, and all the magazines of war.
Humanity at baſhful diſtance ſneaks,
O'erborn by numbers; miſcellanies too
(Amphibious, whether moral or divine)
Dragoon aloof, and light-arm'd ſcout the field.

[b] Alluding to the arms impreſſed on the money of the Commonwealth of England.

What

What Muſe, O Poetry, can paſs unſung
Thy flowing banners, and gay tent, adorn'd
With airy trophies? or would leave thy name
Uncatalogu'd, were it but *Nereus*-like
To beautify the liſt? Not that thou want'ſt
Th' offenſive dart, 'till *Satire*'s quiver fails.
All theſe, and more came flocking;—but await
The dread commander's voice, and dare no more
Start from their place, than did the *Theban* ſtone,
Ere yet *Amphion* ſung.—From ſide to ſide
The ſedentary chief, in ſtudious mood,
And deep revolve, darts his experienc'd eye.
Forth from his preſence hies his aid-de-camp,
A ſturdy *Cambro-Briton* [c], to ſurvey
The poſture of the field; from rank to rank
Poſting ſuccinct, he gives the word, which way
The ſquadrons to advance, where wheel their courſe.
"Vanguard to right and left." Forthwith the bands,
As at the ſound of trump, obedient move
In perfect phalanx. Each their ſtation knows
And quarters, as the general's will ordains.
Firſt to its place ſpontaneous Verſe repairs,
Knowing the call, and practis'd to obey
His ſummons. Peaceful Controverſy ſheaths
Her claws, contracted to make room for *Scot*
And *Tom. Aquinas*, ſlumb'ring ſide by ſide;
And *Bellarmine*, and *Luther*, heard no more

[c] Rice Price.

Than

Than *Delphi*'s ſhrine, or *Memnon*'s ſtatue dumb.
All, all, in order due and ſilence, look
A modern convocation. Hiſt'ry ſleeps
By hiſt'ry,—[a] *Hyde* and *Oldmixon*, agree.
Which when the marſhal, from his eaſy chair
Of callimanco, ſaw; knit his calm brows
Thoughtful, and thus th' aſſembled leaves beſpoke.
Ye hierarchies, and commonweals, and thrones,
Folios, octavos, and ye minor pow'rs
Of paper, ere to winter-quarters ſent,
Hear me, ye liſt'ning books. Firſt I direct
Submiſſion to your lord, and faith entire.
Did I not liſt you, and enroll your names
On parchment? See the volume; look at me.
Did I not mark you (as the *Pruſſian* late
His ſubjects) badge of ſervice when requir'd?
'Tis well,—and let me next, ye flimſy peers,
Love brother-like and union recommend:
Live peaceful, as by me together tied
In bands of ſtricteſt amity: ſhould then
Your maſter lend you to ſome neighb'ring ſtate
Auxiliaries; remember ye preſerve
Your firſt allegiance pure, and chearful home
Return, when ſummon'd by your natural prince.
Be humble, nor repine, though ſmear'd with ink
And duſt inglorious; know your birth and end,
For "rags ye were, and muſt to rags return."

[a] The author begs pardon of Lord Clarendon for placing Mr. Oldmixon ſo near him.

EPI-

EPITHALAMIUM.

JOHN DODD[a], Eſq; and Miſs ST. LEGER.

By the Same.

YE nymphs, that from *Diana*'s ſport retir'd,
Yon foreſt leave awhile, and love to haunt
The bord'ring vallies; ſaw ye, as they paſs'd,
A choſen pair, the glory of your plains,
Array'd in youth's full bloom, and nature's prime?
Saw ye the glance of beauty, when the fair,
Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graces dreſs'd,
March'd on: with joy the bridegroom fluſh'd, beyond
What liveliеſt fancy, unpoſſeſs'd, can dream?
Heard ye the muſic of the groves around
Warbling, while choirs of gratulation rung
From every ſpray; and nightingales, ſoft tun'd,
In notes peculiar trill'd the nuptial ſong!
Such as in neighb'ring *Windſor*'s fav'rite ſhade
They chaunt; and, if their *Handel*'s ear be true,
No where on ſilence ſteal with lay ſo ſweet.
Auſpicious omens brood on the fair hour!
Did ever *Hymen*'s look more freſh appear,

[a] Member of Parliament for Reading.

Or his bright veſt with deeper yellow flow ?
The veſt that on occaſions high and rare
Pontifical he wears, when hearts ſincere
Combine; of healthy cheek, and ſparkling eye
As in the ſtate of nature, ere his ſhafts
By gold were blunted. How the blazing torch,
Fann'd by love's pinion, ſheds unuſual fire !
Lo! by the trail of light, he left behind,
As from the ſhrine his jubilee return'd,
The Muſe, invited gueſt, attends her theme
Right to the nuptial bow'r. There ent'ring, thrice
She hemm'd, thrice bleſt the threſhold with a ſneeze,
Prelude of happineſs to come. Her lyre
She ſtrung,—a friendly, voluntary ſtrain.
" Hail (ſhe began) diſtinguiſh'd pair ! how fit
To join in wedded love, each other's choice !
Bridegroom, thy taſte is elegant indeed,
And fingers nice, that on ſome ſunny bank
In beauty's garden cull'd ſo fair a flower,
To thine tranſplanted from her native ſoil.
Cheriſh beſure thy blooming charge; keep off
Each blaſt unkind, and Zephyr's gale alone
Blow there, and genial ſuns for ever ſmile.
Who not applaud thy vow ? hereafter who
Diſpute thy palate, judging and exact,
Owner of curious bliſs ?—Nor thou, fair bride,
Repine, nor homeward caſt thy longing eye ;

'Twas time to ſever from the virgin choir.
What joy in loneline ſs to waſte the hours
Unfruitful? ſee, hard by, *Loddona*'s ſtream
Cold and inactive creep along; her face
Shaded with penſive willow,—'till anon
Married to jovial *Thames*, briſkly ſhe glides
O'er many a laughing mead.—'Tis nature wills
Such union: bleſt ſociety! where ſouls
Move, as in dance, to melody divine,
Fit partners. (How unlike the noiſy broils
Of wedded ſtrife!) Hence friendſhip's gen'rous glow
At love's high noon; and hence the ſober flame
Steady, as life declines.—All comforts hence
Of child and parent, ſtrongeſt, deareſt ties!
Think not the fair original deſign'd
To flouriſh and be loſt. The world expects
Some copies to adorn another age.——
Thank the kind gods; be happy, live and love

To Mr. DODD, on the Birth-day of his Son.

By the same.

THY ſanguine hope compleated in a boy,
Hymen's kind boon, my friend, I give thee joy.
Of fine ſtrange things, and miracles to be,
Expect no flatt'ring prophecy from me.

'Tis

'Tis Time's maturing bus'neſs to call forth
Degen'rate meanneſs, or tranſmitted worth:
Under his ſliding courſe of years and days
The artiſt's labour mellows or decays.
Then, let me ſee, what my fond wiſh beſpoke,
The lively colouring, and manly ſtroke.
Is there the ſweetneſs, eaſineſs, and grace,
Maternal beauties, ſhed upon his face?
Is there the frank benevolence; the fire
Sincere and gen'rous, darted from his ſire?
The judging Muſe, where lines like theſe muſt ſtrike,
Will eye the copy,—own,—'tis very like:
Point out each virtue, each reſemblance tell,
Pleas'd, that the parents drew themſelves ſo well.

On Two FRIENDS, Mr. HORACE WALPOLE and Mr. DODD, born on the ſame Day.

By the Same.

THERE are it ſeems who think the natal ſtar
Softens to peace, or animates to war;
That yon bright orbs, as in their courſe they roll,
Dart their ſtrong influence on the dawning ſoul;
Whether to empire led by ſhining *Jove*,
Or lull'd to pleaſure by the queen of love;

Whether *Mercurius* gently wave his hand,
And point to arts and ſciences the wand;
Or angry *Mars*, inſpiring warlike heat,
Alarm the pulſe, and at the boſom beat.
If ſo: then why the Muſe a contraſt finds
In *Palamon*'s and *Arcite*'s various minds?
The one of nature eaſy and compos'd;
Untoſs'd by paſſion, and in arts repos'd;
T' other of eager and impetuous ſoul,
Starting in Honour's race, and ſtretching to the goal.
One calm, like *Theodoſius*, to deſire;
The other glowing with *Varanes*' fire:
This pleas'd to wander in *Pierian* glades,
Where the rill murmurs, and the laurel ſhades;
That warm'd and rous'd by what his ſoul approves,
The ſport, the miſtreſs, or the friend he loves.
Yet the ſame ſun ſaluted them on earth,
Yet the ſame planets glitter'd at their birth,
The ſame ſoft gale, or whiſper'd in the wood,
Or the ſame tempeſt diſcompos'd the flood.
It is enough, that harmony appears,
And friendſhip reconciles where nature jars;
For whatſoe'er the ſcheme of dreamers be,
Their ſtars may differ, ſince their lives agree.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

By J. EARLE[a].

I.

THE man whoſe conſtitution's ſtrong,
And free from vexing cares his mind,
As changing ſeaſons paſs along,
Can in them all freſh pleaſures find.

II.

Not only in the teeming bud,
The opening leaf, and following bloom,
(Urg'd by the ſap's aſcending flood)
And fruit fair knitting in its room;

III.

Not only when the ſmiling fields
In all their gaiety appear,
And the perfumes their boſom yields
On balmy wings the zephyrs bear.

IV.

In morning fair, in evening mild,
The murm'ring brook, and cooling ſhade,
Birds airy notes in concerts wild,
And Philomela's ſerenade.

[a] Chaplain to the Duke of Douglas;

V.

Not only in the waving ear,
And branches bending with their load,
Or whilſt the produce of the year
Is gathering, and in ſafety ſtow'd.

VI.

He, pleas'd, in days autumnal ſees
The ſhadowy leaf diverſify'd
With various colours, and the trees
Stripp'd, and ſtand forth in naked pride.

VII.

Each hollow blaſt, and haſty ſhow'r,
The rattling hail, and fleecy ſnow,
The candy'd rime, and ſcatter'd hoar,
And icicles which downward grow.

VIII.

The ſhining pavement of the flood,
To which the youthful tribes reſort,
And game, which the diſcover'd wood
Expoſes to the fowler's ſport.

IX.

The greens, which wintry blaſts defy,
Through native ſtrength, or human care,
In hedge, or cloſe arrangery,
All theſe a ſource of pleaſure are.

X.

The ſun which from the northern ſigns
Scorch'd with inſufferable heat;
Now in a milder glory ſhines,
And every glancing ray is ſweet.

XI.

The ſilver moon, and each fair ſtar,
Forth to the beſt advantage ſhine,
And by the richeſt ſcene prepare
For noble thoughts th' enlarged mind.

XII.

He, when the mornings ſloweſt riſe,
Can ſweetly paſs the nights away
In lucubration with the wiſe;
Or converſation with the gay.

XIII.

And when the winter tedious grows,
And lengthening days cold ſtronger bring,
A new increaſing pleaſure flows,
From expectation of the ſpring.

XIV.

So he whoſe faculties are ſound,
His heart upright and conſcience clean,
Agreeably can paſs his round
Of life, in every ſhifting ſcene.

XV.

Not only in his youthful prime,
And whilſt his powers continue firm,
But when he feels th' effect of time,
And age prepares him for the worm.

XVI.

Grateful for every bleſſing paſt,
Patient in every preſent ill;
And on whatever ground he's plac'd,
Hope does with pleaſing proſpects fill;

XVII.

And faith in heaven's enchanting love
(From whence that Sun will ſoon appear
Whoſe ſmiles make endleſs ſpring above)
Does all his damps and darkneſs clear.

SONG.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON[a].

STELLA and Flavia every hour
Do various hearts ſurprize:
In Stella's ſoul lies all her power;
And Flavia's, in her eyes.

[a] This ſong has been generally aſcribed to Mrs. Barber. It is here on very good authority reſtored to the real authoreſs.

More

More boundleſs Flavia's conqueſts are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then boaſt not, Flavia, thy fair face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore;
Thy charms will every day decreaſe,
Each day gives Stella more.

VERSES ſpoken by the KING'S SCHOLARS at WESTMINSTER, at their Annual Feaſt, on Queen ELIZABETH's Birth-day, 1729-30.

By MARIUS D'ASSIGNY[a].

J. F. HOW like you, Sir, the ſplendor of the day?
What! has your lordſhip not a word to ſay?
Can neither verſe, nor proſe, your praiſes move?
He ſure diſlikes, who cares not to approve.

[a] One of the uſhers of Weſtminſter School. Theſe verſes have ſometimes been attributed to Dr. Robert Freind.

You view with ſcorn our antiquated ways,
Queen Beſs's golden rules and golden days.
No powder'd liveries attend us here,
Hunger 's our ſauce, and mutton is our cheer,
Our worn-out cuſtoms may provoke your ſport,
How long the graces, and the meals how ſhort!
Nor can our mouldy college-life afford
A bed more faſhionable than its board.
No ſtate alcove, no wainſcot can you ſee
Of cedar old, or new mahogany;
To us, poetic furniture is given,
Curtains of night and canopy of heaven;
Our youths, whom well-bred gentlemen deſpiſe,
Sleep with the lamb, as with the lark they riſe.
Nay, prayers each day (ſtrange things to modern beaux)
Open our morning, and our evening cloſe:
Nor yet content with what at home we do,
Our laws preſent us to the public view;
We to the Abbey march in white array
Thrice every week, beſide each holy-day,
What boys of rank could brook ſuch hard commands?
Like meaneſt choriſters to take their ſtands,
Or penitents, with tapers in their hands?
But theſe objections nobles may diſown,
Who ſeldom ſtoop to wear the daggled gown;
The ſchool itſelf unmannerly they call,
Like death a general leveller of all;

Which

Which ne'er regards the priv'lege of a peer,
What race you ſpring from, or what arms you bear.
Boys on themſelves, not anceſtors, rely,
Diſtinguiſh'd by intrinſic quality:
A ſaucy commoner may take *his* place,
Who is a lord, and is to be his grace.
Not ſo at home—there due diſtinction's made,
And full obeiſance to degree is paid:
Far milder treatment does his honour meet,
From handmaid gentle, and from ſiſter ſweet:
With footmen romps (which finely muſt improve him),
And kiſs his couſins that his aunts may love him.
There the whole kindred join to form an heir,
And uncles, grandſires, grandmothers are there:
But oh! th' enchanting bleſſings who can ſhew,
Which from the kennel, and the ſtable flow!
When honour quits the cloſet for the fields,
And all the ſtudent to the ſportſman yields?
Perhaps ſome glorious hunting-match deſign'd,
E'en now, though abſent, riſes to your mind;
If not prevented by this luckleſs day,
How had you ſcower'd o'er hills and dales away,
By foxes murder'd, glory to obtain,
And boaſt three vixens in a fortnight ſlain!
Or had the generous ſtag with winged ſpeed
Acroſs whole countries urg'd the ſtraining ſteed,

Each

Each Yorkſhire Riding might have view'd the race;
Your horn perhaps had rung through Chevy-Chace.
More could I ſay—

LORD C. ——But hold, 'tis time you end,
Who for a renegade miſtake a friend.
And could you think one ſon ſo void of grace
T' abjure his Alma Mater to her face?
How ſhould not ſhe with irony diſpenſe,
Who lends us figures to adorn our ſenſe?
Why, 'tis to gain her ſmiles our parts we prove;
To ſhew our genius, is to ſhew our love:
And you the judges, ſince yourſelves inſpire,
Or our pacific or prolific fire,
Be candid, and abſolve the general aim,
We argue different, but we think the ſame.
Parents, when fondneſs, or the faſhion ſway,
Will breed their child themſelves the modern way:
No pedant ſchemes, that abject minds controul,
Should thwart the native freedom of his ſoul;
Him their own eye o'erlooks, own modes refine,
And maſter's powder'd every day to dine.
As for his pretty head, mamma takes care,
The comb's well fix'd, and nicely curl'd the hair;
And not one thing, I'll warrant you, breeds there.
E'en let the dirty boys, ſo doom'd, be fools,
And walk through thick and thin to crowded ſchools,

Leſt

Leſt ſuch rude noiſe ſhould hurt his tender brain,
In his own hall Sir Timothy they train.
Moll tells him ſtories while ſhe ſweeps the room,
And he imbibes his morals from the groom.
At twelve years old the ſprightly youth is able
To turn a pancake, or dry-rub a table.
Soon as the clerk has taught him all he can,
They ſend to London for ſome abler man.
Down comes a Frenchman: Sire, me ſwear and vow,
Me be ſurpriz'd you make no better bow:
But me will make you brave ſcholar, no fear,
Better den my own ſelf, in two, tree year.
The knight begins, and in a literal ſenſe,
Turns French to Engliſh, and makes Latin French.
Three years my lady mother has the joy
To hear the Frenchman, and to ſee the boy;
To her it is a comfort (above all)
That Tim ſhould learn ſo faſt, and grow ſo tall.
Kitty, my lady's waiting maid, was ſiſter
To Tom the groom, who knew the knight had kiſs'd her;
Tom manages his knight at ſuch a rate,
He beats the Frenchman, and he marries Kate.
So fondly the wiſe mother lov'd the child,
She quite undid him, leſt he ſhould be ſpoil'd.
This news the widow of the neighb'ring grange
Heard with ſurprize—But I, ſaid ſhe, will change
This unſucceſsful method, and my Jerry,
I'll anſwer for't, ſhall never thus miſcarry.

Prate

Prate with the maid! No—him I'll breed up thyly,
And every ſervant ſhall reſpect him highly.
No trifling monſieur here ſhall give advice;
I'll have ſome ſenior-fellow, grave and wiſe,
From either of our univerſities.
She ſaid—'Tis done—The honeſt man with pains
Gender and number, mood and tenſe, explains;
Jerry goes through his daily taſk and thrives;
From *in ſpeech be* to th' *apple-tree* arrives.
Then ſtudious reads what Belgian authors writ,
And drains whole nomenclators for their wit:
From thence apace he grows accompliſh'd fully;
Has read Corderius, and has heard of Tully.
Should Oxford next, or Paris be his chance!
The laſt prevails, and he's equipp'd for France.
He goes—ſees every thing that rare and new is,
And hunts, like any Alderman[a], with Lewis;
'Till ſome great fortune, or mamma's command,
Again reſtores him to the Britiſh ſtrand,
Then, welcome Sir, to bleſs your native land.
But ſee the proper vacancy preſent,
And up he comes full fraught for parliament.
Then firſt his noble heart begins to ſink,
Fain would he ſpeak, but knows not how to think:

[a] Humfrey Parſons, Eſq; alderman of London. He died in his ſecond mayoralty, 21ſt March, 1741. It was his cuſtom to paſs over very often into France, where he frequently partook of the diverſion of hunting with Lewis XV.

Howe'er

Howe'er he'll needs launch out beyond his reach,
For who ne'er made a theme, makes no good ſpeech.
Hence the loud laugh and ſcornful ſneer ariſe,
Hence round and round the piquant raill'ry flies,
And thus (ſad ſhame) though now he's twenty-four,
He's finely laſh'd that ne'er was laſh'd before.
While each, mean time, or commoner or peer,
Who paſs'd the diſcipline in practice here,
Convinc'd applauds the doctor's wholeſome plan,
Who made the youngſter ſmart to ſave the man.
For what though ſome the good old man deſert,
Grow learn'd with eaſe, and graſp the ſhade of art;
For us, we foſter here no vain pretence,
Nor fill with empty pride the void of ſenſe;
We riſe with pains, nor think the labour light
To ſpeak like Romans, and like Romans write.
'Tis ours to court with care the learned throng,
To catch their ſpirit as we gain their tongue;
To enjoy the charms in Cæſar's works that ſhine,
And learn to glow at Virgil's lofty line.
'Twas thus you mov'd, and thus in riper years,
With ſuch ſuperior luſtre fill your ſpheres;
'Twas thus you learn'd to riſe, nor can you blame
If as we tread your ſteps we hope your fame.
And oh! may Weſtminſter for ever view
Sons after ſons ſucceed, and all like you!
May every doubt your great examples clear,
And Education fix her empire here!

A LETTER to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

By HENRY FIELDING, Eſq;[a]

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of ſtate you ride,
Our nation's envy and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And juſtly all your counſels praiſe,
Which, in contempt of faction's force,
Steer, though oppos'd, a ſteady courſe,
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
And yet the ſequel proves it true.
You know, Sir, certain ancient fellows
Philoſophers, and others, tell us,
That no alliance e'er between
Greatneſs and happineſs is ſeen;
If ſo, may heaven ſtill deny
To you, to be as great as I.
Beſides, we're taught, it does behove us,
To think thoſe greater who're above us:

[a] The excellent author of Tom Jones, Joſeph Andrews, &c. He died at Lisbon, 8th Oct. 1754.

Another

Another inſtance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two ſtory,
And from my garret can look down,
As from an hill, on half the town.
Greatneſs by poets ſtill is painted
With many followers acquainted:
This too does in my favour ſpeak;
Your levee is but twice a week,
From mine I can exclude but one day;
My door is quiet on a Sunday.
The diſtance too at which they bow
Does my ſuperior greatneſs ſhew.
Familiar you to admiration,
May be approach'd by all the nation;
While I, like Great Mogul in Indo,
Am never ſeen but at a window.
The family that dines the lateſt,
Is in our ſtreet eſteem'd the greateſt,
But greater him we ſurely call,
Who hardly deigns to dine at all.
If with my greatneſs you're offended,
The fault is eaſily amended:
You have it, Sir, within your power,
To take your humble ſervant lower.

An EPISTLE from the Elector of BAVARIA to the FRENCH King, after the Battle of RAMILLIES[a].

IF yet, great Sir, your heart can comfort know,
And the returning ſighs leſs frequent flow;
If yet your ear can ſuffer ANNA's fame,
And bear, without a ſtart, her MARLBRO's name;
If half the ſlain o'er wide *Ramillia* ſpread,
Are yet forgot, and in your fancy dead:
Attend, and be yourſelf, while I recite
(Oh! that I only can of loſſes write!)
To what a mighty ſum our ills amount,
And give a faithful, though a ſad account.
Let not *Bavaria* be condemn'd unheard,
Nor, 'till examin'd, have his conduct clear'd;
Charge not on me alone that fatal day,
Your own commanders bore too great a ſway.
Think! Sir, with pity think! what I have loſt,
My native realms and my paternal coaſt,
All that a firm confed'rate could beſtow,
Ev'n faith and fame, if you believe the foe.

[a] Fought on Whitſunday, 12th May, 1706. According to Biſhop Burnet's Account, the French in this battle, by killed, by deſerters, and by priſoners, loſt above 20,000 men.

Think

Think what a heavy load o'erwhelms my breaſt,
With its own ſorrows and with yours oppreſt;
After one battle loſt, and country gone,
Vanquiſh'd again, alas! and twice undone.
Oh! where ſhall I begin? what language find
To heal the raging anguiſh of your mind?
Or, if you deign a willing ear to lend,
Oh! where will my diſaſtrous ſtory end?
Conqueſt I often promis'd, I confeſs,
And who from ſuch a pow'r could promiſe leſs?
There *Gallia*'s force, and here *Bavaria*'s ſhines,
Th' experienc'd houſhold fills our crowded lines;
Already had our tow'ring thoughts o'erthrown
The *Belgian* hoſt, while we ſurvey'd our own,
Deſtroy'd their provinces with ſword and flame,
Let in their ſeas, and ſack'd their *Amſterdam*;
Already had we ſhar'd the fancy'd ſpoil,
(Imaginary trophies crown'd our toil)
Batavian ſtandards to this temple gave,
In that the *Britiſh* croſſes doom'd to wave,
A rural ſeat aſſign'd each captive chief,
In flow'ry gardens to aſſuage his grief,
And by his arts, and firſt eſcape prepar'd,
On MARLBRO had beſtow'd a double guard.
Paris, impatient for the conquer'd foe,
Haſten'd the tuneful hymn and ſolemn ſhow;
Triumphal chariots for the victor ſtay'd,
And finiſh'd arches caſt a pompous ſhade;

With niceſt art the bards had dreſs'd their lays,
Of nothing fearful but to reach our praiſe;
But all our hopes and expectation croſt,
What lines have we! what fame has *Boileau* loſt!
Your army now, fix'd on its high deſigns,
Ruſh forth like vernal ſwarms, and quit their lines
Eager the *Dyle* they paſs to ſeek the fight,
Judoina's fields with ſudden tents are white;
The foe deſcends, like torrents from the hills,
And all the neighb'ring vale tumultuous fills:
Preluding cannons tell th' approaching ſtorm,
And working armies take a dreadful form.
Soon your victorious arms, and ſtronger force,
Tore all the left, and broke the *Belgian* horſe;
Their ſcatter'd troops are rally'd to the fight,
But only rally'd for a ſecond flight:
As when high heav'n on ſome aſpiring wood,
Which in cloſe ranks, and thickeſt order ſtood,
Pours its collected ſtores of vengeance down,
Cedars are ſeen with firs and oaks o'erthrown,
Long ravages and intervals of waſte!
So gor'd their lines appear'd, and ſo defac'd.
The third attack had ended all the war,
Sunk their whole force, and ſav'd your future care,
Had MARLBRO, only MARLBRO, not been there.
As ſome good genius flies, to ſave the realms
Which, in his abſence born, a plague o'erwhelms,

Through

Through op'ning ſquadrons did the hero haſte,
And rais'd their drooping courage as he paſt.
Amidſt the routed *Belgians* he arriv'd,
Turn'd the purſuit, the fainting fight reviv'd,
Supply'd each rank, fill'd every vacant ſpace,
And brought the battle to its former face.
With trembling hearts we ſee our fate decreed;
Where MARLBRO fights how can a foe ſucceed?
To reach his life our boldeſt warriors ſtrive,
On him the ſtorm with all its thunder drive;
He ſtems the war, and half encompaſs'd round
Still clears his way, and ſtill maintains his ground;
Amaz'd, I ſaw him in ſuch dangers live,
And envy'd him the death I wiſh'd to give.
[a] But how our riſing pleaſure ſhall I tell?
The thund'ring ſteed, and the great rider, fell:
We thank'd kind heav'n, and hop'd the victor ſlain;
But all our hopes, and all our thanks were vain:
Free from the guilt of any hoſtile wound
Alive he lay, and dreadful on the ground.
As when a lion in the toils is caſt,
That uncontroul'd had laid the country waſte,
Th' inſulting hinds ſurround him, who before
Fled from his haunts, and trembled at his roar;

[a] At this battle the Duke of Marlborough was twice in the utmoſt danger, once by a fall from his horſe, and a ſecond time by a cannon ſhot that took off the head of Colonel Bringfield as he was holding the ſtirrop for his Grace to remount.

So round beſet the mighty *Briton* lies,
And vulgar foes attempt the glorious prize.
'Till freſh battalions to his ſuccour brought,
Contending armies for the hero fought;
The wanted ſteed ſome friendly hand prepar'd,
And met a fatal, but a great, reward:
A glorious death; of his lov'd lord bereft,
The pious office unperform'd he left.
The reſcu'd chief, by the paſt danger warm'd,
Our weaken'd *houſhold* [b] with new fury ſtorm'd:
While all around to our admiring eyes
Freſh foes, and undiſcover'd ſquadrons, riſe.
The boaſted guards that ſpread your name ſo far,
And turn'd where'er they fought the doubtful war,
With heaps of ſlaughter ſtrow'd the fatal plain,
And did a thouſand glorious things in vain;
Broke with unequal force ſuch numbers die,
That I myſelf rejoic'd to ſee them fly.
But oh! how few preſerv'd themſelves by flight!
Or found a ſhelter from th' approaching night!
Thouſands fall undiſtinguiſh'd in the dark,
And five whole leagues with wide deſtruction mark.
Scarce at *Ramillia* did the ſlaughter end,
When the ſwift victor had approach'd *Oſtend* [c];

Took

[b] The houſhold troops on this important day behaved with great bravery. They more than once rallied and renewed the battle.

[c] After the battle, ſays Biſhop Burnet, "the Duke of Marlborough "loſt no time, but followed them cloſe: Louvain, Mechlin, and Bruſ-

"ſels

Took in whole ſtates and countries in his way,
Bruſſels, nor *Ghent*, nor *Antwerp* gain'd a day;
Within the compaſs of one circling moon,
The *Lis*, the *Demer*, and the *Scheld* his own.
What in the foe's, and what in *William's* hand,
Did for an age the power of *France* withſtand;
Though each campaign ſhe crowded nations drain'd,
And the fat ſoil with blood of thouſands ſtain'd;
Thoſe forts and provinces does MARLBRO gain
In twice three funs, and not a ſoldier ſlain;
None can ſuſpend the fortune of their town,
But who their harveſt and their country drown;
Compell'd to call (his valour to evade)
The leſs deſtructive ocean to their aid.

"ſels ſubmitted, beſides many leſſer places; Antwerp made a ſhew of "ſtanding out, but ſoon followed the example of the reſt; Ghent and "Bruges did the ſame: in all theſe King Charles was proclaimed. "Upon this unexpected rapidity of ſucceſs, the Duke of Marlborough "went to the Hague, to concert meaſures with the States, where he "ſtaid but few days; for they agreed to every thing he propoſed, and "ſent him back with full powers. The firſt thing he undertook was "the ſiege of Oſtend, a place famous for its long ſiege in the laſt age: "the natives of the place were diſpoſed to return to the Auſtrian Fa-"mily; and the French that were in it had ſo loſt all heart and ſpirit, "that they made not the reſiſtance that was looked for: in ten days "after they ſat down before it, and within four days after the batteries "were finiſhed they capitulated." *Hiſtory of his own Times*, vol. I. p. 157.

Oh! were our loſs to *Flandria*'s plains confin'd!
But what a train of ills are ſtill behind!
Beyond the *Adige Vendome*[d] feels the blow,
And *Villars* now retires without a foe,
The fate of *Flanders* ſpreads in *Spain* the flame,
And their new monarch robs of half his fame;
But *France* ſhall hear, in ſome late diſtant reign,
An unborn *Louis* curſe *Ramillia*'s plain.
Whither, oh! whither ſhall *Bavaria* run?
Or where himſelf, or where the victor ſhun?
Shall I no more with vain ambition roam,
But my own ſubjects rule in peace at home?
Thence an abandon'd fugitive I'm driven,
Like the firſt guilty man by angry heaven
From his bleſs'd manſions, where the avenging lord
Still guards the paſſage with a brandiſh'd ſword.
Or ſhall I to *Brabantia*'s courts retire,
And reign o'er diſtant provinces for hire?
Shall I with borrow'd government diſpenſe,
A royal ſervant and another's prince?
Theſe countries too (oh my hard fate!) are loſt,
And I am baniſh'd from a foreign coaſt;
Now may I fight ſecure of future toils,
Of no new countries a third battle ſpoils.

[d] The Duke de Vendome at this juncture commanded the French troops in Italy, as the Mareſchal de Villars did in Germany.

Oh,

Oh, *Tallard*[e]! once I did thy chains deplore,
But envy now the fate I mourn'd before;
By bondage bleſs'd, protected by the foe,
You live contented with one overthrow;
Her captive *Britain* kindly kept away
From the diſgrace of the laſt fatal day.
How does my fall the haughty victor raiſe,
And join divided nations in his praiſe!
Grateful *Germania* unknown titles frames,
And CHURCHILL writes[f] amongſt her ſov'reign names.
Part of her ſtates obey a *Britiſh* lord,
Small part! of the great empire he reſtor'd.
From the proud *Spaniard* he extorts applauſe,
And rivals with the *Dutch* their great *Naſſaus*.
In every language are his battles known;
The *Swede* and *Pole* for his, deſpiſe their own.
A thouſand ſects in him their ſafety place,
And our own ſaints are thank'd for our diſgrace.
England alone, and that ſome pleaſure gives,
Envies herſelf the bleſſings ſhe receives.
My grief each place renews where-e'er I go,
And every art contributes to my woe;

[e] See vol. I. p. 9.

[f] After the battle of Blenheim, the Emperor, in acknowledgment of the Duke of Marlborough's ſervices on that important occaſion, created him a Prince of the Empire by the title of Prince of Mildenheim.

Ramillia's plain each painter's pencil yields,
Bavaria flies in all their canvaſs fields;
On me young poets their rude lays indite,
And on my ſorrows practiſe how to write;
I in their ſcenes with borrow'd paſſion rage,
And act a ſhameful part on every ſtage.
In *Flandria* will the tale be ever told,
Nor will it grow, with ever telling, old:
The liſping infants will their MARLBRO raiſe,
And their new ſpeech grow plainer in his praiſe;
His ſtory will employ their middle years,
And in their lateſt age recall their fears,
While to their children's children they relate
The buſineſs of a day, their country's fate;
Then lead them forth, their thoughts to entertain,
And ſhew the wond'ring youth *Ramillia's* plain;
'Twas here they fought, the *houſhold* fled that way,
And this the ſpot where MARLBRO proſtrate lay.
Here they, perhaps, ſhall add *Bavaria's* name,
Cenſure his courage, and his conduct blame:
'Tis falſe, 'tis falſe, I did not baſely yield,
I left indeed, but left a bloody field:
Believe not, future ages, ne'er believe
The vile aſperſions which theſe wretches give;
If you too far my injur'd honour try,
Take heed, my ghoſt, it will, it ſhall, be nigh,
Riſe in his face, and give the ſlave the lie.

Why

Why ſhould the ſtars thus on *Britannia* ſmile,
And partial bleſſings crown the fav'rite iſle?
Holland does her for their great founder own;
Britannia gave to *Portugal* a crown:
Twice by her queens does proud *Iberia* fall;
Her *Edwards* and her *Henrys* conquer'd *Gaul:*
The *Swede* her arms from late oppreſſion freed,
And if he dares oppreſs, will curb the *Swede.*
She, from herſelf, decides her neighbours fates,
Reſcues by turns, by turns ſubdues their ſtates;
In the wide globe no part could nature ſtretch
Beyond her arms, and out of *Britain*'s reach:
Who fear'd, ſhe e'er could have *Bavaria* ſeen,
Such realms, and kingdoms, hills and ſeas between?
Yet there,—oh ſad remembrance of my woe!
Diſtant *Bavaria* does her triumph ſhow.
Proud ſtate! muſt *Europe* lie at thy command,
No prince without thee riſe, without thee ſtand!
What ſhare? what part is thine of all the ſpoil?
Thine only is the hazard and the toil.
An empire thou haſt ſav'd and all its ſtates,
Iberia's realms have felt ſeverer fates:
What would'ſt thou more? ſtill do thy arms advance?
Heav'n knows what doom thou haſt reſerv'd for *France!*
From whoſe wiſe care does all the treaſure riſe,
That ſlaughter'd hoſts and ſhatter'd fleets ſupplies?
From whence ſuch boundleſs conqueſt does ſhe reap,
Purchas'd with all her boaſted millions cheap;

O bleſs'd!

O bleſs'd! oh envy'd QUEEN! that does command
At ſuch a time, in ſuch a happy land;
Great in her armies and her pow'rful fleet!
Great in her treaſures! in her triumphs great!
But greater ſtill! and what we envy moſt,
That can a MARLBRO for her ſubject boaſt!
Oh, *Gallia!* from what ſplendors art thou hurl'd?
The terror once of all the weſtern world;
Thy ſpreading map each year did larger grow,
New mountains ſtill did riſe, new rivers flow;
But now, ſurrounded by thy ancient mounds,
Doſt inward ſhrink from thy new-conquer'd bounds.
Why did not nature, far from MARLBRO's worth,
In diſtant ages bring her *Louis* forth?
Each uncontroul'd had conquer'd worlds alone,
Happy, for *Europe*, they together ſhone,
Ceaſe! *Louis*, ceaſe! from wars and ſlaughter ceaſe!
Oh! ſue at laſt, 'tis time to ſue, for peace!
Urge not too far your twice unhappy fate,
Nor MARLBRO's ſtronger arm confeſs too late;
Who never camps nor rough encounters ſaw,
Can no juſt image of the hero draw;
He muſt, alas! that MARLBRO truly knows,
Face him in battle, and whole armies loſe.
Believe me, Sir, on my unwilling breaſt,
Fate has his virtues one by one impreſt;
With what a force our *Schellemberg* he ſtorm'd!
And *Blenheim*'s battle with what conduct form'd!

How

How great his vigilance: how quick his thought;
What his contempt of death, *Ramillia* taught.
Theſe nature cool for peace and counſel forms,
For battle thoſe with rage and fury warms;
But to her fav'rite *Britain* does impart
The cooleſt head at once and warmeſt heart:
So does *Sicilia*'s lofty mountain ſhow
Flames in her boſom, on her head the ſnow.
My youth with flatt'ring ſmiles did Fortune crown,
The more ſeverely on my age to frown?
Of Pleaſure's endleſs ſtores I drank my fill,
Officious Nature waited on my will;
The *Auſtrian* reſcu'd, and the *Turk* o'erthrown[g],
Europe and *Aſia* fill'd with my renown:
Blaſted are all my glories and my fame,
Loſt is my country and illuſtrious name;
The titles from their preſent lord are torn,
Which my great anceſtors ſo long had borne;
No native honours ſhall my offspring grace,
The laſt elector with a num'rous race.
Half my unhappy ſubjects loſt by wars,
The reſt for a worſe fate the victor ſpares:
Were they for this entruſted to my care?
This the reward the brave, the faithful ſhare?

g In the war between the Turks and Imperialiſts, which began in 1683, the Elector of Bavaria behaved upon ſeveral occaſions with great gallantry, particularly on the raiſing of the ſiege of Vienna in the month of September that year.

My ſons lament, in diſtant dungeons thrown,
Unacted crimes, and follies not their own;
But oh! my conſort!—my o'er-flowing eyes
Guſh forth with tears, and all my ſorrows riſe,
While the dear tender exile I bemoan;
Oh royal bride! oh daughter of a throne!
Not thus I promis'd when I fought thy bed,
Thou didſt the brave, the great *Bavaria* wed:
Curſt be ambition! curſt the thirſt of pow'r!
And curſt that once-lov'd title Emperor!
Excuſe, great Sir, the ravings of a mind,
That can ſo juſt a cauſe for ſorrow find;
My words too rudely may a monarch greet,
For oh! was ever grief like mine diſcreet!
No ſuff'rings ſhall my firm alliance end,
An unſucceſsful, but a faithful friend.

To the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if *Britain*'s ſtyle delights:
Or if th' Imperial title more invites;
Pardon, great Prince, the failings of a Muſe,
That dares not hope for more than your excuſe,
Forc'd at a diſtance to attempt your praiſe,
And ſing your victories in mournful lays.

To

To caſt in ſhadows, and allay the light,
That wounds, with nearer rays, the dazzled ſight,
Nor durſt in a direct and open ſtrain
Such acts, with her unhallow'd notes, prophane:
In tow'ring verſe let meaner heroes grow,
And to elab'rate lines their greatneſs owe,
Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
Praiſes, no greater than a foe may grant.
Oh! when ſhall *Europe*, by her MARLBRO's ſword
To laſting peace and liberty reſtor'd,
Allow her weary champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his riſing ſeat?
Where your ſoft partner, far from martial noiſe,
Your cares ſhall ſweeten with domeſtic joys:
Your conqueſts ſhe with doubtful pleaſure hears,
And in the midſt of every triumph fears;
Betwixt her queen and you divide her life,
A friend obſequious, and a faithful wife.
Hail, *Woodſtock!* hail, ye celebrated glades!
Grow faſt, ye woods, and flouriſh thick, ye ſhades!
Ye riſing tow'rs, for your new lord prepare,
Like your old *Henry*[h] come from *Gallia*'s war.
The gen'ral's arms as far the king's o'erpow'r,
As this new ſtructure does ſurpaſs the bow'r.
The pleaſing proſpects and romantic ſcite,
The ſpacious compaſs, and the ſtately height;

[h] Henry the IId, who reſided at Woodſtock.

The

The painted gardens, in their flow'ry prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhime,
And if the Muſe would ſecond the deſign,
Mean as they are, ſhould in my numbers ſhine.
There live the joy and wonder of our iſles,
Happy in *Albion*'s love, and ANNA's ſmiles.
While from the godlike race of CHURCHILL born,
Four beauteous *Roſamonds* this bow'r adorn[1];
Who with the ancient fyren of the place
In charms might vie, and every blooming grace;
But bleſs'd with equal virtues had ſhe been,
Like them ſhe had been favour'd by the QUEEN.
Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers,
To all the worthieſt beds of *England*'s peers.

Thus the great eagle, when heav'n's wars are o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fire laid by, with thoſe of *Venus* burns,
To his forſaken mate and ſhades returns;
On ſome proud tree, more ſacred than the reſt,
With curious art he builds his ſpacious neſt;
In the warm ſun lies baſking all the day,
While round their fire the gen'rous eaglets play;
Their ſire, well-pleas'd to ſee the noble brood,
Fill all the loftieſt cedars of the wood.

[1] The four daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, *viz.* Henrietta married to the Earl of Godolphin; ſhe died October 24, 1733. 2. Anna married to the Earl of Sunderland, died April 15, 1716. 3. Elizabeth married to the Duke of Bridgwater; died March 22, 1714. 4. Mary married to the Duke of Montague.

AN

AN ODE on Miss HARRIET HANBURY, AT SIX YEARS OLD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

I.

WHY ſhould I thus employ my time,
To paint thoſe cheeks of roſy hue?
Why ſhould I ſearch my brains for rhime,
To ſing thoſe eyes of gloſſy blue?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces;
They only ſerve to baniſh pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

III.

But ſoon thoſe eyes their ſtrength ſhall feel;
Thoſe charms their pow'rful ſway ſhall find;
Youth ſhall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then when on Beauty's throne you ſit,
And thouſands court your wiſh'd-for arms;
My Muſe ſhall ſtretch her utmoſt wit,
To ſing the victories of your charms.

V. Charms

V.

Charms that in time ſhall ne'er be loſt,
At leaſt while verſe like mine endures:
And future HANBURYS ſhall boaſt,
Of verſe like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
Since ſcarce another houſe can ſhew
A poet, that can ſing like me;
A beauty, that can charm like you.

A SONG.

UPON MISS HARRIET HANBURY, ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. BIRT.

BY THE SAME.

I.

DEAR doctor of St. Mary's,
In the hundred of Bergavenny,
I've ſeen ſuch a laſs,
With a ſhape and a face,
As never was match'd by any,

II. Such

II.

Such wit, ſuch bloom, and ſuch beauty,
Has this girl of Ponty Pool, Sir,
With eye that would make
The tougheſt heart ach,
And the wiſeſt man a fool, Sir.

III.

At our fair t'other day ſhe appear'd, Sir,
And the Welchmen all flock'd and view'd her;
And all of them ſaid,
She was fit to have been made
A wife for Owen Tudor.

IV.

They wou'd ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,
And ſo much her charms did pleaſe, Sir,
That all of them ſtaid
'Till their ale grew dead,
And cold was their toaſted cheeſe, Sir.

V.

How happy the lord of the manor,
That ſhall be of her poſſeſt, Sir!
For all muſt agree,
Who my HARRIET ſhall ſee,
She's a HERRIOT of the beſt, Sir.

VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her;
We know you have wit if you'd ſhew it,
Then don't be aſham'd,
You can never be blam'd,
For a prophet is often a poet.

VII.

But why don't you make one yourſelf then?
I ſuppoſe I by you ſhall be told, Sir:
This beautiful piece,
Alas, is my niece;
And beſides ſhe's but five years old, Sir.

VIII.

But though, my dear friend, ſhe's no older,
In her face it may plainly be ſeen, Sir,
That this angel at five
Will, if ſhe's alive,
Be a goddeſs at fifteen, Sir.

To Mr. GARNIER and Mr. PEARCE of BATH.

A grateful ODE, in return for the extraordinary Kindneſs and Humanity they ſhewed to me and my eldeſt Daughter, now Lady Essex, 1753.

By the same.

I.

WHAT glorious verſe from Love has ſprung!
How well has Indignation ſung!
And can the gentle Muſe,
Whilſt in her once-belov'd abode
I ſtray, and ſuppliant kneel, an ode
To gratitude refuſe?

II.

Garnier, my friend, accept this verſe,
And thou receive, well-natur'd Pearce,
All I can give of fame:
Let others other ſubjects ſing,
Some murd'rous chief, ſome tyrant king;
Humanity's my theme.

III.

For arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verſe on ſuch a theme your due,
To whom indulgent Heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you ſo rightly underſtood,
Judiciouſly has giv'n.

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,
Conſuming fevers rage no more,
Nor chilling agues freeze;
The cripple dances void of pain,
The deaf in raptures hear again,
The blind tranſported ſees.

V.

Health at your call extends her wing,
Each healing plant, each friendly ſpring,
Its various pow'r diſcloſes;
O'er Death's approaches you prevail,
See Chloe's cheek, of late ſo pale,
Blooms with returning roſes!

VI.

Theſe gifts, my friends, which ſhine in you,
Are rare, yet to ſome choſen few
Heav'n has the fame aſſign'd;
Health waits on Mead's preſcription ſtill,
And Hawkins'[a] hand, and Ranby's[b] ſkill,
Are bleſſings to mankind.

[a] Sir Cæſar Hawkins, Serjeant Surgeon to the King.

[b] John Ranby, Eſq; Serjeant Surgeon to his Majeſty. He died 28 Aug. 1773.

VII. But

VII.

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
Which for another's wounds can bleed,
Another's grief can feel;
The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
Your natures catch, and make your own,
And share the pains you heal.

VIII.

But why to them, Hygeia, why
Doſt thou thy cordial drop deny
Who but for others live?
Oh, goddeſs, hear my pray'r, and grant
That theſe that health may never want,
Which they to others give.

ODE to DEATH.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of the King of PRUSSIA.

By Dr. HAWKESWORTH [a].

YET a few *years*, or *days* perhaps,
Or *moments* paſs with ſilent lapſe,
And time to me ſhall be no more;
No more the ſun theſe eyes ſhall view,
Earth o'er theſe limbs her duſt ſhall ſtrew,
And life's fantaſtic dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From nature's verge impell'd I ſink,
And endleſs darkneſs wraps me round!
Yes, Death is ever at my hand,
Faſt by my bed he takes his ſtand,
And conſtant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Againſt this fleeting life of mine,
And where for ſuccour can I fly?
If Art with flatt'ring wiles pretend
To ſhield me like a guardian friend,
By Art, ere Nature bids, I die.

[a] Dr. John Hawkeſworth was born about the year 1719, and was bred to the law; a profeſſion which he ſoon relinquiſhed. At the latter part of his life he was one of the Directors of the Eaſt India Company, and died Nov. 17, 1773.

I ſee

I ſee this tyrant of the mind,
This idol Fleſh to duſt confign'd,
Once call'd from duſt by pow'r divine
Its features change, 'tis pale, 'tis cold—
Hence dreadful ſpectre! to behold
Thy aſpect is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
Which fear nor ſhame can quell or hide,
This fleſh ſtill pamper and adorn!
Thus viewing what I ſoon *ſhall be*,
Can what I *am* demand the knee,
Or look on aught around with ſcorn?

But then this ſpark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks, what fate betides?
Can this be duſt, a kneaded clod!
This yield to death! the ſoul, the mind,
That meaſures heav'n, and mounts the wind,
That knows at once itſelf and God?

Great Cauſe of all, above, below,
Who knows thee muſt for ever know,
Immortal and divine!
Thy image on my ſoul impreſt,
Of endleſs being is the teſt,
And bids eternity be mine!

Tranſporting thought!—but am I ſure
That endleſs life will joy ſecure?
Joys only to the juſt decreed!
The guilty wretch, expiring, goes
Where vengeance endleſs life beſtows,
That endleſs mis'ry may ſucceed.

Great God, how aweful is the ſcene!
A breath, a tranſient breath between!
And can I jeſt, and laugh, and play!
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees, deeply rooted in the ground,
Are ſhiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatneſs gains,
How do ye bind with ſilken chains,
Which aſk *Herculean* ſtrength to break!
How with new terrors have ye arm'd
The pow'r whoſe ſlighteſt glance alarm'd!
How many deaths of one ye make!

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtleſs race in error bold,
Forget or ſcorn the *laws* of death;
With *theſe* no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, *they* guide,
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Each, blind to fate's approaching hour,—
Intrigues, or fights, for wealth, or pow'r,
And ſlumb'ring dangers dare provoke:
And he, who tott'ring ſcarce ſuſtains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected ſtroke.

Go on, unbridled deſp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, ſearch ſea and land,
And ſpoil new worlds wherever found:
Seize, haſte to ſeize the glitt'ring prize,
And ſighs, and tears, and pray'rs deſpiſe,
Nor ſpare the temple's holy ground.

They go, ſucceed, but look again,
The deſp'rate hand you ſeek in vain,
Now trod in duſt the peaſant's ſcorn;
But who that ſaw their treaſures ſwell,
That heard th' inſatiate vow rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progreſs wide and far,
Sure he ſhall reign while ages fly;
No, vaniſh'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but juſt allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, (I aſk with dread,)
That nations heap'd on nations bled
  Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the ſpot,
Where his pale corſe was left to rot,
  And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes; Fortune, weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, caſts away,
  And ſcarce the form of man is ſeen:
Awe chills my breaſt, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brows no roſes glow,
  The cypreſs mine, funereal green!

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When aweful Truth unveil'd appears,
  Some pow'r unknown uſurps my breaſt;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in Folly's lab'rinth tread,
  And fancy dreams that life is bleſt.

How weak an empreſs is the mind,
Whom Pleaſure's flow'ry wreaths can bind,
  And captive to her altars lead!
Weak Reaſon yields to Phrenzy's rage,
And all the world is Folly's ſtage,
  And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this ſtrange, this ſudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
This ficklenefs, ſo light and vain,
In life's deluſive tranſient dream,
Where men nor things are what they ſeem,
Is all the real good we gain.

The HYMN of DIONYSIUS:
Tranſlated from the GREEK.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

I. To the MUSE.

LEND thy voice, celeſtial maid:
Through thy vocal grove convey'd,
Let a ſudden call from thee
Wake my ſoul to harmony.
Raiſe, oh! raiſe the hallow'd ſtrain,
Miſtreſs of the tuneful train,
And thou ſacred ſource of light,
Author of our myſtic rite,
Thou whom erſt Latona bore
On the ſea-girt Delian ſhore,
Join the fav'ring Muſe, and ſhed
All thy influence on my head.

II. To

II. To Apollo.

Be ſtill, ye vaulted ſkies! be ſtill,
Each hollow vale, each echoing hill!
Let earth and ſeas, and winds attend;
Ye birds awhile your notes ſuſpend;
Be huſh'd each ſound; behold him nigh,
Parent of ſacred harmony;
He comes! his unſhorn hair behind
Looſe floating to the wanton wind.
Hail, fire of day, whoſe roſy car,
Through the pathleſs fields of air,
By the winged courſers borne,
Opes the eyelids of the morn.
Thou, whoſe locks their light diſplay
O'er the wide ætherial way,
Wreathing their united rays
Into one promiſcuous blaze.
Under thy all-ſeeing eye
Earth's remoteſt corners lie;
While, in thy repeated courſe,
Iſſuing from thy fruitful ſource,
Floods of fire inceſſant ſtray,
Streams of everlaſting day.
Round thy ſphere the ſtarry throng,
Varying ſweet their ceaſeleſs ſong,
(While their vivid flames on high
Deck the clear untroubled ſky,)

To

To the tuneful lyre advance,
Joining in the myſtic dance,
And with ſtep alternate beat
Old Olympus' lofty ſeat.
At their head the wakeful Moon
Drives her milkwhite heifers on,
And with meaſur'd pace and even
Glides around the vaſt of heaven,
Journeying with unwearied force,
And rejoicing in her courſe.
Time attends with ſwift career,
And forms the circle of the year.

III. To Nemesis.

Nemeſis, whoſe dreaded weight
Turns the ſcale of human fate;
On whoſe front black terrors dwell,
Daughter dire of Juſtice, hail!
Thou whoſe adamantine rein
Curbs the arrogant and vain.
Wrong and force before thee die,
Envy ſhuns thy ſearching eye,
And, her ſable wings outſpread,
Flies to hide her hated head.
Where thy wheel with reſtleſs round
Runs along th' unprinted ground,
Humbled there, at thy decree,
Human greatneſs bows the knee,

Thine it is unſeen to trace
Step by ſtep each mortal's pace:
Thine the ſons of Pride to check,
And to bend the ſtubborn neck,
'Till our lives directed ſtand
By the meaſure in thy hand.
Thou obſervant ſitt'ſt on high
With bent brow and ſtedfaſt eye,
Weighing all that meets thy view
In thy balance juſt and true.
Goddeſs, look propitious down,
View us, but without a frown,
Nemeſis, whoſe dreaded weight
Turns the ſcale of human fate.
Nemeſis, be ſtill our theme,
Power immortal and ſupreme!
Thee we praiſe; nor thee alone,
But add the partner of thy throne.
Thee and Juſtice both we ſing,
Juſtice, whoſe unwearied wing
Rears aloft the virtuous name
Safe from hell's rapacious claim;
And, when thou thy wrath haſt ſhed,
Turns it from the guiltleſs head.

A SATIRE in the Manner of PERSIUS, in a Dialogue between ATTICUS and EUGENIO.

By LORD HERVEY.

ATTICUS.

WHY wears my penſive friend that gloomy brow?
Say, whence proceeds th' imaginary woe?
What proſp'rous villain haſt thou met to-day?
Or hath afflicted Virtue croſs'd thy way?
Is it ſome crime unpuniſh'd you deplore,
Or right ſubverted by injurious Power?
Be this or that the cauſe, 'tis wiſely done
To make the ſorrows of mankind your own:
To ſee the injur'd pleading unredreſs'd,
The proud exalted, and the meek oppreſs'd,
Can hurt thy health, and rob thee of thy reſt.
Your cares are in a hopeful way to ceaſe,
If you muſt find perfection, to find peace.
But reck thy malice, vent thy ſtifled rage,
Inveigh againſt the times and laſh the age.—
Perhaps juſt recent from the court you come,
O'er public ills to ruminate at home.—
Say, which, of all the wretches thou haſt ſeen,
Hath thrown a morſel to thy hungry ſpleen?

What

What worthleſs member of that medley throng,
Who baſely acts, or tamely ſuffers wrong?
He, who to nothing but his int'reſt true,
Cajoles the fool he's working to undo?
Or that more deſpicable timorous ſlave,
Who knows himſelf abus'd, yet hugs the knave?
Perhaps you mourn our ſenate's ſinking fame,
That ſhew of freedom dwindled to a name:
Where hireling judges deal their venal laws,
And the beſt bidder hath the juſteſt cauſe;
What then?
They have the pow'r, and who ſhall dare to blame
The legal wrong that bears Aſtræa's name?
Beſides, ſuch thoughts ſhould never ſtir the rage
Of youthful gall;—reflection comes with age:
'Tis our decaying life's autumnal fruit,
The bitter produce of our lateſt ſhoot,
When every bloſſom of the tree is dead,
Enjoyment wither'd, and our wiſhes fled:
Thine ſtill is in its ſpring, on every bough
Fair Plenty blooms, and youthful odours blow;
Seaſon of joy, too early to be wiſe,
The time to covet pleaſures, not deſpiſe:
Yours is an age when trifles ought to pleaſe,
Too ſoon for reaſon to attack thy eaſe.
Though ſoon the hour ſhall come, when thou ſhalt know
'Tis vain fruition all, and empty ſhew.

But late examine, late inſpect mankind,
If ſeeing pains, 'tis prudence to be blind.
Let not their vices yet employ thy thoughts,
Laugh at their follies, ere you weep their faults:
And when (as ſure you muſt) at length you find
What things men are, reſolve to arm your mind.
Too nicely never their demerits ſcan,
And of their virtues make the moſt you can.
Silent avert the miſchief they intend,
And croſs, but ſeem not to diſcern, their end:
If they prevail, ſubmit; for prudence lies
In ſuffering well.—'Tis equally unwiſe,
To ſee the injuries we won't reſent,
And mourn the evils which we can't prevent.

EUGENIO.

You counſel well to bid me arm my mind:
Would the receipt were eaſy, as 'tis kind!
But hard it is for miſery to reach
That fortitude proſperity can teach.
Could I forbid what has been to have been,
Or lodge a doubt on truths myſelf have ſeen;
Could I diveſt remembrance of her ſtore,
And ſay, collect theſe images no more;
Could I diſlodge ſenſation from my breaſt,
And charm her wakeful faculties to reſt;
Could I my nature and myſelf ſubdue;
I might the method you preſcribe purſue.

But if unfeign'd afflictions we endure,
If reaſon's our diſeaſe, and not our cure,
Then ſeeming eaſe is all we can obtain;
As one, who, long familiariz'd to pain,
Still feels the ſmart, but ceaſes to complain.
Though young in life, yet long inur'd to care,
Thus I ſubmiſſive every evil bear:
If unexpected ills alone are hard,
Mine ſhould be light, who am for all prepar'd:
No diſappointments can my peace annoy,
Diſuſe has wean'd me from all hopes of joy:
The vain purſuit for ever I give o'er,
Repuls'd I ſtrive, betray'd I truſt no more:
Mankind I know, their nature, and their art,
Their vice their own, their virtue but a part;
Ill play'd ſo oft, that all the cheat can tell,
And dang'rous only where tis acted well.
In different claſſes rang'd, a different name
Attends their practice, but the heart's the ſame.
Their hate is intereſt, intereſt too their love,
On the ſame ſprings theſe different engines move:
That ſharpens malice, and directs her ſting,
And thence the honey'd ſtreams of flattery ſpring.
Long I ſuſpected what at laſt I know:
I thought men worthleſs, now I've prov'd 'em ſo;
Reluctant prov'd it, by too ſure a rule,
I learn'd my ſcience in a painful ſchool.

He buys e'en wiſdom at too dear a price,
Who pays my ſad experience to be wiſe.
Why did I hope, by ſanguine views poſſeſs'd,
That Virtue harbour'd in a human breaſt?
Why did I truſt to Flattery's ſpecious wile,
The April ſunſhine of her tranſient ſmile?
Why diſbelieve the leſſons of the wiſe,
That taught me young to pierce her thin diſguiſe?
I thought their rancour, not their prudence, ſpoke,
That age perverſe in falſe invectives broke;
I thought their comments on this gaudy ſcene
Th' effects of phlegm, and dictated by ſpleen;
That, jealous of the joys themſelves were paſt,
Their envy try'd to pall their children's taſte:
Like the deaf adder to the charmer's tongue,
I gave no credit to the truths they ſung;
But, happy in a viſionary ſcheme,
Still ſought companions worthy my eſteem:
The tongue, the heart's interpreter I deem'd,
And judg'd of what men were by what they ſeem'd;
I thought each warm profeſſor meant me fair,
Each ſupple ſycophant a friend ſincere.
The ſolemn hypocrite, whoſe cloſe deſign
Mirth never interrupts, nor love, nor wine,
Who talks on any ſecret but his own,
Collecting all, communicating none;
Who, ſtill attentive to what others ſay,
Obſerves to wound, or queſtions to betray:

Of him, as guardian of my private thought,
In morning counſels cool reſolves I ſought;
To him ſtill open, cautiouſly conſign'd
The inmoſt treaſures of my ſecret mind;
My joys and griefs delighted to impart,
In ſacred confidence unmix'd with art;
That dangerous pleaſure of the honeſt heart!
Whene'er I purpos'd to unbend my ſoul
In ſocial banquets, where the circling bowl
To gladneſs lifts all ſorrows but deſpair,
And gives a tranſient Lethe to our care;
I choſe the men whoſe talents entertain,
And ſeaſon converſe with a lively ſtrain;
Who thoughtleſs ſtill, by hope, nor fear perplex'd,
Enjoy the preſent hour, and riſque the next.
Theſe not the luxury of ſlothful eaſe,
Soft downy beds, nor balmy ſlumbers pleaſe;
While wakeful kings on purple couches own
The ſecret ſorrows of their envy'd crown,
And wait revolving light, with ſhorter reſt
Than e'en thoſe wretches by their power oppreſt;
This jocund train, devoted to delight,
In cheerful vigils ſtill protract the night,
Nor dread the cares approaching with the day;
Through each viciſſitude for ever gay.
With ſuch I commun'd, pleas'd that I could find
Receſs ſo grateful to the active mind:

And while the youths in ſprightly conteſt try,
With humorous tale, or appoſite reply,
Or amorous ſong, or inoffenſive jeſt,
(The teſt of wit) to glad the lengthen'd feaſt;
My ſoul, ſaid I, depend upon their truth,
For fraud inhabits not the breaſt of youth;
Indulge thy genius here, be free, be ſafe,
Mirth is their aim, they covet but to laugh;
Pure from deceit, as ignorant of care,
Their friendſhip and their joys are both ſincere.
I judg'd their nature, like their humour good;
As if the ſoul depended on the blood;
And that the ſeeds of honeſty muſt grow
Wherever health reſides, or ſpirits flow.
I ſee my error: but I ſee too late:
'Tis vain inſpection to look back on Fate.—
What are the men who moſt eſteem'd we find,
But ſuch whoſe vices are the moſt refin'd?
Blind preference! for vice like poiſon ſhews,
The ſureſt death is in the ſubtleſt doſe.—
To ſuch reflections when I turn my mind,
I loath my being, and abhor mankind.
What joy for truth, what commerce for the juſt,
If all our ſafety's founded on diſtruſt:
If all our wiſdom is a mean deceit,
And he who proſpers, but the ableſt cheat!

ATTICUS.

O early wife! how well haſt thou defin'd
The worth, the joys, the friendſhip of mankind!

EUGENIO.

Bleſt be the pow'rs! I know their abject ſtate.

ATTICUS.

Yet bear with this, and hope a better fate.
Thrice happy they, who view with ſtable eyes
The ſhifting ſcene, who temp'rate, firm, and wiſe,
Can bear its ſorrows, and its joys deſpiſe;
Who look on diſappointments, ſhocks, and ſtrife,
And all the conſequential ills of life,
Not as ſeverities the gods impoſe,
But eaſy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by ſhort probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for tranſient pain.
Th' intent of Heav'n thus rightly underſtood,
From every evil we extract a good:
This truth divine implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal through his part;
Gives a delightful proſpect to the blind:
The friendleſs thence a conſtant ſuccour find;
The wretch by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppreſs'd,
With this reſtorative ſtill ſoothes his breaſt;
This ſuffering Virtue chears, this Pain beguiles,
And decks Calamity herſelf in ſmiles.
When Mead and Freind have ranſack'd every rule,
Taught in Hippocrates' and Galen's ſchool,

To

To quiet ills that mock the leech's[a] art,
Which opiates fail to deaden in the heart,
This cordial ſtill th' incurable ſuſtains:
He triumphs in the ſharp inſtructive pains;
Nor like a Roman hero, falſely great,
With impious hand anticipates his fate;
But waits reſign'd the ſlow approach of death,
'Till that great Power, who gave, demands his breath.
Such are thy ſolid comforts, love divine:
Such ſolid comforts, O my friend, be thine!
On this firm baſis thy foundation lay,
Of happineſs unſubject to decay.
On man no more, that frail ſupport, depend,
The kindeſt patron, or the warmeſt friend;
The warmeſt friend may one day prove untrue,
And intereſt change the kindeſt patron's view.
Hear not, my friend, the fondneſs they profeſs,
Nor on the trial grieve to find it leſs:
With patience each capricious change endure;
Careful to merit where reward is ſure.
To Providence implicitly reſign'd,
Let this grand precept poiſe thy wavering mind:
With partial eyes we view our own weak cauſe,
And raſhly ſcan her upright equal laws:
For undeſerv'd ſhe ne'er inflicts a woe,
Nor is her recompence unſure, though ſlow.

[a] i.e. the phyſician's. An ancient word, now almoſt obſolete.

Unpuniſh'd none tranſgreſs, deceiv'd none truſt,
Her rules are fixt, and all her ways are juſt.

To Mrs. BINDON at Bath.

By the Honourable Sir C. H. Williams.

APOLLO of old on Britannia did ſmile,
And Delphi forſook for the ſake of this iſle.
Around him he laviſhly ſcatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderneſs planted his bays;
Then Chaucer and Spenſer harmonious were heard,
Then Shakſpeare, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
And Dryden, whoſe brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he ſung in ſuch ſtrains as the God might have own'd:
But now, ſince the laurel is given of late
To Cibber, to Euſden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo hath quitted the iſle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd;
He vows and he ſwears he'll inſpire us no more,
And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled before;
And further he ſays, *men* no longer ſhall boaſt
A ſcience their ſlight and ill treatment hath loſt;
But that *women* alone for the future ſhall write;
And who can reſiſt, when they doubly delight?
And, leſt we ſhould doubt what he ſaid to be true,
Has begun by inſpiring Sapphira[a] and You.

[a] The name by which Mrs. Barber was generally known among her friends.

Mrs.

Mrs. BINDON's Answer.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing laſt night,
And elate by your praiſes attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had ſaid.
He ſmil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you ſhew:
And then, ſays the God, ſtill to make you more vain,
He hath promis'd that I ſhall enlighten your brain;
When he knows in his heart, if he ſpeak but his mind,
That no woman alive can now boaſt I am kind:
For ſince Daphne to ſhun me grew into a laurel,
With the ſex I have ſworn ſtill to keep up the quarrel.
I thought it all joke, till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his reſentment, alas! but too true.

Sir CHARLES's Reply.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not ſmile,
Unhappily for you I know his ſtyle;
To ſtrains like yours of old his harp he ſtrung,
And while he dictated Orinda[a] ſung.

[a] A name given to Mrs. Catharine Philips.

Did beauteous Daphne's ſcorn of proffer'd love
Againſt the ſex his indignation move?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
As mortals, who from duſt receiv'd their birth,
Muſt when they die return to native earth;
So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

To a LADY, who ſent Compliments to a CLERGYMAN upon the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old Engliſh ſervices are more ſincere;
You ſend Ten Hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

THE GROTTO[a].

Written by Mr. GREEN of the Cuſtom-Houſe, under the Name of PETER DRAKE, a Fiſherman of BRENTFORD.

Printed in the Year 1732, but not publiſhed.

Scilicet hic poſſis curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum. HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalkſtone in my neſt,
I ſtrain, and lay among the reſt.

ADIEU awhile, forſaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the God my well-meant ſong
May not my ſubject's merit wrong.
Say, father *Thames*, whoſe gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace

[a] A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the cuſtody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written many other verſes appeared on the ſame ſubject.

Your

Your flow'ry banks, if you have ſeen
The much-ſung GROTTO of the queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and *Windſor*'s pile,
And *Wolſey*'s [b] pride (his greateſt guilt)
And what great *William* ſince has built;
And flowing faſt by *Richmond* ſcenes,
[c] (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
[d] From *Sion-houſe*, whoſe proud ſurvey
Brow-beats your flood, look croſs the way,
And view, from higheſt ſwell of tide,
The milder ſcenes of *Surry* ſide.
Though yet no palace grace the ſhore,
To lodge that pair you ſhould adore;
Nor abbies, great in ruin, riſe,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muſes' love.
(O, might our Laureat ſtudy here,
How would he hail his new-born year!)
A temple from vain glories free,
Whoſe goddeſs is Philoſophy,

[b] Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolſey, and improved William III.

[c] Queen Anne, conſort of King Richard II. and Queen E both died at Richmond.

[d] Sion Houſe is now a ſeat belonging to the Duke of Nor land.

Whoſe ſides ſuch licens'd idols crown
As ſuperſtition would pull down;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of ſenſe would chooſe to go:
Which ſweet abode, her wiſeſt choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the Virtues gather round,
To ſee her conſecrate the ground.
If thou, the God with winged feet,
In council talk of this retreat,
And jealous gods reſentment ſhow
At altars rais'd to men below;
Tell thoſe proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
Their houſe our heroes ſhould admit;
While each exiſts, as poets ſing,
A lazy lewd immortal thing,
They muſt (or grow in diſrepute)
With earth's firſt commoners recruit.
Needleſs it is in terms unſkill'd
To praiſe whatever *Boyle*[f] ſhall build;
Needleſs it is the buſts to name
Of men, monopoliſts of fame;

[f] Richard Boyle Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taſte in architecture. "Never was protection and great wealth "more generouſly and judiciouſly diffuſed than by this great perſon, "who had every quality of a genius and artiſt, except envy." He died Dec. 4, 1753.

Foar

Four chiefs adorn the modeſt ſtone[f],
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking ſculpture helps to raiſe
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward ſight,
Their ſilence ſpeaks, and ſhade gives light:
While inſects from the threſhold preach,
And minds diſpos'd to muſing teach:
Proud of ſtrong limbs and painted hues,
They periſh by the ſlighteſt bruiſe;
Or maladies, begun within,
Deſtroy more ſlow life's frail machine;
From maggot-youth through change of ſtate
They feel like us the turns of Fate;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
And ſome that did their fix wings keep,
Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep.
They politics like ours profeſs,
The greater prey upon the leſs:
Some ſtrain on foot huge loads to bring;
Some toil inceſſant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore
Wiſe ſenſe of want by future ſtore;
Nor from their vigorous ſchemes deſiſt
'Till death, and then are never miſt.

[f] The Author ſhould have ſaid five; there being the buſts of N
ton, Locke, Wollaſton, Clarke, and Boyle.

Some frolic, toil, marry, increaſe,
Are ſick and well, have war and peace,
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to ſucceſſors, and away.
Let not profane this ſacred place,
Hypocriſy with Janus' face;
Or Pomp, mixt ſtate of pride and care;
Court kindneſs, Falſhood's poliſh'd ware;
Scandal diſguis'd in Friendſhip's veil,
That tells, unaſk'd, th' injurious tale;
Or art politic, which allows
The jeſuit-remedy for vows;
Or prieſt, perfuming crowned head,
'Till in a ſwoon Truth lies for dead;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the ſhrine;
Or that ſelf-haunting ſpectre Spleen,
In thickeſt fog the cleareſt ſeen;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lye,
That fools believe and knaves apply;
Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd;
Or Melancholy's penſive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.
O Delia, when I touch this ſtring,
To thee my Muſe directs her wing.

Unſpotted

Unſpotted fair, with downcaſt look
Mind not ſo much the murm'ring brook;
Nor fixt in thought, with footſteps ſlow
Through cypreſs alleys cheriſh woe:
I ſee the ſoul in penſive fit,
And mopeing like ſick linnet ſit,
With dewy eye and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averſe to fly or ſing;
I ſee the favourite curls begin
(Diſus'd to toilet diſcipline,)
To quit their poſt, loſe their ſmart air,
And grow again like common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raiſe a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the moon,
Conjecture more ill weather ſoon.
Love not ſo much the doleful knell:
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the wainſcot's hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor ſleepleſs mind the death-watch beat;
In taper find no winding ſheet;
Nor in burnt coal a coffin ſee,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee:
Or when the corruſcation gleams,
Find out not firſt the bloody ſtreams;
Nor in impreſt remembrance keep
Grim tap'ſtry figures wrought in ſleep:

Not riſe to ſee in antique hall
The moon-light mottoes on the wall,
And ſhadowy ſpectres darkly paſſon
Trailing their fables o'er the graſs;
Let vice and guilt act how they pleaſe
In ſouls, their conquer'd provinces;
By heaven's juſt charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quarrelling fears.
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely direſs,
Live at diſcretion in your breaſt,
Be wiſe, and panic fright diſdain;
As notions, meteors of the brain;
And fights performa'd, illuſive ſcenes!
By magic lanthorn of the ſpleen;
Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
With Virtue's ticket, to a feaſt,
Where decent mirth and wiſdom join'd
In ſtewardſhip, regale the mind:
Call back the Cupids to your eyes,
I ſee the godlings with ſurprize,
Not knowing home in ſuch a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.

Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd ſteeds,
That ſcorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac ſtrain
Theſe holy wars ſhall ever ſtain;

As ſpiders Iriſh wainſcot flee,
Falſhood with them ſhall diſagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worſhip only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way ſee
Through blindness of authority;
Nor they who its four ſaints defame
By making virtue but a name;
Nor abſtract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with ſlippery tail!)
Artiſts who richly chaſe their thought,
Gaudy without but hollow wrought,
And beat too thin, and toil'd too much
To bear the proof and ſtandard touch;
Nor fops to gutter this ſylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark;
Nor Cynick growl and fiercely paw,
The maſtiffs of the moral law.
Come Nymph with rural honours dreſt,
Virtue's exterior form confeſt,
With charms untarniſh'd, innocence
Diſplay, and Eden ſhall commence:
When thus you come in ſober fit,
And wiſdom is preferr'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muſcles dwell;
And beauty like the ray-clipt ſun,
With bolder eye we look upon;

Learnin

Learning ſhall with obſequious mien
Tell all the wonders ſhe has ſeen;
Reaſon her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild perſuaſion fit;
Religion with free thought diſpenſe,
And ceaſe cruſading againſt ſenſe;
Philoſophy and ſhe embrace,
And their firſt league again take place;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the ſiſters chief ſurround;
Nature ſhall ſmile, and round this cell
The turf to your light preſſure ſwell,
And knowing beauty by her ſhoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:
Zephyr his civil kiſſes gives,
And plays with curls, inſtead of leaves;
Birds, ſeeing you, believe it ſpring,
And during their vacation ſing;
And flow'rs lean forward from their ſeats
To traffic in exchange of ſweets;
And angels bearing wreaths deſcend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whoſe deity intreats
The Fair to grace its upper ſeats.
O kindly view our letter'd ſtrife,
And guard us through polemic life;

From poiſon vehicled in praiſe,
For ſatire's ſhots but ſlightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philoſophy and you are kin.
What Virtue is we judge by you;
For actions right are beauteous too;
By tracing the ſole female mind,
We beſt what is true Nature find:
Your vapours bred from furies declare,
How ſteams create tempeſtuous air,
'Till guſhing tears and haſty rain
Make heaven and you ſerene again:
Our travels through the ſtarry ſkies
Were firſt ſuggeſted by your eyes;
We by the interpoſing fan,
Learn how eclipſes firſt began;
The vaſt ellipſe from Scarbro's home,
Deſcribes how blazing comets roam;
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus ſpeak;
Our watch how Luna ſtrays above
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in ſcience know
From your known love for riddles flow.
Father! forgive, thus far I ſtray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundreſs well
Who on theſe banks delights to dwell;

You on the terrace ſee her plain;
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly ſpeak your mind,
In wedlock ſtate with Iſis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did ſee,
At leaſt in ſuch a high degree,
Greatneſs delighted to undreſs;
Science a ſcepter'd hand careſs;
A queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wiſe men canonize.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW:

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO PHEBE AND KITTY COTTON AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY DR. COTTON.

MY dears, 'tis ſaid in days of old,
That beaſts could talk, and birds could ſcold.
But now it ſeems the human race
Alone engroſs the ſpeaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)

There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reaſon'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtleſs grant
That Phe's the wiſe induſtrious Ant.
And all with half an eye may ſee
That Kitty is the buſy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go ſearch your ſchool, you'll find the Bird.
Your ſchool! I aſk your pardon fair,
I'm ſure you'll find no Sparrow there.
Now to my tale—One Summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to huſband every hour,
And make the moſt of every flow'r.
Nimble from ſtalk to ſtalk ſhe flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs:
With which the artiſt builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:
Or from the cowſlip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells:
Or every tempting roſe purſues,
Or ſips the lily's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the ſhining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus ſhe diſcharg'd in every way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whoſe brow was wrinkled o'er by care:

A great œconomiſt was ſhe,
Nor leſs laborious than the Bee;
By penſive parents often taught
What ills ariſe from want of thought;
That poverty on ſloth depends,
On poverty the loſs of friends.
Hence every day the Ant is found
With anxious ſteps to tread the ground;
With curious ſearch to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active Bee with pleaſure ſaw
The Ant fulfil her parents' law.
Ah! ſiſter-labourer, ſays ſhe,
How very fortunate are we!
Who taught in infancy to know
The comforts, which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and ſtate.
Why is our food ſo very ſweet?
Becauſe we earn, before we eat.
Why are our wants ſo very few?
Becauſe we nature's calls purſue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Becauſe we act our parts aſſign'd.
Have we inceſſant taſks to do?
Is not all nature buſy too!
Doth not the ſun with conſtant pace
Perſiſt to run his annual race?

Do not the ſtars, which ſhine ſo bright,
Renew their courſe every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous ſteed
Withhold his labour or his ſpeed?
If you all Nature's ſyſtem ſcan,
The only idle thing is man!
A wanton ſparrow long'd to hear
Their ſage diſcourſe, and ſtrait drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthleſs and as vain a thing,
Perhaps as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a ſpray ſhe ſat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their ſcheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breaſt,
She thought them arrant prudes at beſt,
When to diſplay her naughty mind,
Hunger and cruelty combin'd;
She view'd the Ant with ſavage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to ſnatch her prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And gueſs'd her fell deſign to kill;
Aſk'd her from what her anger roſe,
And why ſhe treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow him reply began;
And thus the converſation ran.
Whenever I'm diſpos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every inſect made for me.
Hence oft I ſearch the emmet brood,
For emmets are delicious food;
And oft in wantonneſs and play,
I ſlay ten thouſand in a day,
For truth it is, without diſguiſe,
That I love miſchief as my eyes.
Oh! fie, the honeſt Bee reply'd,
I fear you make baſe man your guide;
Of every creature fare the worſt,
Though in creation's ſcale the firſt!
Ungrateful man! 'tis ſtrange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees, to rob their hives!
I hate his vile adminiſtration,
And ſo do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren?
O! do not men's example take,
Who miſchief do for miſchief's ſake;
But ſpare the Ant—her worth demands
Eſteem and friendſhip at your hands.

A mind

A mind with every virtue bleſt,
Muſt raiſe compaſſion in your breaſt.
Virtue! rejoin'd the ſneering bird,
Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But ſay it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns diſavow the name;
Unleſs, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies,
Virtue in fairy tales is ſeen
To play the goddeſs or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At beſt 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides,
Indeed you make me burſt my ſides.
Truſt me, Miſs Bee—to ſpeak the truth,
I've copied men from earlieſt youth;
The ſame our taſte, the ſame our ſchool,
Paſſion and appetite our rule.
And call me bird, or call me ſinner,
I'll ne'er forego my ſport or dinner.
A prowling cat the miſcreant ſpies,
And wide expands her amber eyes;

Near

Near and more near Grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then ſpringing on her thoughtleſs prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

ODE ON A STORM[a].

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride,
The floating pile in harbour rode,
Proud of her freight, the ſwelling tide
Reluctant left the veſſel's ſide,
And rais'd it as ſhe flow'd.

The waves with Eaſtern breezes curl'd,
Had ſilver'd half the liquid plain;
The anchors weigh'd, the ſails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And ſtretch'd along the main.

The ſcaly natives of the deep
Preſs to admire the vaſt machine,
In ſporting gambols round it leap,
Or ſwimming low, due diſtance keep,
In homage to their queen.

[a] Written on board his Majeſty's ſhip the Canterbury, after ſhe had loſt all her maſts.

Thus,

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale,
Pretended friendſhip waits on pow'r,
But early quits the borrow'd veil
When adverſe Fortune ſhifts the ſail,
And haſtens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd we fly like Jonas ſtill,
And heaven, when 'tis heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a ſtorm.

The diſtant ſurges foamy white
Foretel the furious blaſt;
Dreadful, though diſtant was the fight,
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
And menace every maſt.

Winds whiſtling through the ſhrouds proclaim
A fatal harveſt on the deck;
Quick in purſuit as active flame,
Too ſoon the rolling ruin came,
And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus Adam ſmil'd with new-born grace,
Life's flame inſpir'd by heav'nly breath:
Thus the ſame breath ſweeps off his race,
Diſorders Nature's beauteous face,
And ſpreads diſeaſe and death.

Stripp'd

Stripp'd of her pride, the veſſel rolls,
And as by ſympathy ſhe knew
The ſecret anguiſh of our ſouls,
With inward deeper groans condoles
The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
Or bold precipices ſcale,
Suſpended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a ſea-green grave,
And ſilenc'd every tongue.

The faithleſs flood forſook her keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
Stunn'd ſhe forgot awhile to reel,
And felt almoſt, or ſeem'd to feel,
A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
Loſt in the gulph and floods of ſpray
No ſun to chear us, nor a ray
Of hope, but all deſpair.

The nearer ſhore, the more deſpair,
While certain ruin waits on land;
Should we purſue our wiſhes there,
Soon we recant the fatal pray'r,
And ſtrive to ſhun the ſtrand.

At length, the Being whoſe behoſt
  Reduc'd this Chaos into form,
His goodneſs and his pow'r expreſs'd,
He ſpoke—and, as a God, ſuppreſs'd
  Our troubles, and the ſtorm.

ISAIAH XXXIV.

COME near, ye nations! and give ear, O earth!
  Ye diſtant iſles, and continents remote,
Where-e'er diſpers'd beneath the vaſt expanſe
Of heav'n's high roof, attend! Attend, and hear
Your doom tremendous ratify'd above,
Sad retribution of enormous guilt,
Which calling loud for juſtice and revenge,
Flew ſwift as light up to the throne of God,
And pull'd down dire deſtruction on the earth.
The mighty God, with all his thunder arm'd,
Will caſt abroad the terrors of his wrath;
And ſhower down vengeance on the guilty land.
The lord of hoſts amidſt a night of clouds,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs crown'd,
Thunder'd aloft; and from the inmoſt heav'n
Hurl'd down impetuous fury ſwift as thought

Through

Through th' azure void, wide-ſtretch'd from pole to pole,
To ravage all the boundleſs univerſe.
As when a bluſt'ring wind rolls from the North,
And ſhakes all autumn with the driving blaſt;
So ſhall the fury of th' Omnipotent
Deſtroy the nations, and confound their arms,
Swords, ſhields, and ſpears, and all the pow'rs of war;
With eager ſpeed ruſh o'er th' embattled ranks,
And through the thick battalions urge its way.
JEHOVAH's arm will ſhake the vaſt convex,
And wrap the whole circumference around
In waſting deſolation; ruin wide,
Deſtructive ſlaughter, ghaſtly to behold,
Dire ſpecimen of wrath omnipotent,
Shall march tremendous o'er the burden'd earth,
Oppreſs'd, and conſcious of unuſual weight,
Shrinking beneath the heavy load of death.
The purple piles, and mountains of the ſlain,
Expiring wretches, pouring out their ſouls
With burſts of groans, ſhall fill the lab'ring world.
Each ſlaughter'd corps ſhall breath a peſtilence;
And wide around diffuſe the ſcents of death.
Th' eternal hills ſhall float in ſeas of blood;
And mountains vaniſh in the crimſon tide.
Nature's huge volumes ſhall be folded up
Like a vaſt ſcroll; and all the glittering orbs

Drop from the heavens like autumnal leaves,
Or the ripe fig, when ſultry *Sirius* reigns;
While peals of thunder rattling in the ſkies,
Shall roll inceſſant o'er th' aſtoniſh'd world.
Death and deſtruction threatn'ning all below,
And in ſubſtantial darkneſs high enthron'd,
Shall draw the curtains of eternal night,
And ſpread confuſion hideous o'er the earth,
As when the embryo world ere time began,
In one rude heap, one undigeſted maſs
Of jarring diſcord, and diſorder lay.
The ſun, amaz'd to ſee the wild obſcure,
No more with radiant light ſhall gild the ſkies;
No more diffuſing his all-genial beams
On the high mountains ſpreads the ſhining morn;
But downwards flaming through the vaſt immenſe,
Shall hide his glory in eternal night.
Thus in loud thunder ſpeaks th' Almighty Sire—
In copious ſlaughter will I take my ſword,
And, *Idumea!* thou ſhalt ſwim in blood.
The Lord ſhall haſten from the lofty ſkies;
Deſtruction on his aweful footſteps waits;
Death ſtalks before, ruin on every ſide
Proclaims the terror of an angry God.
The ravenous ſword, pamper'd with reeking gore,
Drunk with the blood of half the rebel world,
Shall there be ſheath'd in *Iſrael*'s ſtubborn foes.

Bozrah

Bozrah with human ſacrifice ſhall ſmoke;
And *Idumea*, thoughtleſs of her fate,
Shall feel the ſmart of heav'n's avenging rod.
The great, the ſmall, th' oppreſſor, and the oppreſs'd,
Shall join promiſcuous in the common heap;
And one vaſt ruin ſhall involve them all.
For *Iſrael*'s God is girt with burning rage,
And vows a laſt revenge to *Zion*'s foes.
The ſilver ſtreams, that ſhine along the plain,
And chide their banks, and tinkle as they run,
Shall ſtop, and ſtagnate to a ſable pool;
And, black with mud, unconſcious of a tide,
No more ſhall charm the ſenſe, or lull the ſoul,
Or in ſoft murmurs die upon the ear;
But in crude ſtreams and deadly ſtench exhale,
And with contagious vapours load the ſky.
Rapacious flames, in pyramids of fire,
Shall burn unquenchable; and ſulph'rous ſmoke,
Advancing o'er the horizontal plain,
In duſky wreaths roll ever to the ſkies.
Th' inhoſpitable land, left deſolate,
Unfruitful but in every noxious weed,
Shall be a lonely deſart, waſte and wild;
Within whoſe ſilent confines none ſhall dwell;
Nor ever more be heard th' harmonious voice
Of warbling birds, that heretofore were wont
In vocal choir to animate the grove,
And from the ſhady covert of the trees

Diſpenſe ſweet muſic to the liſt'ning vale:
But hooting owls, that ſpread their lazy wings
O'er the dark gloom, and with their boding ſcreams
Double the native horrors of the night;
Theſe with the cormorants ſhall dwell therein,
Securely in the upper lintels lodge,
And in the windows direful dirges ſing.
God ſhall extend, and bare his thund'ring arm,
And with confuſion circumſcribe the land.
Where are the nobles, and the mighty chiefs,
That in ſoft eaſe their ſilken moments waſte;
To whom their proſtrate vaſſals throng in crowds,
Striving who firſt ſhall aweful homage pay,
And adoration? Them ſhall they invoke;
But all in vain; their names ſhall be no more,
But in their ſtead more worthy ſavages,
With rapine uncontroulable ſhall reign;
And nobler brutes ſhall canton out the land.
Thoſe regal domes, and tow'ring palaces,
That high in clouds exalt their impious heads,
Reflecting through the liquid firmament
Home to the diſtant ken a dazzling blaze,
Thorns ſhall ſurround, and nettles grow within;
Ivy ſhall creep along the painted walls;
The matted graſs o'erſpread the poliſh'd floor;
And brambles vile entwine the empty throne.
While beaſts from different climes, joyous to find
A place of reſt, to man alone denied,

Shall take poſſeſſion of the gilded domes;
The ſhaggy ſatyrs, that old foreſts haunt,
The oſtrich and his mate, and dragons huge,
Shall ſport, and revel in the dreary waſte.
There the hoarſe ſcreech-owls, that in dead of night
Upon the chimney tops perch ominous,
While ſongs obſcene the ſilent hours diſturb,
Shall in loud ſhrieks their ſad preſages tell;
Shall unmoleſted ſolitude enjoy,
And deſolation make more deſolate.
Ravens, and vulturs, ſcenting from afar
The univerſal ſlaughter, ſhall come forth
From the high mountain, and the humble vale,
Croaking in hideous concert, as they fly,
Dark'ning the heavens with their ghaſtly train;
And glut their hungry jaws with human prey.
Not one of theſe ſhall fail; none want her mate;
But ſhall for ever (ſuch the Lord's decree)
In *Edom*'s ruins wanton undiſturb'd.
This is the fate, ordain'd for *Zion*'s foes.

ISAIAH XXXV.

WHEN *Idumea*, and the nations round,
Th' inveterate foes of *Iſrael*, and of God,
Lie vanquiſh'd, dormant on the dreary waſte
Of far extended ruin; and involv'd

In hideous woe, and deſolation wide;
Then ſhall *Judea* lift her cheerful head,
Put forth the leaves of glad proſperity,
And, after all the gloomy ſcene of grief
And ſad affliction, flouriſh and revive
In all the bright ſerenity of peace.
As the gay roſe, when winter ſtorms are paſt,
Warm'd with the influence of a kinder ſun,
Comes from the bud with a vermilion bluſh,
Cheering the ſight, and ſcattering all around
A balmy odour, that perfumes the ſkies;
She ſhall rejoice with joy unſpeakable,
And, fraught with richeſt bleſſings from above,
Spring forth in all the pride of *Lebanon*,
Whoſe lofty cedars, wond'rous to behold,
In bodies huge, and to the ſkies erect
Stand eminent, branch over branch out-ſpread
In reg'lar diſtances, and verdant ſhades;
Emblem of happy ſtate. Nor ſhall the hills
Of fragrant *Carmel*, rich in fruitful ſoil;
Nor *Sharon*'s flow'ry plain in all its bloom,
Array'd in Nature's goodlieſt attire,
And breathing freſh a gale of heav'nly ſweets;
Spring forth in greater glory. For the Lord
His goodneſs will declare, that knows no bounds;
And all the people ſhall behold his might,
And ſee the wonders of omnipotence.

Stren

Strengthen the languid nerves, ye ſeers! and bid
The trembling hand be ſtrong. Call into life
The diſſipated ſpirits; and confirm
The feeble knees; th' unactive joints ſupport;
And bid the lazy blood flow briſkly on,
And circulate with joy through every vein.
Comfort th' oppreſs'd; and ſmooth the ruffled mind;
Say to th' afflicted heart, devoid of hope,
Behold! th' Almighty ruſhes from the ſkies,
Ev'n *Iſrael*'s God from his refulgent throne
Of glory comes; but not with radiant blaze
Of light, ev'n light inviſible, as when
To *Moſes* on Mount *Horeb* he appear'd,
And ſent his faithful ſervant to redeem
Ungrateful *Iſrael* from *Egyptian* bonds;
Nor with the Muſic of a ſtill, ſoft voice,
As when h' inform'd the prophet of his will;
But in a black and dreadful hemiſphere
Of darkneſs, arm'd with flaming thunderbolts,
And flaſhes of red lightning, to increaſe
The woe, and make ev'n darkneſs viſible.
The hills ſhall tremble at his dire approach;
And fearful mountains, pil'd up to the clouds,
Fall down precipitant with rapid force,
And ſpread a plain immenſe. For God will come
Full fraught with vengeance to conſume your foes;
You in his bounteous mercy to protect.

Then ſhall the eyes, long clos'd in blackeſt night,
To whom no gladſome dawn of light appear'd,
But comfortleſs, impenetrable ſhade,
Shake off the film of darkneſs, and behold
The long-expected day. New ſcenes of joy
Shall then appear, and various proſpects riſe
To cheer the new-born ſight. The deafen'd ear,
On whoſe dull nerves ſad-moping Silence dwelt,
And lock'd from muſic's note, or voice of man,
Shall open glad its labyrinths of ſound,
Again the ſtringed inſtrument ſhall feel,
And the ſweet words of ſocial converſe hear.
The lame, infirm, creeping with ſlow advance,
Dragging with pain reluctant feet along,
And ſcarcely by the friendly crutch ſuſtain'd,
Shall throw th' unſerviceable prop aſide,
And ſtand erect, exulting like a roe
Upon Mount *Tabor*, friſking nimbly round
On the ſoft verdant turf, with wanton tread
Skimming along the ſurface of the plain,
Or lightly bounding o'er the riſing ground.
The dumb, for melancholy ſilence fram'd,
Cut off from friendly converſe with mankind,
Striving in vain the ſad defect to mend
With gabb'ring noiſe of broken ſyllables
Confus'd, ſhall talk in dialects compleat;
And tongues, that knew not how to ſpeak, ſhall ſing.

New ſcenes of joy ſhall gladden every face;
And univerſal peace o'erſpread the land.
The glowing ground, gaping with burning thirſt,
Shall greedily ſuck in the humid tide,
Pouring from caverns of the craggy hills
In limpid ſtreams, ſtill warbling, as they fall,
Melodious murmurs down the ample glade;
And cryſtal ſprings refreſh the thirſty land.
Where heretofore the curling ſerpent lay
In many a wily labyrinth ſelf-roll'd,
Or ſwept deceitful o'er the duſty plain
In horrid ſpires, and many a tow'ring maze;
The trembling reed ſhall wave his fringed top,
And the tall ruſh in ſlender ſpires up-riſe;
The ſwampy marſh ſhall its broad flag produce,
With bending willow, ſport of every wind;
And vegetable earth new bloom diſplay
Delightful, with prolific verdure cloth'd,
A waſteful deſart now, and barren ſoil.
A way ſhall be prepar'd, a path direct,
Mark'd out by line with an unerring hand,
Ev'n a ſtreight path, which God himſelf ſhall make;
It ſhall be call'd, THE WAY OF HOLINESS;
A way to ſacred footſteps only known,
Where the unhallow'd ſhall no entrance find,
Nor impious feet profane the ſacred ground.
God ſhall attend the motions of the juſt,

Watch o'er their ſteps, and guide them as they go;
And none ſhall wander from the obvious path:
For who can err, when God directs the way?
The ravenous lion ſhall not wander there,
Nor fiery tiger, roaring for his prey;
Nor prowling wolf, that howls along the plain,
With the keen pangs of raging hunger ſtung;
Nor ruſhy bear in Ardo's mountains bred,
Or Lebanon's foreſt ranging mercileſs,
Such as came furious from the neighb'ring groves
Of ancient Bethel with voracious ſpeed,
Glutting deſtruction as they roam'd along,
And flew the mockers of the good old ſeer.
But free and unmoleſted ſhall they walk
Whom heav'n protects, and God vouchſafes to guide,
The ranſom'd captives, weary of the yoke,
The heavy yoke of long oppreſſive thrall,
Shall cheerfully return to happier climes;
In melody break forth the gladden'd heart,
That ſpeaks deliverance, and the voice of joy,
Judah ſhall witneſs to the grateful ſong;
And faithful *Zion* echo back the ſound.
No ſigns of woe ſhall hang upon the cheek,
No thuddering fear, nor horrible deſpair;
But grief, with all its melancholy train
Of huge diſcay, ſhall fly from every face.
Gladneſs ſhall crown the head, peace fill the heart,
And endleſs rapture dwell on every brow.

WOODSTOCK PARK[a]. A POEM.

By WILLIAM HARRISON[b]. 1706.

Habitarunt Dî quoque ſilvas. VIRG.

KIND heav'n at length, ſucceſsfully implor'd,
To Britain's arms her hero had reſtor'd:
And now our fears remov'd, with loud applauſe
Jointly we crown'd his conduct, and his cauſe.
Tranſporting pleaſure rais'd each drooping tongue,
The peaſants ſhouted, and the poets ſung.
The poets ſung, though Addiſon[c] alone
Adorns thy laurels, and maintains his own;

[a] Woodſtock, in the county of Oxford, was once a royal palace, where ſeveral of our kings, and particularly Henry the IId, reſided. It was granted by the crown, in 1704, to John Duke of Marlborough, as a reward for his ſervices, after the ſucceſsful campaign of that year.

[b] William Harriſon was fellow of New College, Oxford, and died young, 14th February, 1712-13. He was patronized by Swift, whoſe intereſt procured for him the poſt of ſecretary to Lord Raby, then ambaſſador at *The Hague*. He continued the *Tatler* after it was given up by Sir Richard Steele, and wrote ſeveral ſmall poems.

[c] See *The Campaign*; a poem, addreſſed to the Duke of Marlborough.

In

In him alone, great MARLBOROUGH, is ſeen
Thy graceful motion, and thy godlike mien:
Each action he exalts with rage divine,
And the full Danube flows in every line.
  But we in vain to that ſublime aſpire:
So heatleſs glow-worms emulate the fire,
Shine without warmth: another ſong prepare,
My Muſe; the country is the Muſe's care;
Thither thy much-lov'd MARLBOROUGH purſue
With eager verſe, and keep thy theme in view.
  But oh! what joyful numbers can diſcloſe
The various raptures his approach beſtows;
How vales reſound, how crowds collected ſhare
The radiant glories of the matchleſs pair?
The gen'rous youths, within whoſe boſoms glow
Some ſecret unripe longings for a foe,
Surveying here the favourite of Fame,
Conceive new hopes, and nurſe the growing flame:
While ſofter maids confeſs a pleaſing pain,
And ſighing wiſh he had been born a ſwain.
  So when the pow'rs appeas'd bade diſcord ceaſe,
And Greece obtain'd from jarring gods a peace,
The god of war, and beauteous queen of love,
To Cyprian ſhades their peaceful chariot drove:
Shepherds and nymphs attending form'd the train,
And mirth unuſual revell'd on the plain.
And ſhould the Gods once more their heaven forego,
To range on earth, and bleſs mankind below,

O'er

O'er all the globe no region would be found,
With nobler ſoil, or brighter beauty crown'd.
Phœbus for this would change his Delphic grove,
Juno her Samos, and his Ida Jove.
Olympic games no longer ſhould delight,
But neighb'ring plains afford a nobler ſight,
Where England's great Æneas ſtanding by,
Impatient youths on winged courſers fly:
Urg'd by his preſence they outſtrip the wind
Involv'd in ſmoke, and leave the Muſe behind.
But ſee! once more returns the rival train,
And now they ſtretch, now bending looſe the rein,
And fears and hopes beat high in every vein,
'Till one (long ſince ſucceſsful in the field)
Exerts that ſtrength he firſt with art conceal'd;
Then ſwift as lightning darted through the ſkies,
Springs forward to the goal, and bears away the prize.
By arts like theſe all other palms are won,
They end with glory, who with caution run.
We neither write, nor act, what long can laſt,
When the firſt heat ſees all our vigour paſt;
But, jaded, both their ſhort-liv'd mettle loſe,
The furious ſtateſman, and the fiery Muſe.
The conteſt ended, night with gloomy face
O'erſpreads the heaven; and now with equal pace
The victor, and the vanquiſh'd, quit the place:
Sleep's friendly office is to all the ſame,
His conqueſt he forgets, and they their ſhame.

Next morning, ere the ſun with ſickly ray
O'er doubtful ſhades maintains the dawning day,
The ſprightly horn proclaims ſome danger near,
And hounds, harmonious to the ſportſman's ear,
With deep-mouth'd notes rouſe up the trembling deer.
Startled he leaps aſide, and, liſt'ning round,
This way and that explores the hoſtile ſound,
Arm'd for that fight, which he declines with ſhame,
Too fond of life, too negligent of fame;
For Nature, to diſplay her various art,
Had fortify'd his head, but not his heart;
Thoſe ſpears, which uſeleſs on his front appear'd,
On any elſe had been ador'd and fear'd;
But honours diſproportion'd are a load,
Grandeur a ſpecious curſe, when ill beſtow'd.
Thus void of hope, and panting with ſurprize,
In vain he'd combat, and as vainly flies.
Of paths myſterious whether to purſue
The ſcented track informs the lab'ring crew:
With ſpeed redoubled, they the hint embrace,
Whilſt animating muſic warms the chace:
Fluſh'd are their hopes, and with one gen'ral cry
They echo thro' the woods, and ſound their conqueſt nigh.
Not ſo the prey; he now for ſafety bends
From enemies profeſs'd, to faithleſs friends,
Who to the wretched own no ſhelter due,
But fly more ſwiftly than his foes purſue.

This

This laſt diſgrace with indignation fires
His drooping ſoul, and gen'rous rage inſpires;
By all forſaken, he reſolves at length
To try the poor remains of waſted ſtrength:
With looks and mien majeſtic ſtands at bay,
And whets his horns for the approaching fray:
Too late, alas! for, the firſt charge begun,
Soon he repents what cowardice had done,
Owns the miſtake of his o'er-haſty flight,
And aukwardly maintains a languid fight,
Here, and there, aiming a ſucceſsful blow,
And only ſeems to nod upon the foe.
So coward princes, who at war's alarm
Start from their greatneſs, and themſelves diſarm,
With recollected forces ſtrive in vain
Their empire, or their honour, to regain,
And turn to rally on ſome diſtant plain;
Whilſt the fierce conqueror bravely urges on,
Improves th' advantage, and aſcends the throne.
Forgive, great Denham, that in abject verſe,
What richly thou adorn'ſt, I thus rehearſe.
Thy noble chace[d] all others does exceed
In artful fury, and well-temper'd ſpeed.
We read with pleaſure, imitate with pain,
Where fancy fires, and judgment holds the reign.

[d] See Cooper's Hill.

Would fall a victim to devouring age,
Had not that hand, which built [f], adorn'd the ſtage.
Wit ſo refin'd without the poet's pain,
Such artful ſcenes in ſuch a flowing vein,
O'er lateſt æras deathleſs will prevail,
When Doric and Corinthian orders fail;
When each proud pyramid its height foregoes,
And ſinks beneath the baſe on which it roſe.
Ye Britiſh fair, whoſe names but mention'd give
Worth to the tale, and make the poem live;
Vouchſafe to hear, whilſt briefly I relate
Great Henry's flame, and Roſamonda's fate.
Pierc'd to the ſoul by her reſiſtleſs eyes,
Lo! at her feet the ſcepter'd vaſſal lies,
Now big with hopes, now tortur'd with deſpair,
Nor toils, nor pleaſures, can divert his care.
Her voice, her look, ten thouſand wounds impart,
And fix the pleaſing image in his heart;
Such as (if Fame has drawn the picture true,
Her native luſtre ſung, nor added new)
Might tempt the thund'rer from his bleſt abode,
To court that beauty which himſelf beſtow'd.
Features ſo wrought not Venus' ſelf diſplays,
When dreſs'd by youthful pens in vocal lays;

[f] The theatre in the Haymarket, now uſed for Italian operas, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

Not

Not equal charms in all the Graces join,
And only Sunderland[g] is more divine.
Thus fatally adorn'd, the hapleſs fair
Receives his ſuit, and liſtens to his prayer;
Fond of her ruin, pleas'd to be undone,
She reaps the conqueſt that her eyes had won.
Though tongues obſcure, at humble diſtance plac'd,
May cenſure joys which they deſpair to taſte;
Whene'er th' attack is made, all jointly own
What bright temptations ſparkle from a throne:
Could love no entrance find, ambition can,
They claſp the monarch who deſpiſe the man;
Beyond his boldeſt wiſh the hero bleſs'd,
Riots in joys too great to be expreſs'd;
And now, with caution, does the means purſue,
As they are great, to make them laſting too.
'Mid ſhades obſcure, remote from vulgar eye,
An artful edifice is rear'd on high,
Through which inextricable windings run,
Loſt in themſelves, and end where they begun.
Mæander thus, as ancient ſtories feign,
In curling channels wander'd o'er the plain;
Oft by himſelf o'ertook, himſelf ſurvey'd,
And backward turning, to his fountain ſtray'd.

[g] Lady Sunderland, daughter to the Duke of Marlborough. See p. 142.

Nor much unlike to theſe are mazes found,
By loit'ring hinds imprinted on the ground;
Who, when releas'd by ſome diſtinguiſh'd day,
Lead ruddy damſels forth to rural play;
And on the flow'ry vale, or mountain's brow,
The yielding glebe in wanton furrows plough.

Ye Sylvan Nymphs, who with a pleaſing pride
O'er ſhady groves, and ſecret vows preſide,
On this myſterious pile with care attend,
Protect the miſtreſs, and the prince befriend:
With both conſpire to blind the wary dame,
And ſcreen th' important tale from babbling Fame.

Ah, faithleſs guards! in vain with od'rous ſmoke
We feaſt your altars, and your aid invoke;
When nuptial debts are now no longer paid,
More ways than one the rover is betray'd:
Affected paſſion does no more ſuffice,
And aukward kindneſs proves a weak diſguiſe.
Woman, by nature arm'd againſt deceit,
With indignation ſmiles upon the cheat;
Looks down with ſcorn, and only burns to know
Th' uncertain author of her certain woe.

As a fierce lioneſs of Libyan race,
Struck by the hunter's hand, with furious pace
Strides o'er the ſands, and red with recent gore
Yells out her pain, and makes the foreſt roar:

So

So raves the queen incens'd; and loudly tells
The reſtleſs grief that in her boſom dwells,
For her lov'd lord from her embraces fled,
Her ſlighted beauty, and her widow'd bed.
What dire effects her kindled fury wrought,
Whether by pointed ſteel, or poiſon'd draught,
Th' unguarded rival fell, forbear to aſk,
Th' unwilling Muſe declines the mournful taſk,
Recoils with anguiſh, wounded to the ſoul,
Feels every ſtab, and drinks th' invenom'd bowl.
Thee, beauteous fair, Love made a pris'ner here,
But great Eliza's[h] doom was more ſevere;
By hate implacable to ſhades confin'd,
Where ſtill the native grandeur of her mind
Clear and unſully'd ſhone, with radiant grace
Gilding the duſky horrors of the place.

[h] In the year 1554, it being ſuſpected that the princeſs Elizabeth was privately concerned in Sir Thomas Wyat's rebellion, ſhe was taken into cuſtody, and confined ſome time at Woodſtock. "She was lodged," ſays Mr. Warton's Life of Sir Thomas Pope, p. 72, "in the Gate-"houſe of the Palace, in an apartment remaining complete within "theſe forty years, with its original arched roof of Iriſh oak, curi-"ouſly carved, painted blue, ſprinkled with gold, and to the laſt re-"tained its name of Queen Elizabeth's Chamber. Hollingſhed gives "us three lines which ſhe wrote with a diamond on the glaſs of her "window; and Hentzer, in his Itinerary of 1598, has recorded a ſon-"net which ſhe had written with a pencil on her window-ſhutter."

No nobler gifts can heav'n itſelf pour down,
Than to deſerve, and to deſpiſe a crown.
In ſome dark room for pompous ſorrow made,
Methinks I ſee the royal virgin laid:
With anxious thoughts employ'd on former times,
Their various fate, their glory, and their crimes;
Th' ill-boding place a juſt concernment gives,
Since Elinora in Maria [i] lives,
Maria——but forgotten be her name,
In long oblivion loſt, o'erlook'd by fame.
Do thou, O Albion, from remembrance chace
Thy perſecuted ſons, thy martyr'd race:
And freed at length by ANNA's milder ray,
From furious zeal, and arbitrary ſway,
Enjoy the preſent, or the future ſcene,
With promis'd bleſſings fraught, without one cloud ſere
Stop, goddeſs, ſtop, recall thy daring flight,
I cannot, muſt not tempt the wond'rous height.
Themes ſo exalted, with proportion'd wing,
Let Addiſon, let Garth, let Congreve ſing;
Whilſt liſt'ning nations crowd the vocal lyre,
Foretaſte their bliſs, and languiſh with deſire.
To thee thy ſong, thy province is aſſign'd,
And what ſhould foremoſt ſtand, is yet behind.
Silenc'd be all Antiquity could boaſt,
And let old Woodſtock in the new be loſt.

[i] Mary I. queen of England.

No more her Edwards, or her Henrys pleaſe;
Their ſpoils of war, or monuments of peace:
By CHURCHILL's hand ſo largely is out-done,
What either prince has built, and both have won.
With admiration ſtruck, we gaze around,
The fancy entertain, the ſenſe confound:
And whilſt our eyes o'er the foundation roam,
Preſage the wonders of the finiſh'd dome.
Thus did our hero's early dawn diſplay
Th' auſpicious beams of his advancing day.
We, who in humble cells, and learn'd retreat,
Are ſtrangers to the ſplendor of the great,
On barren cliffs of ſpeculation thrown,
Of all beſides unknowing, and unknown,
Pronounce our fabrics juſt in every part,
And ſcorn the poor attempts of modern art;
(Proud of his cottage ſo exults the ſwain,
Who loves the foreſt, and admires the plain,)
'Till here convinc'd, unwillingly we find
Our Wickhams, and our Wainfleets, left behind;
Far as the molehill by the mountain's brow,
Or ſhrubs by cedars, in whoſe ſhade they grow.
Riſe, glorious pile, the princeſs bids thee riſe,
And claim thy title to her kindred ſkies:
Where ſhe preſides all muſt be nobly great,
All muſt be regular, and all compleat;
No other hand the mighty work requires;
Art may inform, but ſhe alone inſpires.

When lab'ring Tyrians, with united toil,
Advanc'd their Carthage on the deſtin'd ſoil,
So ſate their queen, and look'd auſpicious down,
Herſelf the Genius of the riſing town.
Thrice happy he, to whom the taſk ſhall fall,
To grace with ſhining images the wall;
And in bold colours ſilently rehearſe
What ſoars above the reach of humble verſe,
No fam'd exploits, from muſty annals brought,
Shall ſhare his art, or furniſh out the draught;
No foreign heroes in triumphant cars,
No Latian victories, nor Grecian wars:
Germania's fruitful fields alone afford
Work for the pencil, harveſt for the ſword.
Her well-drawn fights with horror ſhall ſurprize,
And clouds of ſmoke upon the canvaſs riſe;
Rivers diſtain'd ſhall reeking currents boaſt,
And wind in crimſon waves the plunging hoſt;
Each mortal pang be ſeen, each dying throe,
And Death look grim in all the pomp of woe.
But far, oh far diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt!
By youth, by beauty, and a waving creſt,
Like young Patroclus, Dormer[k] ſhall be ſlain,
And great Achilles' ſoul be ſhock'd again.

Succeſsful

[k] See vol. i. p. 18. Mr. Addiſon, ſpeaking of this gentleman's death, ſays,

"O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
"And not the wonders of thy youth relate!

"How

Succeſsful Kneller, whoſe improving air
Adds light to light, and graces to the fair,
Thus may compleat the glories of his age,
And in one piece the whole ſoft ſex engage;
Who ſhall in crowds the lovely dead ſurround,
And weep rich gems upon his ſtreaming wound;
By ſad remembrance urg'd to fruitleſs moan,
And, loſt in Dormer's charms, neglect their own.
Yet, artiſt, ſtop not here, but boldly dare
Next to deſign, what next deſerves thy care.
'Midſt Britiſh ſquadrons awefully ſerene,
On riſing ground let MARLBOROUGH be ſeen,
With his drawn faulchion light'ning on the foe,
Prepar'd to ſtrike the great deciſive blow;
While phlegmatic allies his vengeance ſtay,
By abſence theſe, and by their preſence they.
Ill-fated Gauls to 'ſcape his thunder ſo,
And by a ſhort reprieve inhance their woe!
When they in arms again the combat try,
Again their troops in wild diſorder fly,
No uſual ties of clemency ſhall bind,
No temper ſhall aſſuage the victor's mind:

" How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
" Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
" In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
" And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death."

The CAMPAIGN.

But heaps on heaps atone the fatal wrong,
And rage unbounded drive the ſtorm along.
  Legions of foes reſiſtleſs ſhall advance
O'er proſtrate mounds, to ſhock the power of France,
Their loud demands to proud Lutetia tell,
And rouze th' inglorious tyrant[1] from his cell.
  Then provinces releas'd ſhall break their chain,
Forego their bondage, and forget their pain.
  Iberia, with extended arms, ſhall run
To liberty, to life, to Auſtria's ſon;
And by mild councils generouſly ſway'd,
Own thy example, ANNA! and thy aid;
Whole kingdoms ſhall be bleſs'd, all Europe free,
And lift her hands unmanacled to thee.

[1] Lewis XIV.

A FIT

A FIT OF THE SPLEEN.

In Imitation of SHAKSPEARE.

By Dr. IBBOT[a].

FAREWELL, vain world! and thou its vaineſt part,
O lovely woman! fram'd for man's deſtruction!
Beauty, like nightſhade to the teeming wife,
If ſeen, gives wiſhes reſtleſs, endleſs longings;
If taſted, death. Too hard decree of fate,
That life muſt be a burthen, or muſt end!

[a] Dr. Benjamin Ibbot, the ſon of a clergyman, was born at Beachamwell, in Norfolk, about 1680, and admitted of Clare-hall, Cambridge, 25th July, 1695. He took the degree of B. A. in 1699, and that of M. A. in 1703. He was patroniſed by archbiſhop Tenniſon, who made him his chaplain, treaſurer of the church of Wells, and rector of the united pariſhes of St. Vedaſts, alias Foſters, and St. Michael Querne. The king appointed him one of his chaplains in ordinary in 1716, and the year following he had his mandate for the degree of D. D. He afterwards became rector of St. Paul's, Shadwell, preacher-aſſiſtant at St. James's, in Weſtminſter, and was inſtalled a prebendary in the collegiate church of St. Peter therein, on the 26th November, 1724; but being then in an ill ſtate of health, he retired for the recovery of it to Camberwell, where he died, 5th April, 1725.

Farewel,

Farewel, vain world! dwelling of ills and fears,
Full of fond hopes, falſe joys, and ſad repentance;
For though ſometimes warm Fancy lights a fire,
That mounting upwards darts its pointed head
Up, through the unoppoſing air, to heav'n;
Yet then comes Thought, and cold Conſideration,
Lame Afterthought with endleſs ſcruples fraught,
Benumb'd with Fears, to damp the goodly blaze.
Farewel, vain world!—Yet, ere I die, I'll find
Contentment's ſeat, unknown to guilt or ſorrow;
Haſte then, for nimble Death purſues me cloſe,
Methinks I hear his ſteps, though trod in air;
My fluttering ſoul ſeems like a bird entrapp'd,
That beats his wings againſt the priſon walls,
And fain would be at liberty again;
And oft the death-watch with ill-boding beats
Hath warn'd me that my time would ſoon expire,
And that life's thread, ne'er to be wound up more,
Would by the ſpring of fate be quickly drawn
To its full ſtretch—Haſte then, and let me find
A ſhelter, that may ſhut out noiſe and light,
Save one dim taper, whoſe neglected ſnuff,
Grown higher than the flame, ſhall with its bulk
Almoſt extinguiſh it; no noiſe be there,
But that of water, ever friend to thought.
Hail, gloomy ſhade! th' abode of modeſty
Void of deceit; no glittering objects here

Dazzle the eyes; and thou, delightful Silence,
Silence, the great Divinity's diſcourſe!
The angels' language, and the hermits' pride,
The help of waking wiſdom, and its food;
In thee philoſophers have juſtly plac'd
The ſovereign good; free from the broken vows,
The calumnies, reproaches, and the lies
Of which the noiſy babbling world complains.
[b] So the ſtruck deer, with ſome deep wound oppreſt,
Lies down to die, the arrow in his breaſt;
There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his life away.

HYMN to Miss LAURENCE[a],

In the PUMP-ROOM, BATH. 1753.

NAID of this healthful ſtream,
Fair LAURENTIA, if I deem
Rightly of thy office here,
If the theme may pleaſe thine ear,
Liſten gracious to my lays.
While the ſprings of HEALTH I praiſe:

[b] Theſe four lines are ſaid to be added by Mr. POPE.

[a] This celebrated pump-girl married, with an unblemiſhed reputation, an innkeeper at Speenham Lands.

Nor will leſs thy glory ſhine,
If their praiſe I blend with thine.
For of their renown of old
Stories many FAME hath told:
Ancient bards their name have ſung
Heroes, kings, and gods among,
And with various titles grac'd,
While their fountain-head they trac'd,
Whether [b] BLADUD, king of yore,
Skill'd in philoſophic lore,
Mingling various kinds of earth,
Metallic, gave the waters birth,
KING'S-BATH nam'd, beneath thy feet
Boiling ay with mineral heat:
Or, whether from his car on high
Phœbus ſaw with amorous eye
The fountain-nymph, with humid train,
Light of foot, trip o'er the plain;
Strait the god, inflam'd with love,
Swift deſcending from above,
All in fervors bright array'd
Preſs'd her boſom; and the maid
Gladly to his warm embrace
Yielded: whence the happy place,

[b] BLADUD.] See Mr. Selden's notes on the third ſong of Dra POLYOLBION, where, in an ancient fragment of rhymes, are e rated all the ingredients which BLADUD employed in maki baths.

Where the nymph he woo'd and won,
Was call'd the [c] WATERS OF THE SUN.
FAME that title widely ſpread;
Yet, ere Roman legions fled
The wrath of ſturdy Britiſh knights,
Pallas claim'd religious rights;
Britiſh [d] PALLADOUR then roſe,
From the goddeſs nam'd, who choſe
Near the favourite ſtreams to dwell,
Guardian of the ſacred well.
But long ſince [e] HYGEIA fair
Under her peculiar care
Receiv'd the ſprings; for well ſhe knows
Each ſalubrious rill that flows
Forth from ſubterranean vaults,
Stor'd by NATURE's hand with ſalts,
Steel, or ſulphur: for her uſe
NATURE opens every ſluice,
Which HYGEIA gives in charge
To ſeveral nymphs; herſelf at large

[c] WATERS OF THE SUN.] Aquæ ſolis, Bath. Sol in hâc urbe templum habuit, et nomen quod exhibet Antoninus, loco dedit. Antonini Iter XIV. publiſhed by Gale.

[d] PALLADOUR.] Pallas etiam, teſte Solino, fontibus hiſce fuit præſul, ſuamque habuit ædem, ubi et perpetuos ignes. Ab eâ, appellabatur Britannis, Caer PALLADOUR: Urbs æquæ Palladiæ. Ibid.

[e] HYGEIA.] The goddeſs of health.

Roams

Roams o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
Lacky'd by a duteous train;
Oreads, Naiads, Dryads pay
Service glad: ſome ſmooth her way,
Or miſts diſperſe, or bruſh the trees;
Others waft the morning-breeze
From mountain-tops; adown the hills
Others pour refreſhing rills,
Or bathe her limbs in fountain neat,
Aiding, all, her influence ſweet.
She with ſmiling eye ſurveys
Ruſtic labours, and conveys
Strength to the active threſher's arm,
To village maidens Beauty's charm.
  Happy are the ſons of earth
Whom the goddeſs at their birth
Shin'd on. Yet, her heavenly ray
Numbers, not reſpecting, ſtray
From her preſence, and purſue
Luxury's paths, whoſe ſordid crew,
Lust inordinate, and Sloth,
And Gluttony's unwieldy growth,
Lead them on to Shame and Pain,
And Maladies, an endleſs train.
Oft with pangs diſtracting torn
They Hygeia's abſence mourn;
Bitter change! their languid eyes
Feel not joy in ſunny ſkies;

Nor doth NIGHT, with ſlumber bleſt,
Cloſe them at the hour of reſt.
And oft with ſighs, and tears, and pray'r
Half-ſuppreſs'd by ſad deſpair,
They the queen of health implore
Her wiſh'd preſence to reſtore.
Nor unmindful of their woes
Is the goddeſs; for ſhe choſe
Thee, LAURENTIA, loveliеſt maid
Among thy ſiſter nymphs, who play'd
On the banks of [f] Avon, Thee,
Bright-ey'd nymph, ſhe choſe to be
Her ſubſtitute, and pow'r ſhe gave
Sov'reign o'er the healing wave
Which thou rul'ſt with gentle ſway.
Thee the ſmoking tides obey
Joyous; and at thy command
Waſh thy [g] roſy-finger'd hand;
Thence in cryſtal cups convey'd
Yield their ſalutary aid
To all, whom Thou with look benign
Smil'ſt on round HYGEIA's ſhrine;
All of appetite deprav'd,
Thoſe whom pale-ey'd SPLEEN enſlav'd.
Cripples bent with gouty pain,
Whom JAUNDICE ting'd with muddy ſtain,

[f] Avon.] The river which runs by Bath.
[g] Roſy-finger'd.] The effects of the hot water.

Or

Or whoſe frame of nerves, with ſtroke
Benumbing, tremulous PALSY broke.
Theſe the balmy, cordial ſtream
Quaff, rejoicing; Thee, their theme
Of praiſe, extol; thy tender care,
Thy ſoft addreſs, and courteous air:
And while [h] HARMONY, the friend
Of HEALTH, delights to recommend
Thy miniſtry, thy charms inſpire
Love, and joy, and gay deſire:
For the goddeſs, when ſhe gave
Rule imperial o'er the wave,
To adorn the gift, and grace thy ſtate,
On thee bade YOUTH and BEAUTY wait.
Nor doſt thou not taſte delight
Where thou ſit'ſt in duteous plight;
For the joy, thy hand beſtows,
Back to thee redounding flows,
When the cheek of faded hue,
Thou ſeeſt diſplaying roſes new.
Thee ſuſpended [i] crutches pleaſe,
Signal trophies from DISEASE
Won to HEALTH victorious. Hail,
Comfort, and ſupport of frail

[h] HARMONY.] The muſic in the pump-room.

[i] Crutches.] Over Bladud's image in the king's bath hang crutches.

Human ſtate! Hail, blooming maid!
Nymph belov'd! without thy aid,
He, who, greeting thee, his lays
Now attunes to notes of praiſe,
Mute had been, oppreſs'd with pain
Of ſpaſm rheumatic. Hail again,
Prieſteſs of HYGEIA's ſhrine!
Still diſpenſe her gift divine,
Still her vot'ries lead to HEALTH;
Elſe, what profits Marlborough's wealth,
[k] Eliza's form, and Stanhope's [l] wit,
And all the eloquence of Pitt [m]?

[k] Eliza.] Lady Betty Spencer.

[l] The Earl of Cheſterfield.

[m] Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

ΠΛΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΜΕΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ. ΤΟ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ ΚΑΛΟΝ ΓΕΝΕΣΘΑΙ· ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΔΕ ΠΛΟΥΤΕΙΝ.

LUCIAN.

A LETTER TO CORINNA FROM A CAPTAIN IN COUNTRY QUARTERS[a].

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

MY earlieſt flame, to whom I owe
All that a captain needs to know;
Dreſs, and quadrille, and air, and chat,
Lewd ſongs, loud laughter, and all that;
Arts that have widows oft ſubdued,
And never fail'd to win a prude;

[a] The writer of Mr. Browne's Life in the Biographia Britannica, vol. II. p. 652. obſerved that the publication of this Poem hath been objected to, but without ſufficient reaſon. "The irony is ſo obvious, "that it cannot well be miſtaken. The fact was, that a young officer, "a friend of Mr. Browne's, wanted to carry a miſtreſs with him to his "country quarters; and he deſired our author to write a copy of verſes, "to perſuade ſome lady of eaſy virtue to comply with his requeſt. Mr. "Browne wrote theſe verſes, which were deſigned as a ſtrong ridicule "and ſevere reproof of ſuch kind of criminal connections; and they "produced an immediate effect; for the young Gentleman gave up all "thoughts of his intended companion. The whole muſt be conſidered "as written in the character of a rakiſh officer, during a time of pro-"found peace. Biſhop Hoadly ſaid, that the verſes would do more good "than twenty ſermons; and the late Lord Lyttelton expreſſed a high "commendation of their moral tendency."

Think

Think, charmer, how I live forlorn
At quarters, from Corinna torn.
Not more diſtreſs the cornet feels
From gruel, and [b] *Ward's* popiſh pills.
What ſhall I do now you're away,
To kill that only foe, the day?
The landed 'ſquire, and dull freeholder
Are ſure no comrades for a ſoldier;
To drink with parſons all day long,
[c] *Miſaubin* tells me would be wrong:
[d] *Sober advice*, and Curll's *Dutch whore*
I've read, 'till I can read no more.
At noon I riſe, and ſtrait alarm
A ſempſtreſs' ſhop, or country farm;
Repuls'd, my next purſuit is a'ter
The parſon's wife, or landlord's daughter:
At market oft for game I ſearch,
Oft at aſſemblies, oft at church,
And plight my faith and gold to-boot:
Yet demme if a ſoul will do't—
In ſhort our credit's ſunk ſo low,
Since troops were kept o'foot for ſhew,

[b] Joſhua Ward, the Empirick.

[c] Dr. Miſaubin was a noted quack, who dyed in 1734.

[d] Sober Advice from Horace to the young gentlemen about town. An Imitation of Horace by Mr. Pope, publiſhed in 1734.

She that for ſoldiers once run mad,
Is turn'd republican, 'egad!
And when I boaſt my feats, the ſhrew
Aſks who was ſlain the laſt review.
Know then, that I and captain Trueman
Reſolve to keep a miſs—in common:
Not her, among the batter'd laſſes,
Such as our friend Toupét careſſes;
But her, a nymph of poliſh'd ſenſe,
Which pedants call Impertinence;
Train'd up to laugh, and drink, and ſwear,
And rally with the prettieſt air—
Amidſt our frolics and carouſes
How ſhall we pity wretched ſpouſes!
But where can this dear ſoul be found,
In garret high, or under ground?
If ſo divine a fair there be,
Charming Corinna, thou art ſhe.
But oh! what motives can perſuade
Belles, to prefer a rural ſhade,
In this gay month, when pleaſures bloom,
The park, the play—the drawing-room—
Lo! birthnights upon birthnights tread,
Term is begun, the lawyer fee'd;
My friend the merchant, let me tell ye,
Calls in his way to Farinelli;
Add that my ſattin gown and watch
Some unfledg'd booby 'ſquire may catch,

Who, charm'd with his delicious quarry,
May firſt debauch me, and then marry;
Never was ſeaſon more befitting
Since convocations laſt were ſitting.
And ſhall I leave dear Chairing-croſs,
And let two boys my charms ingroſs?
Leave play-houſe, temple, and the rummer?
A country friend might ſerve in ſummer!
The town's your choice—yet, charming fair,
Obſerve what ills attend you there.
Captains, that once admir'd your beauty,
Are kept by quality on duty;
Cits, for atoning alms diſburſe
A teſter—templars, ſomething worſe:
My lord may take you to his bed,
But then he ſends you back unpaid;
And all you gain from generous cully,
Muſt go to keep ſome Iriſh bully.
Pinchbeck demands the tweezer caſe,
And *Monmouth-ſtreet* the gowns and ſtays;
More miſchiefs yet come crowding on,
Bridewell,—Weſt Indies—and Sir John[e]—
Then oh! to lewdneſs bid adieu,
And chaſtely live, confin'd to two.

[e] Sir John Gonſon, then a Middleſex juſtice of peace, remarkable for ſeverity againſt women of the town. See Nichols's Anecdotes of Hogarth.

A TALE[a],

By Mr. Merrick.

IF Virtue prompt thy willing mind
To actions gen'rous, good and kind;
Fortune beyond thy hopes ſhall bleſs
Thy toils, and crown them with ſucceſs:
But he whoſe bounties only riſe
From proſpects of a future prize,
With ſorrow ſhall compute his gains,
And reap repentance for his pains,
Precepts are often found to fail,
So take inſtruction from my tale.
In ancient days there liv'd a prieſt,
Inſhrin'd within whoſe pious breaſt
Fair Virtue ſhone; his open look
Gave ſanction to each word he ſpoke.
Fix'd to no home, in mean array,
From place to place he took his way,

[a] This tale is verſifyed from the conference between a Popiſh prieſt and Villiers Duke of Buckingham. See that nobleman's works. It has alſo been the ſubject of a poem by Mr. Robert Lloyd, called "The "New River Head."

Inſtructing

Inſtructing as he went along,
And dealing bleſſings to the throng.
The truth he labour'd to expreſs,
In language plain as was his dreſs:
Yet all with ſecret rapture hung
On every accent of his tongue;
A ſilent eloquence there ran
Through all the actions of the man;
They mark'd his ſoul's unblemiſh'd frame,
His precept and his life the ſame.
It chanc'd, as muſing once he ſtray'd,
Around him night's deſcending ſhade
Unheeded ſtole; through paths unknown
With darkling ſteps he wander'd on,
And wiſh'd to ſhroud his weary head
Beneath ſome hoſpitable ſhed.
When through the gloom a ſudden ray
Sprung forth, and ſhot acroſs the way.
Led by the light, a cott he found:
A pious dame the manſion own'd,
Whoſe open heart, though ſmall her ſtore,
Ne'er turn'd the ſtranger from her door.
Think at the ſight of ſuch a gueſt,
What tranſport roſe within her breaſt:
With joy the friendly board ſhe ſpread,
And plac'd him in her warmeſt bed.
Deep ſunk in ſleep the trav'ler lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the day.

'Tis beſt, as ableſt critics deem,
To ſuit your language to your theme;
Obſequious to their rules, the Muſe
In humbler ſtrain her tale purſues.
The matron, while her thankful gueſt
Had ſhar'd with her the ſlender feaſt,
With curious eye had view'd him o'er,
Had mark'd the tatter'd garb he wore,
And through the yawning frieze had ſeen
No traces of a ſhirt within.
And now her hands with pious care
A ſhirt of home-ſpun cloth prepare:
'Twas coarſe, but would the longer hold,
And ſerve to fence him from the cold.
The toil employ'd her all the night,
And ended with the riſing light.
The prieſt aroſe at break of day,
And haſten'd to purſue his way;
With thanks he took the finiſh'd veſt,
The hoſpitable dame he bleſs'd:
" And that thy charity, he ſaid,
" May fall with int'reſt on thy head,
" May thy firſt work, when I am gone,
" Continue 'till the ſetting ſun."
She heard; but ſoon her houſhold care
Had baniſh'd from her thoughts the prayer;
The remnant of her cloth ſhe took,
And meaſur'd out her little ſtock.

Beneath

Beneath her hands the length'ning piece
Surpriz'd her with a vaſt increaſe;
Aſtoniſh'd at a ſight ſo new,
She meaſur'd ſtill, and ſtill it grew.
As when, in ſleep, with winged pace
O'er hills and plains we urge the race,
With eager hopes we onward bend,
And think our labour near its end;
But mimic Fancy ſoon ſupplies
New ſcenes to cheat our wond'ring eyes;
Before our feet new plains extend,
New vallies ſink, new hills aſcend,
And ſtill the goal, when theſe are o'er,
Appears as diſtant as before.
In ſuch a dream with ſuch ſurprize,
From morn to eve the woman plies
Her taſk; but when the ſetting ray
Had clos'd her labour with the day,
With joy the wond'rous heap ſurvey'd,
And ſaw her bounty well repay'd.
A neighb'ring dame, the ſtory known,
Much wiſh'd to make the caſe her own;
For though ſhe ne'er was ſeen before
To lodge the ſtranger or the poor,
She wiſely thought on one ſo good
Her charity were well beſtow'd.
As by her door his journey lay,
She ſtopt the trav'ler on his way;

Begg'd him to enter and receive
Such welcome as her houſe could give:
The prieſt comply'd, and ent'ring found
The board with various plenty crown'd;
On heaps of down he paſs'd the night,
And ſlumber'd 'till the morning light.
At break of day the dame addreſs'd
In friendly guiſe her rev'rend gueſt:
Linen ſo coarſe, ſhe ſaid, was ne'er
Deſign'd for Chriſtian backs to wear;
And as it griev'd her to ſurvey
Such virtue in ſo mean array,
Herſelf had toil'd with ſleepleſs eyes
To furniſh him with freſh ſupplies:
Fine was the texture, ſuch as comes
From wealthy Holland's ſkilful looms.
The prieſt accepts the proffer'd boon,
He thanks her for her kindneſs ſhown,
And grateful as he leaves her door,
Repeats the prayer he made before.
Juſt parted from the holy man,
With eager haſte the matron ran
To reach her cloth, and had deſign'd
To meaſure what was left behind;
But thinking firſt, that as the prayer
For the whole day had fix'd her care,
One labour would employ it all,
And leave no time for Nature's call,

Ere

Ere to the deſtin'd work ſhe goes,
She deems it beſt to pluck a roſe.
The hiſſing geeſe, as forth ſhe went,
Gave omens of the dire event;
The herds, that graz'd the neighb'ring plain,
Look'd up, and ſnuff'd the coming rain;
The bird that ſcreams at midnight hours,
(Diviner of approaching ſhowers)
Full on the left, with hideous croak,
Stood flutt'ring on a blaſted oak.
Amazement ſeiz'd the trembling dame,
When firſt ſhe ſaw the plenteous ſtream:
She wonder'd much, and much ſhe fear'd;
And think how Niobe appear'd,
When chang'd into a rock ſhe ſtood,
And at her feet the headlong flood,
With downward force impetuous ran,
High foaming, o'er the delug'd plain:
So look'd the dame, when all around
The torrent ſmoak'd upon the ground:
Still ſpreading wider than before,
It ſeem'd a ſea without a ſhore.
Your bards that wrote in heathen days,
Had ſuch a theme employ'd their lays,
Had tortur'd their inventive brain,
With dire portents to fill the ſtrain;
Had bid the neighb'ring river mourn
His alter'd ſtream, and tainted urn;

Or made the Naiads lift their heads,
Aſtoniſh'd from their wat'ry beds,
And, ſeated on the river's ſide,
Squeeze from their locks the briny tide.
But little ſkill'd in Pagan lore,
I paſs ſuch idle fancies o'er:
Truth is my care, whoſe lovely face
Shines brighteſt in the plaineſt dreſs.
At eve the torrent ſtopt its courſe;
Stung with vexation and remorſe,
The dame laments her fruitleſs coſt,
Her hopes deceiv'd, her labour loſt.
Nor think that here her ſuff'rings end,
Reproach and infamy attend:
Surrounding boys, where'er ſhe came,
With inſults loud divulge her ſhame;
And farmers ſtop her with demands
Of recompence for damag'd lands.

THE WISH.

BY THE SAME.

HOW ſhort is life's uncertain ſpace!
Alas! how quickly done!
How ſwift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race!
How v[illegible]n!

Youth

Youth ſtops at firſt its wilful ears
To Wiſdom's prudent voice;
'Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age worn out with cares
Repents its earlier choice.

What though its proſpects now appear
So pleaſing and refin'd;
Yet groundleſs hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the buſy moments ſhare,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then falſe joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliſs;
Ye guardian powers that rule my fate
The only wiſh that I create,
Is all compriz'd in this:

May I through life's uncertain tide,
Be ſtill from pain exempt;
May all my wants be ſtill ſupply'd,
My ſtate too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt!

But ſhould your Providence divine
A greater bliſs intend;
May all thoſe bleſſings you deſign,
(If e'er thoſe bleſſings ſhall be mine)
Be center'd in a friend!

THE BEARS AND BEES. A FABLE.

BY THE SAME.

AS two young bears in wanton mood
Forth-iſſuing from a neighbouring wood,
Came where th' induſtrious Bees had ſtor'd
In artful cells their luſcious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they ſeiz'd with eager haſte
Luxurious on the rich repaſt.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beaſts, unable to ſuſtain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native ſhelter they regain;
There ſit, and now, diſcreeter grown,
Too late their raſhneſs they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleaſure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haſte we ſnatch our fill,
And ſwallow down the latent ill:

But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancy'd pleaſure flies;
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real ſting behind.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY THE SAME.

GOD of my health! whoſe bounteous care
Firſt gave me power to move,
How ſhall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love!

While, void of thought and ſenſe, I lay
Duſt of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their faſhion took,
And, ere my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfiniſh'd plan;
The ſhadowy lines thy pencil drew
And form'd the future man.

Oh!

Oh! may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plaſtic hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The ſoul that moves this earthly load
Thy ſemblance let it bear;
Nor loſe the traces of the God,
Who ſtamp'd his image there.

THE CAMELION: A FABLE, AFTER MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

BY THE SAME.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever could be ſeen,
Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travel'd fool your mouth will ſtop:

"Sir,

" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.
Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they paſt,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this and then of that,
Diſcours'd awhile, 'mongſt other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
" A ſtranger animal, cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun.
" A lizard's body lean and long,
" A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue,
" Its tooth with triple claw diſjoin'd;
" And what a length of tail behind!
" How ſlow a pace! and then its hue—
" Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue!"
" Hold there, the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I ſaw it with theſe eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warm'd it in the ſunny ray;
" Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
" And ſaw it eat the air for food."
" I've ſeen it, Sir, as well as you,
" And muſt again affirm it blue.
" At leiſure I the beaſt ſurvey'd
" Extended in the cooling ſhade."

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye—"
" Green!" cries the other in a fury—
" Why, Sir—d'ye think I've loſt my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loſs," the friend replies,
" For, if they always ſerve you thus,
" You'll find 'em but of little uſe."
So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows:
When luckily came by a third—
To him the queſtion they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
" Sirs, cries the umpire, ceaſe your pother—
" The creature's neither one nor t'other.
" I caught the animal laſt night,
" And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
" You ſtare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
" And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do:
" I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
" And I'll be ſworn, that when you've ſeen
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
" Well then, at once to eaſe the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out:
" And when before your eyes I've ſet him,
" If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
He ſaid; then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt, and lo! 'twas white—

Both

Both ſtar'd; the man look'd wond'rous wiſe—
"My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then firſt the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others ſee, as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eye-ſight to his own."

IMMORTALITY: OR, THE CONSOLATION OF HUMAN LIFE. A MONODY.

BY THOMAS DENTON[a], M. A.

——————— Animi natura videtur
Atque animæ claranda meis jam verſibus eſſe:
Et metus ille foras præceps Acheruntis agendus
Funditus, humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo,
Omnia ſuffundens mortis nigrore. LUCR.

I.

WHEN black-brow'd Night her duſky mantle ſpread,
And wrapt in ſolemn gloom the ſable ſky;
When ſoothing Sleep her opiate dews had ſhed,
And ſeal'd in ſilken ſlumbers every eye:

[a] Of Queen's College, Oxford. He was born at Sebergham, near Carliſle, took the degree of M. A. June 16, 1752, and afterwards became Rector of Aſhſtead in Surry.

My wakeful thoughts admit no balmy reſt,
Nor the ſweet bliſs of ſoft oblivion ſhare;
But watchful woe diſtracts my aching breaſt,
My heart the ſubject of corroding care:
From haunts of men with wand'ring ſteps, and ſlow,
I ſolitary ſteal, and ſooth my penſive woe.

II.

Yet no fell paſſion's rough diſcordant rage
Untun'd the muſic of my tranquil mind:
Ambition's tinſel'd charms could ne'er engage,
No harbour there could ſordid av'rice find:
From luſt's foul ſpring my grief diſdains to flow,
No ſighs of envy from my boſom break;
But ſoft compaſſion melts my ſoul to woe,
And ſocial tears faſt trickle down my cheek.
Ah me! when Nature gives one general groan,
Each heart muſt beat with woe, each voice reſponſive moan.

III.

Where'er I caſt my moiſt'ned eyes around,
Or ſtretch my proſpect o'er the diſtant land,
There foul *Corruption*'s tainted ſteps are found,
And *Death* grim-viſag'd waves his iron hand.
Though now ſoft *Pleaſure* gild the ſmiling ſcene,
Aud ſportive *Joy* call forth her feſtive train,
Sinking in night each vital form is ſeen,
Like air-blown bubbles on the wat'ry plain;
[b] Fell *Death*, like brooding *Harpy*, the repaſt
Will ſnatch with talons foul, or ſour its grateful taſte.

[b] Vid. VIRG. Æn. lib. iii. ver. 210. & ſeq.

IV.

Ye ſmiling glories of the youthful year,
That ope your fragrant boſoms to the day,
That clad in all the pride of ſpring appear,
And ſteep'd in dew your ſilken leaves diſplay:
In *Nature's* richeſt robes though thus bedight,
Though her ſoft pencil trace your various dye,
Though lures your roſeate hue the charmed ſight,
Though odours ſweet your nect'rous breath ſupply,
Soon on your leaves *Time*'s cank'rous tooth ſhall prey,
Your dulcet dews exhale, your beauteous bloom decay.

V.

Ye hedge-row elms, beneath whoſe ſpreading ſhade
The grazing herds defy the rattling ſhower;
Ye lofty oaks, in whoſe wide arms diſplay'd
The clam'rous rook builds high his airy bower;
Stript by hoar Winter's rough inclement rage,
In mournful heaps your leafy honours lie,
Ev'n your hard ribs ſhall feel the force of age,
And your bare trunks the friendly ſhade deny;
No more by cheerful vegetation green,
Your ſapleſs boles ſhall ſink, and quit th' evanid ſcene.

VI.

Ye feather'd warblers of the vernal year
That careleſs ſing, nor fear the frowns of fate,
Tune your ſad notes to death and winter drear;
Ill ſuit theſe mirthful ſtrains your tranſient ſtate.

IX.

s ſtrong love intoxicates the ſoul,
hirſt of bliſs inflames the fev'rous mind,
ger draughts we drain the pois'nous bowl,
n the dregs the cordial hope to find.
ı! for this light end were mortals made,
ılac'd on earth, with happineſs in view,
h with cheated graſp the flitting ſhade,
vith vain toil the fancied form purſue;
ve their ſhort-liv'd being to the wind,
wing'd arrow flies, and leaves no track behind!

X.

nely wand'ring through the nightly ſhade
ſt the ſtern decrees of ſtubborn Fate,
kful Echo my complaints I made,
e's ſhort period, or its toilſome ſtate.
th-like ſilence all, no ſound I hear,
he hoarſe raven croaking from the ſky,
beetle murm'ring through the air,
eech-owl ſcreaming with ill-omen'd cry;
en with brazen tongue from yon high tow'r
k deep-ſounding ſpeaks, and counts the paſſing hour.

XI.

ıthia, mounted on her ſilver car,
ıeav'n's blue concave drives her nightly round:
rn abbey, wrapt in gloom, appear
:r'd in wild confuſion o'er the ground.

Here rav'nous *Ruin* lifts her waſteful hands
O'er briar-grown grots and bramble-ſhaded graves;
Safe from her wrath one weeping marble ſtands,
O'er which the mournful yew its umbrage waves;
Ope, ope thy pond'rous jaws, thou friendly tomb,
Cloſe the ſad deathful ſcene, and ſhroud me in thy womb!

XII.

Forth iſſuing lovely from the gloomy ſhade,
Which ſtately pines in phalanx deep compoſe,
Fair above mortals, comes a ſmiling maid
To ſooth my ſighs, and chear my heart-felt woes.
Here nurs'd by *Contemplation*, matron ſage,
Where with mute *Solitude* ſhe loves to dwell,
In truth's fair lore ſhe form'd her early age,
And trimm'd the midnight lamp in lonely cell;
Here learn'd clear reaſon's heav'n-ſprung light to raiſe
O'er paſſion's low-born miſts, or pleaſure's ſpurious blaze.

XIII.

Her azure mantle flows with eaſy grace,
Nor faſhion's folds conſtrain, nor cuſtom's tye;
An optic tube ſhe bears, each ſphere to trace
That rolls its rapid orbit round the ſky:
Yet not to heav'n alone her view's confin'd;
A clear reflecting plane ſhe holds, to ſhow
The various movements of the reas'ning mind,
How ſtrange ideas link, and habits grow,
Paſſion's fierce impulſe, will's free power to ſcan,
To paint the featur'd ſoul, and mark th' internal man.

XIV. Whence

XIV.

Whence theſe ſad ſtrains, ſaid ſhe, of plaintive grief,
Which pierce the ſleep-clos'd ear of peaceful reſt?
Oft has the ſick'ning mind here found relief,
Here quell'd the throbbing tumults of the breaſt:
Lift up thy loaden eyes to yon fair cloud,
Where moon-ſprung [c] *iris* blends her beauteous dyes:
I lift them ſoon, and, as I gazing ſtood,
The fleeting phantom in a moment flies;
Where beam'd the gilded arch of gaudy hue,
Frowns the dark low'ring cloud all gloomy to the view.

XV.

Life's emblem fit, ſaid I, that roſcid bow!
The gay illuſive pageant of an hour
To real ſemblance tricks her airy ſhew,
Then ſinks in night's dull arms, and is no more!
Ah! fool, ſaid ſhe, though now to fancy's ſight
The violet pale, the bluſhing red decays,
Though now no painted cloud reflect the light,
Nor drops priſmatic break the falling rays,
Yet ſtill the colours live, though none appear,
Glow in the darting beam that gilds yon cryſtal ſphere.

XVI.

Then let not *Fancy* with her vagrant blaze
Miſlead in trackleſs paths of wild deceit;
On Reaſon's ſteady lamp ſtill ardent gaze,
Led by her ſober light to Truth's retreat.

[c] A rainbow formed by the rays of the moon at night: an object often viſible, though, from its languid colour, not often obſerved.

Though

Though wand'ring Ign'rance ſees each form decay,
The breathleſs bird, bare trunk, and ſhrivel'd flow'r:
New forms ſucceſſive catch the vital ray,
Sing their wild notes, or ſmile th' alloted hour,
And ſearch creation's ample circuit round,
Though modes of being change, all life's immortal found.

XVII.

See the ſlow reptile grov'ling o'er the green,
That trails through ſlimy paths its cumbrous load,
Start in new beauty from the lowly ſcene,
And wing with flutt'ring pride th' ætherial road;
Burſt their ſhell-priſons, ſee the feather'd kind,
Where in dark durance pent awhile they lie,
Diſpread their painted plumage to the wind,
Bruſh the briſk air, ſwift ſhooting through the ſky,
Hail with their choral hymns the new-born day,
Diſtend their joy-ſwoln breaſts, and carol the ſweet lay.

XVIII.

See man, by varied periods fixt by fate,
Aſcend perfection's ſcale by ſlow degree:
The plant-like fœtus quits its ſenſeleſs ſtate,
And helpleſs hangs ſweet-ſmiling on the knee;
Soon outward objects ſteal into the brain,
Next prattling childhood liſps with mimic air,
Then mem'ry links her fleet ideal train,
And ſober reaſon riſes to compare,
The full-grown breaſt ſome manly paſſion warms,
It pants for glory's meed, or beats to love's alarms.

XIX.

Then ſay, ſince nature's high beheſt appears
That living forms ſhould change of being prove,
In which new joy the novel ſcene endears,
New objects riſe to pleaſe, new wings to move;
Since man too, taught by ſage experience, knows
His frame revolving treads life's varying ſtage,
That the man-plant firſt vegetating grows,
Then ſenſe directs, then reaſon rules in age;
Say, is it ſtrange, ſhould death's all-dreaded hour
Waft to ſome unknown ſcenes, or wake ſome untried power?

XX.

The wiſe Creator wrapt in fleſhly veil
The ray divine, the pure ætherial mate;
Though worn by age the brittle fabric fail,
The ſmiling ſoul ſurvives the frowns of fate:
Each circling year, each quick-revolving day
Touches with mould'ring tooth thy flitting frame,
With furtive flight repairs th' unſeen decay;
For ever changing, yet in change the ſame,
Oft haſt thou dropt unhurt thy mortal part,
Dare the grim terror then, or dread his guiltleſs dart.

XXI.

The twinkling eye, whoſe various-humour'd round
Takes in ſoft net th' inverted form behind,
The liſt'ning ears, that catch the waving ſound,
Are but mere organs of the feeling mind:

External

External matter thus can lend its aid,
And diſtant ſhapes with foreign pow'r ſupply;
Thus the long tube by *Galileo* [d] made
Brings home the wonders of the peopled ſky:
The power percipient then feels no decay,
Though blind the tube, and darkneſs blot the viſual ray.

XXII.

When, lock'd in ſhort ſuſpence by ſleep's ſoft power,
In temporary death the ſenſes lie,
When ſolemn ſilence reigns at midnight hour,
Deaf the dull ear, and clos'd the curtain'd eye;
Objects of ſenſe, each conſcious ſenſe aſleep,
With lively image ſtrike the wakeful ſoul,
Some frowning rock that threats the foaming deep,
Or wood-hung vale, where ſtreams meand'ring roll,
Some long-loſt friend's returning voice you hear,
Claſp the life-pictur'd ſhade, and drop the pleaſing tear.

[d] Galileo was the firſt who made long teleſcopes fit for aſtronomical obſervations. Le Roſſi relates, "that Galileo, being at Venice, was "told of a ſort of optic glaſs made in Holland, which brought objects "nearer: upon which, ſetting himſelf to think how it ſhould be, he "ground two pieces of glaſs into form as well as he could, and fitted "them to the two ends of an organ-pipe, and ſhewed at once all the "wonders of the invention to the Venetian nobleſſe on the top of the "tower of St. Mark. That author adds, that from this time Galileo "devoted himſelf wholly to the improving and perfecting the teleſcope, "which was denominated from thence Galileo's tube." *Chambers's Dictionary.*

XXIII. Each

XXIII.

Each outward organ, as ideas riſe,
Gives eaſy entrance to the motley train;
Reflection calm, with retroſpective eyes,
Surveys her treaſures in the formful brain;
Though Death relentleſs ſhed his baleful dew,
In Lethe dip each form-conveying power,
Unhurt Reflection may her themes purſue,
Smile at the ruin, ſafe amidſt her ſtore;
Without one ſenſe's aid in life's low vale,
Fancy can furniſh joys, and reaſon lift her ſcale.

XXIV.

Thus the lone lover in the penſive ſhade
In day-dreams rapt of ſoft ecſtatic bliſs,
Purſues in thought the viſionary maid,
Feaſts on the fancy'd ſmile, and fancy'd kiſs;
Thus the young poet at the cloſe of day,
Led by the magic of ſome fairy ſong,
Through the dun umbrage winds his heedleſs way,
Nor hears the babbling brook that brawls along:
Thus deathleſs *Newton*, deaf to nature's cries,
Would meaſure *Time* and *Space*, and travel 'round the ſkies.

XXV.

When juſt expiring hangs life's trembling light,
And fell diſeaſe ſtrikes deep the deadly dart,
Reaſon and mem'ry burn with ardour bright,
And gen'rous paſſions warm the throbbing heart;

Oft

Oft will the vig'rous ſoul in life's laſt ſtage
With keeneſt reliſh taſte pure mental joys:
Since the fierce efforts of diſtemper's rage
Nor 'bates her vigour, nor her pow'rs deſtroys,
Say, ſhall her luſtre death itſelf impair,
When in high noon ſhe rides, then ſets in dark deſpair?

XXVI.

Though through the heart no purple tide ſhould flow,
No quiv'ring nerve ſhould vibrate to the brain,
The mental pow'rs no mean dependence know;
Thought may ſurvive, and each fair paſſion reign;
As when *Lucina* ends the pangful ſtrife,
Lifts the young babe, and lights her lambent flame,
Some powers new-waking hail the dawning life,
Some unſuſpended live, unchang'd, the ſame;
So from our duſt freſh faculties may bloom,
Some poſthumous ſurvive, and triumph o'er the tomb.

XXVII.

This fibrous frame by nature's kindly law,
Which gives each joy to keen ſenſation here,
O'er purer ſcenes of bliſs the veil may draw,
And cloud reflection's more exalted ſphere.
When Death's cold hand with all-diſſolving power
Shall the cloſe tie with friendly ſtroke unbind,
Alike our mortal as our natal hour
May to new being raiſe the waking mind:
On death's new genial day the ſoul may riſe,
Born to ſome higher life, and hail ſome brighter ſkies.

XXVIII. The

XXVIII.

The moſs-grown tree, that ſhrinks with rolling years,
The drooping flowers that die ſo ſoon away,
Let not thy heart alarm with boding fears,
Nor thy own ruin date from their decay:
The bluſhing roſe, that breathes the balmy dew,
No pleaſing tranſports of perception knows;
The rev'rend oak, that circling ſprings renew,
Thinks not, nor by long age experienc'd grows:
Thy fate and theirs confeſs no kindred tie:
Though their frail forms may fade, ſhall ſenſe and reaſon [die?

XXIX.

Nor let life's ills, that in dire circle rage,
Steal from thy heaving breaſt thoſe labour'd ſighs;
Theſe, the kind tutors of thy infant age,
Train the young pupil for the future ſkies:
Unſchool'd in early prime, in riper years
Wretched and ſcorn'd ſtill ſtruts the bearded boy:
The tingling rod bedew'd with briny tears
Shoots forth in graceful fruits of manly joy:
The painful cares that vex the toilſome ſpring
Shall plenteous crops of bliſs in life's laſt harveſt bring.

XXX.

She ceas'd, and vaniſh'd into ſightleſs wind—
O'er my torn breaſt alternate paſſions ſway,
Now Doubt deſponding damps the wav'ring mind,
Now Hope reviving ſheds her cheerful ray.

Soon

Soon from the ſkies in heav'nly white array'd,
Faith to my ſight reveal'd, fair Cherub! ſtood,
With life replete the volume ſhe diſplay'd,
Seal'd with the ruddy ſtains of crimſon blood;
Each fear now ſtarts away, as ſpectres fly
When the ſun's orient beam firſt gilds the purple ſky.

XXXI.

Mean while the faithful herald of the day,
The village cock, crows loud with trumpet ſhrill,
The warbling lark ſoars high, and, morning grey,
Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill:
Nature's wild muſic fills the vocal vale;
The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground,
The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
And cavern'd echo, ſwell the cheerful ſound;
Homeward I bend with clear unclouded mind,
Mix with the buſy world, and leave each care behind.

To the MEMORY of a GENTLEMAN[a], Who died on his Travels to Rome.

Written in 1738.

By the Rev. Dr. Shipley (now Biſhop of St. Asaph).

LANGTON, dear partner of my ſoul,
Accept what pious paſſion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory
And grateful love, and impotent regret
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,

[a] George Lewis Langton, Eſq.

Thy

Thy wiſe good-nature, friendſhip delicate
In ſecret converſe, native mirth
And ſprightly fancy, ſweet artificer
Of ſocial pleaſure; nor forgot
The noble thirſt of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far through foreign climes
Inquiſitive: but chief the pleaſant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd ſtream,
Detain'd thee viſiting the laſt remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In ſculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought rapt
Of old renown, thy mind ſurvey'd the ſcenes
Delighted, where the firſt of men
Once dwelt, familiar: Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, beſt philoſopher.
Well did the generous ſearch employ
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, though death
Unſeen oppreſs'd thee, far from home,
A helpleſs ſtranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye, cheer'd thy laſt pangs.
O worthy longeſt days! for thee ſhall flow
The pious ſolitary tear,
And thoughtful friendſhip ſadden o'er thine urn.

Captain THOMAS[a], of BATTEREAU's Regiment, in the Iſle of SKIE, to Captain PRICE, at Fort AUGUSTUS.

—COME, Thomas, give us t'other ſonnet.—
Dear captain, pray reflect upon it.—
Was ever ſo abſurd a thing?
What, at the pole to bid me ſing!
Alas! ſearch all the mountains round,
There's no Thalia to be found;
And Fancy, child of ſouthern ſkies,
Averſe the ſullen region flies.
I ſcribble verſes! why you know
I left the Muſes long ago,
Deſerted all the tuneful band
To right the files, and ſtudy Bland[b].
Indeed in youth's fantaſtic prime
Miſled I wander'd into rhyme,

[a] This military author was once ſtudent of Chriſt Church, Oxford, and a divine. He was mortally wounded and taken priſoner at the firſt attack on Belleiſle, April 8, 1761, being then quartermaſter-general, and lieutenant-colonel of Whitmore's regiment of foot.

[b] Bland's Treatiſe on Military Diſcipline, 8vo.

And

And various ſonnets penn'd in plenty
On every nymph from twelve to twenty;
Compar'd to roſes, pinks and lilies,
The cheeks of Chloe and of Phillis;
With all the cant you find in many
A ſtill-born modern miſcellany.
My lines—how proud was I to ſee 'em
Steal into Dodſley's new Muſeum [c],
Or in a letter fair and clean
Committed to the Magazine!
Our follies change—that whim is o'er—
The bagatelles amuſe no more.
Know by theſe preſents, that in fine
I quit all commerce with the Nine.
Love-ſtrains, and all poetic matters,
Lampoons, epiſtles, odes, and ſatires,
Theſe toys and trifles I diſcard,
And leave the bays to poet Ward [d].
Know, now to politics conſign'd
I give up all the buſy mind;
Curious each pamphlet I peruſe,
And ſip my coffee o'er the news.
But à propos—for laſt Courant,
Pray thank the lady governante.

[c] The Muſeum, or the Literary and Hiſtorical Regiſter, publiſhed by Mr. Dodſley in the years 1746 and 1747, and conſiſting of 3 vols. in 8vo.

[d] An officer of the ſame regiment.

From Aix—pho! what is't—la Chapelle,
Of treaties now the gazettes tell;
A peace unites the jarring powers,
And every trade will thrive, but our's.
Farewell, as wrong'd Othello ſaid,
The plumed troops, and neighing ſteed!
The troops! alas! more havoc there
A peace will make, than all the war.
What crowds of heroes in a day
Reduc'd to ſtarve on half their pay!
From Lowendhall[e] 'twould pity meet,
And Saxe[f] himſelf might weep to ſee't.
Already Fancy's active pow'r
Foreruns the near approaching hour.
Methinks, curs'd chance! the fatal ſtroke
I feel, and ſeem already broke.
The park I ſaunter up and down,
Or ſit upon a bench alone
Penſive and ſad—*le juſte portrait*
D'un pauvre capitaine reformé:
My wig, which ſhunn'd each ruder wind,
Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,

[e] Marſhal Lowendhall, under whoſe direction the ſiege of Bergen-op-Zoom was conducted, in the year 1747.

[f] Maurice count de Saxe, general of the armies of France under Lewis XV. He was the natural ſon of Auguſtus II. king of Poland, and was conſidered as one of the greateſt generals of the preſent age. He died 1750.

Which

Which John was us'd with niceſt art
To comb, and teach the curls to part.
Loſt the belle air and jaunty pride,
Now lank depends on either ſide:
My hat grown white, and ruſted o'er,
Once *bien trouſſé* with *galon d'or*;
My coat diſtain'd with duſt and rain,
And all my figure quite campaign.
Tavern and coffee-houſe unwilling
To give me credit for a ſhilling:
Forbid by every ſcornful belle
The precincts of the gay ruelle.
My vows though breath'd in every ear,
Not e'en a chambermaid will hear:
No ſilver in my purſe to pay
For opera-tickets, or the play:
No meſſage ſent to bid me come
A fortnight after to a drum:
No viſits or receiv'd or pay'd,
No ball, ridotto, maſquerade:
All penſive, heartleſs and chagrine
I ſit, devoted prey to ſpleen;
Shabbily fine with tarniſh'd lace,
And hunger pictur'd in my face.
To you, dear PRICE, indulgent heav'n
A gentler, happier lot has giv'n;
To you has dealt with bounteous hands
Palladian ſeats, and fruitful lands:

Then in my ſorrows have the grace
To take ſome pity on my caſe;
And as you know the times are hard,
Send a ſpruce valet with a card—
Your compliments, and beg I'd dine,
And taſte your mutton and your wine;
You'll find moſt punctual and obſervant,
Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

C. T.

To Mr. JOHN HOADLY, at the TEMPLE, occaſioned by a Tranſlation of an Epiſtle of HORACE. 1730.

By the Rev. Mr. STRAIGHT[a], of Magdalen College, OXFORD.

TIME flies—ſo you and Horace ſing,
From whence you many a moral bring,
To teach us how to ſteer our lives,
T' enjoy our bottles and our wives.

Young

[a] Rector of Findon in Suſſex; a living which was given him by the college to which he belonged; and prebendary of Warminſter, in the cathedral church of Saliſbury, a preferment beſtowed upon him by biſhop Hoadly. "He was," ſays Mr. Duncombe, "ever in a ſtate of "per-

Young man, I well approve your notions,
And wholly am at your devotions.
I hate your four canting raſcals,
That talk of Ember-weeks and Paſcals;
Black villains, who deſire to wean us,
From Bacchus' pleaſures, and from Venus',
To gain themſelves a larger ſhare,
And fob us off with faſt and prayer:
And tell us none to Elyſium go,
Who do not plague themſelves below.
Can mis'ry raiſe the grateful heart,
Or tuneful ſongs of praiſe impart?
The great Creator's work we view,
And trace it out by Wiſdom's clue;
Nothing is *good* but what is *true*.
With cautious and with thankful eye
We ſcan the great variety:
Each *good* within our reach we taſte,
And call our neighbour to the feaſt.
Our ſouls do generouſly diſown
All pleaſure that's confin'd to one;

" perſecution, as it were, for his extraordinary parts and eccentric good " ſenſe; by which he got rid of his enthuſiaſtic father's prejudices (in " which he was educated) in favour of the French prophets, by whom " he was eaten up and betrayed." He left a widow and ſix children in embarraſſed circumſtances, owing to loſſes which he ſuſtained by engaging in the buſineſs of a farmer. After his death, two volumes of Select Diſcourſes were publiſhed for the benefit of his family.

The only rational employment
Is, to receive and give enjoyment:
To every pleaſure we attend,
Not to enjoy is to offend.
But ſtill, amidſt the various crowd
Of *goods*, that call with voices loud
Our nat'ral genius, education,
Parents, companions, or our ſtation,
Direct us to ſome *ſingle choice*,
In which we chiefly muſt rejoice.
Pleaſures are ladies—ſome we court
To paſs away an hour in ſport:
We like them all for this or that,
For ſilence ſome, and ſome for chat;
For every one, as Cowley ſings,
Or arrows yields, or bows, or ſtrings.
But, after all this rambling life,
Each man muſt have his proper *wife*.
You know my meaning—ſome *one good*,
Felt, heard, or ſeen, or underſtood,
Will captivate the heart's affection,
And bring the reſt into ſubjection.
Pray mind the tenor of my ſong;
It holds together, though 'tis long.
You've made an early choice, and wiſe one;
The beſt I know within th' horizon.
My lady *Law* is rich and handſome:
May ſhe be worth you a king's ranſom!

But I muſt tell you, (you'll excuſe
My friendly, though plain-dealing Muſe)
In her own hands is all her dower;
There's not a groat within your power;
And yet you're whoring with *the Nine*;
With them you breakfaſt, ſup, and dine,
With them you ſpend your days and nights—
Is't fitting ſhe ſhould bear ſuch flights?
Beggarly, ballad-ſinging carrions,
Can they advance you to the barons?
You've made me too an old Tom Dingle,
And I, forſooth, muſt try to jingle.
Your lady would not do you wrong;
She owns you're tender yet, and young—
She'd wink at now and then a ſong:
But ſtill expects to ſhare the time,
Which now is all beſtow'd on rhyme.
Read in the morning Hobbes *de Homine*,
At noon, e'en ſport with your Melpomene.
Youngſter, I've ſomething more to ſay,
To wean you from this itch of play.
In his *Offieiis* old Marc Tully,
'Mongſt certain points he handles fully
(A book I ever muſt delight in
Far beyond all that ſince is written!)—
He tells us there, our parents' praiſe
Their childrens' virtue ought to raiſe:

Their

Their worth and praiſe ſhould prick us on
To labour after like renown.
Who but thy father has been able,
Since Hercules, to cleanſe a ſtable?
About his ears how ſtrange a rattle!
Who ever ſtood ſo tough a battle?
H' has tam'd the moſt unruly cattle.—
Juſt two ſuch jobbs as yet remain
To be diſpatch'd by you and Ben[b].
Your father with Herculean club
The tyrants of our ſouls did drub;
Ben for our bodies, you our chattels;
Muſt undertake the ſelf-ſame battles.
The world on you have fix'd their eyes,
'Tis you muſt quell theſe tyrannies:
So ſhall ſome title, now unknown,
Bangorian-like your labours crown.
Raviſh'd, methinks, in thought I ſee
The *univerſal liberty*.
But after all, I know what's in you:
You'll do't, a thouſand to one guinea.
Time flies—the work and pleaſure's great:
Begin, before it grows too late.
Where the *plays* ſtand, the *ſtatutes* lodge;
And dance not, 'till you dance a judge[c];

[b] Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, the phyſician.

[c] Alluding to the cuſtom, now aboliſhed, of a new-made judge's daneing in the hall of the ſociety to which he belonged with the oldeſt and graveſt members of it.

Then,

Then, though you are not half ſo taper,
My Lord, you'll cut a higher caper.

To the Rev. Mr. J. STRAIGHT.

By J. HOADLY.

SIR,

PROMISES are different caſes
At various times, in various places.
In crowded ſtreet of Arlington [a],
Where ſlaves of hope to levées run,
A promiſe ſignifies no more,
Than in the chamber of a whore.
And when the good deceiv'd Sir *Francis*
With *madam* up from Yorkſhire dances,
To claim the great man's promiſe given
Some ſix years ſince, or (ſome ſay) ſeven;
No one can blame that curious writer,
That ſays, they'll both return the lighter.
But can we hence affirm that no miſs
Of all the ſex can keep a promiſe?
Or ſay, from what our courtier ſpeaks,
That all men's faiths are paper-cakes?

[a] Where Sir Robert Walpole then reſided.

That

That courts make rogues is my belief,
As 'tis the mill that makes the thief.
But 'cauſe one limb is none o' th' beſt,
Shall I for that cut off the reſt?
Sure it may be with ſafety ſaid,
A parſon's promiſe, duly made
Beneath a prelate's holy roof,
Muſt ſtand 'gainſt all aſſaults a proof.
Yet he, who thinks the church unſhaken,
May find himſelf in time miſtaken.
I know the man, and grieve to ſay't,
Who ſo did fail—and that was STRAIGHT.
And can we then no more depend on
Our good forgetful friend at Findon,
Than on a courtier promiſeful,
Or a whore's oath to cheat her cull?
Can STRAIGHT no better promiſe keep?
If that were true—I e'en ſhould weep.
In Sarum's town when laſt we met,
I told you 'mongſt much other prate,
That my deſign was to withdraw,
And leave the craggy paths of *law*:
And as the ſkilful pilot ſteers
Wide of the dreadful rocks he fears,
And in the ſafer ocean rides,
Nor fears his veſſel's bulging ſides,
So I from Coke's and Croke's reports,
And ſpecial pleadings of the courts,

Had veer'd about to bury dead,
And 'gainſt a pulpit run my head.
Didſt thou not promiſe then and there,
(But promiſes are china-ware)
Didſt thou not promiſe, as I ſpoke,
That you'd ere long your Muſe invoke,
And cloath'd in ſtrong harmonious line,
Send counſel to the young divine?
Where of thy word then is the troth,
Which I thought good as any oath?
Or where that ſtrong harmonious line,
Bleſs'd by each ſiſter of the Nine?
That whore we ſpeak of i' th' beginning,
Hath ſome excuſe to make for ſinning:
Her tongue and tail are taught deceit
From her not knowing where to eat.
The courtier too hath ſome excuſe
To think word-breaking ſmall abuſe:
And 'midſt the hurry, noiſe, and buſtle,
Of crowds, that at his levée joſtle,
No man can be in ſuch a taking
To ſee a little promiſe-breaking.
But what indulgence, what excuſe,
Can plead for thee, or for thy Muſe?
For thee, on whom the ſiſters wait,
Pleas'd with the taſk impos'd by STRAIGHT;
Whom at his chriſt'ning they did dip
O'er head and ears in [illegible]nip;

For thee, at mention of whoſe ſtraiit
Their winged courſer courts the rein,
Bounds e'en through Suſſex-roads along,
Proud of the burthen of thy ſong?

ANSWER to the foregoing, 1731.

By J. STRAIGHT.

—MY deareſt boy,
Apollo's and the Prelate's joy;
Your ſharp rebuke came ſafe to hand,
And ſpeedy anſwer does demand.
You charge me home—our conſcious Muſe
Would fain ſay ſomething in excuſe.
The promiſe made muſt be confeſs'd,
But here, Sir—*diſtinguendum eſt.*
A promiſe *broke*, and one *delay'd*,
Differ as much as light and ſhade.
By this diſtinction all your whores
And courtiers I turn out of doors,
And, by induction logical,
Prove, they affect not me at all.
But if my logic be not good,
I'll prove it from the word of God,
Which ſerves to clear all ſorts of caſes,
And wears a maſquerade of faces.

When bloody-minded Jephtha ſwore,
If he return'd a conqueror,
He'd offer up in ſacrifice
What from his houſe firſt met his eyes;
And when his girl and only child
Haſten'd to welcome from the field
With pious joy her proſp'rous ſire,
Gaily dancing to the lyre;
The holy butcher underſtood
His promiſe's performance good,
Though for a year the virgin ſtray'd,
And wept her unloſt maidenhead.

Thus, Sir, you ſee we men of letters
Can, like Jack Shepherd, cut our fetters;
When pinch'd, we file ſcholaſtic ſaw,
And iron is no more than ſtraw:
The man is thought to have no brains
Who can't break looſe, or bind in chains.
Your *Sykes's*[a] and your *Waterlands*
Have nothing elſe upon their hands:
They ſtand prepar'd with double tackle
To fix or to remove the ſhackle.

But, my dear boy, we'll only tye
The ſilken bands of amity;
Or ſuch as hock-tide boys and miſſes
With laughter bind, and harmleſs kiſſes;

[a] Dr. Anthony Aſhley Sykes, and Dr. Daniel Waterland, two celebrated polemical writers.

Indulge

Indulge the free poetic meaſure,
And mimic diſcord for more pleaſure.
But after all theſe long preambles,
In which our nag, at beſt, but ambles;
After our plea of mere delay,
'Tis fit we think our debt to pay.
Soon then as buſineſs will permit,
We'll ſend you up another ſheet,
Full fraught with our moſt learn'd advice,
In which we muſt be ſomewhat nice;
We'll rouſe our thoughts, and take due time,
And trifle not in doggrel rhyme;
But boldly whip the winged ſteed,
And raiſe him to a nobler ſpeed.

Quod dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?

BY THE SAME.

ADAM alone could not be eaſy,
So he muſt have a wife, an't pleaſe ye:
But how did he procure this wife,
To chear his ſolitary life?
Why, from a rib ta'en out his ſide
Was form'd this neceſſary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
Pho! he ſlept ſweetly all the while.

But

But when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's ſide,
How then, I pray you, did it anſwer?
He never ſlept ſo ſweet again, Sir.

CUPID AND CHLOE.

By the Same.

TO deck her boſom, Chloe choſe,
Before all flow'rs, the bluſhing roſe:
It made her breaſts more lively ſhew,
And added whiteneſs to their ſnow.
The tender nymph, herſelf a bud,
So much already underſtood.
But once, bleſs'd hour! ſhe went to ſee
The produce of the favourite tree.
A large and tempting roſe ſhe found,
Which ſpread its perfumes all around.
It ſeem'd to court the virgin's hand,
The virgin did not long withſtand.
She pluck'd—but O! a ſudden pain
Made her releaſe the ſtalk again.
The wound appear'd, her finger bled,
And ſtain'd the roſe with guilty red.
The nymph, with pain and anger mov'd,
Began to hate what once ſhe lov'd;

She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, and ſtampt, and ſwore
She'd touch the odious tree no more.
When forth a little Cupid came,
T' appeaſe the crying angry dame.
The angry nymph the God perceives
Struggling through th' intangling leaves:
When from his fragrant ambuſcade
He thus accoſts the weeping maid:
Ceaſe, Chloe, ceaſe; and do not cry,
Nor blame the harmleſs tree—'twas I.
'Twas I; that caus'd the little pain,
And I—will make it well again.
My mother bade me do't; and ſaid,
This herb would eaſe the ſuff'ring maid.
Let it but to the place be bound,
'Twill ſtop the blood, and heal the wound.
But, Chloe, if ſo ſmall a dart,
And in the finger, gives ſuch ſmart,
What, madam—if I'd pierc'd your heart?
Ceaſe then to ſcorn my pow'r; and know,
By what I've done, what I can do.
Here he aſſum'd an aweful look;
He nodded thrice, his locks he ſhook;
And mimic'd Jove in all he ſpoke.
With ſtrenuous arm he twang'd his bow,
He ſhew'd her all his quiver too:
This, ſays the God,—and this, the dart,
That wounded ſuch and ſuch a heart.

The

The virgin ſaw, admir'd, believ'd,
And bow'd—the God with ſmiles receiv'd
The adoration which ſhe pay'd,
And wav'd his purple wings, and left the wond'ring maid.
My Chloe ſtill can ſhew the ſcar,
And boaſts the God's peculiar care.
She loves, and is belov'd again,
Secure of pleaſure, free from pain.
I've ſeen the roſe adorn'd with blood,
Which from my Chloe's finger flow'd;
I've ſeen the ſprig where Cupid ſtood.
I ſaw his little fragrant neſt—
And Chloe told me all the reſt.

THE POET TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

BY THE SAME.

WONDER not, faithleſs woman, if you ſee,
Yourſelf ſo chang'd, ſo great a change in me.
With ſhame I own it, I was once your ſlave,
Ador'd myſelf the beauties which I gave;
For know, deceiv'd deceitful, that 'twas I
Gave thy form grace, and luſtre to thine eye:
Thy tongue, thy fingers, I their magic taught,
And ſpread the net in which myſelf was caught.

So pagan prieſts firſt form and dreſs the wood,
Then proſtrate fall before the ſenſeleſs God.
But now, curſt woman, thy laſt ſentence hear:
I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it diſappear.
I'll ſtrip thee of thy borrow'd plumes; undreſs,
And ſhew thee in thy native uglineſs.
Thoſe eyes have ſhone by me, by me that chin
The ſeat of wanton Cupids long has been:
Ye fires, go out—ye wanton Cupids, fly——
Of every beam diſarm her haggard eye:
'Tis I recall ye; my known voice obey—
And nought of beauty but the falſhood ſtay.

On Mr. * * * *, Schoolmaster at * * *.

By the same.

BEHOLD the lordly pedant in his ſchool,
How ſtern his brow, how abſolute his rule!
The trembling boys ſtart at his aweful nod;
Jove's ſcepter is leſs dreaded than his rod.
See him at home before the ſovereign dame,
How fawning, how obſequious, and how tame!
Proſper, bright Amazon, to thee 'tis given,
Like Juno, to rule him who rules the heaven.

KAMBRO.

KAMBROMYOMAXIA:

OR THE

MOUSE-TRAP:

BEING A TRANSLATION OF

MR. HOLDSWORTH'S [a] MUSCIPULA, 1737.

BY DR. JOHN HOADLY[b].

THE *Mountain-Briton*, firſt of men who fram'd
Bonds for the Mouſe, firſt who the tiny thief
In priſon clos'd vexatious—fatal wiles,
And death inextricate—ſing, heav'nly Muſe.

[a] Of this tranſlation Mr. Holdſworth declared his entire approbation in a letter, by giving it this ſhort character, that it was *exceedingly well done*. See preface to a diſſertation upon eight verſes in the ſecond book of Virgil's Georgics. 1749.

[b] Dr. John Hoadly, youngeſt ſon of the Biſhop of Winchester. He was born October 8, 1711; and, being intended for the ſtudy of the law, entered himſelf of the Temple, where he ſtaid but a ſhort time. From thence he went to Benet College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of LL.B. in the year 1735. About the ſame time he was ordained by his father, and was ſucceſſively preſented to ſeveral valuable preferments, ſome of which he held at the time of his death. In 1747, he was honoured with the degree of LL.D. by Archbiſhop Herring, being the firſt degree conferred by that prelate. He died March 11, 1776.

Thou, PHOEBUS, (for to Mice thyſelf waſt erſt
A foe, in antique lore thence SMINTHEUS [c] call'd)
Inſpire the Song; and 'mongſt the Cambrian Hills
Thy Pindus chooſing, ſmile upon the Muſe,
Whom lowly themes and humble verſe delight.
The Mouſe, an hoſtile Animal, enur'd
To live by rapine, now long time had rov'd
Where'er his luſt innate of ſpoil led on;
And unaveng'd his wicked craft purſu'd;
Long fearleſs, unaveng'd.—All things on earth
Felt his fell tooth, while ſafe in nimble ſpeed
Evaſive, he in every dainty diſh
His revels held ſecure. Nought was untouch'd,
But every feaſt wail'd the domeſtic foe,
A conſtant gueſt unbidden. Nor ſtrong walls
His thefts obſtruct, nor maſſy bars avail,
Nor doors robuſt, to ſave the luſcious cates:
Through walls, and bars, and doors, he eats his way
Contemptuous, and regales with unbought fare.
Thus wail'd the helpleſs world the general foe,
But Cambria moſt; for Cambria's od'rous ſtores
Moſt ſtimulate the curious taſte of Mouſe:
Not with a taſte content, or lambent kiſs,

[c] A title of APOLLO, given him for freeing Smintha, a colony of the Cretans near the Helleſpont, from Mice, which much infeſted them. OVID MET. xii. 585. A σμίνθα quæ Cretenſium linguâ murem domeſticum ſign. AINSWORTH.

(The

(The fate of common cheeſe), he undermines
And hollows with reiterated tooth
Eatable Palaces.
The Nation ſaw,
And rag'd—Revenge and grief diſtract their minds—
What ſhould they do? They foam, they gnaſh their teeth,
And o'er their pendent rocks in fury rove,
Reſtleſs with rage—for Nature prone to rage
The Cambrians form'd, and bade their fiery breaſts
Burſt into ſudden flame—that men would deem
Their ſouls were with their fingers ſulphur-ting'd.
It is decreed—Rage prompts them to revenge
Unſated but with blood.—Yet by what means,
What art, the cautious felon to enſnare,
They doubt; for, Cambria, thy Grimalkin race
Nor to the houſe defence, nor in diſtreſs
So imminent, could aught of ſuccour bring.
Oft had the Cat plac'd at the cavern's mouth
The various ambuſcade; as oft with paw
Soft-ſilent creeping, near the hollow cell
Kept wary watch—In vain—The little Mouſe
In little bulk ſecure, (advantage great
Over a Giant Foe!) if chance he ſpy
Her watching at his door intent on prey,
Inward he flies, his ſerpentine receſs
Purſues, and caves impervious to Cat:
Nor dares again thruſt out his head in air,
Nor form new ſallies, 'till the ſiege be rais'd,

And danger with the watchful foe withdrawn,
The Cambrians thus (if Cambrians with the Mouſe
We may compare), when Roman JULIUS ſought
To join the Britons to the world ſubdu'd,
Eluded his vain toil.—To their retreat
At once a nation vaniſh'd; in their rocks,
Rampires impregnable, lay obſcur'd
Mid circling ruin; and of conqueſt though
Deſpairing, to be conquerable ſcorn'd.
Their long, unbroken lineage hence they boaſt,
Their country unſubdued, and ancient tongue.
Thus did the Mouſe, by cuſtom tutor'd, oft
Evade the hoſtile paw; nor Cambria's ſons
Had hope from their confederate of the war:
When ſtrait, on th' utmoſt frontiers of their Land,
Where now Menevia the ſhrunk honours mourns
Of her divided mitre, of whoſe walls
Half-buried but an empty name remains,
Behold a Council ſummon'd. From each ſide
See Nobles, Fathers, and the vulgar throng
Of ſtench ſulphureous, mix.
An ancient ſage,
Whoſe length of beard oft from his native hills
The goat with envy ey'd; his hands, his face
With ſcurf of ancient growth encruſted o'er;
Broken with years, againſt a poſt reclin'd,
(By Cambrian backs ſtill ſhaken) in the midſt
Stood viſible to all, and with deep tone

Theſe

Theſe words precipitating, gutt'ral ſpake:
" Of open war we treat not, but ſly theft—
" No foreign foe, but a too inmate gueſt
" (That heavier evil) ſummons us to meet.
" Still ſhall the bold inſulter lord it thus,
" The tyrant Mouſe? Rouſe, aweful Fathers, rouſe;
" Ye, to whoſe breaſts your country's good is dear;
" By counſel end theſe horrors; and if aught
" Of hope remain, now lend propitious aid:
" So ſhall your glory grow, your names be known
" Immortal as CADWALADER's in fame."
He ſpake, and ſtrait the fragments, mouldy ſcraps,
Reliques of rapine, monuments of theft,
High in their ſight uprearing, rous'd their rage.
Now thirſt of dire revenge, now luſt of fame
Burns emulous, and fires each Patriot breaſt;
Each meditates to Mouſe unheard-of fate,
And every brain is hamm'ring on a TRAP.
But one 'bove all by th' honour-added name
Of TAFFY fam'd, far more for wit renown'd:
Cambria ne'er bred his peer, whether at forge,
Or council; Senator and Blackſmith He.
Thus 'gan the Sage—" Should Cheeſe, our Nation's boaſt,
" In Cambria be extinct, I fear our hinds
" Would mourn their whole meals ſunk, and Nobles grieve
" The honours loſt, that crown'd the ſecond courſe.
" Since then our Cambria's courage, nor her Cats
" Againſt the monſters can prevail, we'll try

" If

" If this mechanic hand, if craft, deceit,
" Can aught advantage: *in a foe none aſks*
" *If force prevail, or fraud.*"
Strait at this boaſt,
All fix on TAFFY their expecting eyes,
All in glad murmurs ſpeak their promis'd joy,
Wait whence the bliſs; queſtion, and burn to know.
Scratching his head, (as Britiſh heads demand,)
He ghaſtly ſmil'd, and ſtrait with freer air
Proceeded thus—" When wearied, at the cloſe
" Of yeſter ſun I gave my limbs to reſt,
" And ſlumber deep my eyes had quench'd; a Mouſe
" Bold, and purſuing, as I gueſs, the trail,
" Which unconcocted Cheeſe recent exhal'd
" From out my viſcous jaws, ſtole down my mouth
" Then diſcontinuous; and reaching now
" My very entrails, ſtrait their crude contents
" 'Gan gnaw, and through my throat, ill-fortified,
" My yeſter's meal, alas! triumphant drags.
" When ſudden rous'd from ſleep, in his retreat
" I 'twixt my teeth the felon ſnapp'd, bound
" Vainly rebellious in the biting chain.
" Inſtructed thus that Mouſe might be enthrall'd,
" New viſionary priſon-houſes riſe
" In my revolving mind, and ſuch reſtraints,
" As the late captive of my jaws ſuggeſts.
" By what myſterious laws the hand of JOVE
" Moves ſublunary things! By what hid rules

" The chain of cauſes acts! the Mouſe himſelf
" To us involuntary ſuccour brings,
" And for the wounds he gave himſelf preſcribes.
" Bluſh not by ſuch a maſter to improve;
" *From foes to learn, honour nor right forbids.*"

Theſe ſaid, homeward he hies. Th' applauding throng
Accompany his route, and to his toil
Propitious omens beg. Each to his houſe
Bends his ſwift courſe; each to his *Lares* flies,
Glad harbinger of this expected birth
From TAFFY's brain: and whilſt they tell the tale,
Whilſt to the Gods for glad event they bend
Of the great enterprize, the Mouſing Kind
(Prophetic inſtinct!) ſhew unwonted joy
Gameſome; and (if we credit Fame) beneath
The matron's hand dances the embryo cheeſe.

TAFFY mean while with head, and hand, and heart,
Plies his great work, with PALLAS' *aid divine*
The MOUSE-TRAP *builds*. A wonderful machine
Now ſtood confeſs'd: and form till then unknown
The Tragi-comic edifice indu'd.

Now ſmile, ſweet Muſe, and to our ſight diſcloſe
The infant fabric; each particular
Dilate, and join them in the finiſh'd pile.

Of oblong form twin planks of wood compoſe
The baſe and roof; a wiry paliſade
Fences each ſide, on whoſe ſmall columns rais'd
The fabric ſtands: th' inſidious gate invites

With friendly-ſeeming welcome; but on high,
Depending from a ſlender thread, the vaſt
Portcullis threats, to thoughtleſs Mice ſure death.
(Such is the thread of life, ſpun by the FATES
To Mouſe and Man—All on a thread depends.)
Amidſt the level roof ſhoots up a maſt
Erect, in whoſe cleft head a ſlender beam
Tranſverſe inſerted plays, and on each ſide
Extends its poiſed arms: whoſe one extreme
Depreſs'd, one equally the pendent door
Exalts. Within, let through a ſlender bore,
A wire depends that fluctuates with a touch;
The lower part is cramp'd into a hook,
Tenacious of the bait; while th' upper gripes
Th' extremeſt handle of th' treach'rous beam.
But ſoon as e'er it feels the foe to 've touch'd
The fatal food, the looſen'd portal ſtrait
Lets fall, and ſpeaks the firſt attack reveng'd.

Things thus diſpos'd, inſtant the pendent hook
TAFFY with treaſon cloaths, and turns to death.
The very food of Mouſe: but, that his cheeſe
More fragrant may from far the Foe invite;
Toaſts the fell bait, and ſtrengthens the perfume.
And now appear'd the memorable night,
When on his bed TAFFY his limbs fatigu'd
Repoſing, near his pillow's downy ſide
His Minion MOUSE-TRAP ſet, and all-ſecure
I' th' faithful centry, ſlumber ſweet indulg'd.

The frolic Mice (a tribe audacious they),
Safe in the covert of the ſilent night,
Now ſport abroad: when one, a leader Mouſe,
Of noſe ſagacious, born the Gods his foes,
The hoſtile ambuſh ſeeks, led by the ſcent
Of toaſted cheeſe delicious. The Grate reſiſts
His ſwift career, and entrance firſt denies—
But he, to ſuffer ſuch ſevere repulſe
Indignant, round the wiry fortreſs ſcours.
And criſps his noſe, and with ſagacious beard
A paſs explores; and enter'd now the lines,
Impaſſable again, of all his wiſh
At length poſſeſs'd, the deadly bait ſecures,
Feaſts on his ruin, and enjoys his fate.
TAFFY, whom ſtrait the pendulous door ſcarce dropp'd,
With ſudden clap had wak'd, you might behold
Now on his elbow propp'd, now from his bed
Skipping triumphant, fir'd with thirſt to know
What new-come gueſt. *The Mouſe ridiculous*
Rages within, batters with front and foot,
Proves with his head each wiſy interval,
And wears with raging tooth his iron hold.
Driv'n to the toils ſo raves the Marſian boar
Horrid, and ſhakes his waving bonds, the ſport
Of circling dogs; he flings about his foam,
And on his front erect the briſtles ſtare.
The morrow came, and from her rocky heights,
Precipitant, whole Cambria pours: for ſtrait

In

In every ear the novel tale was rife—
Nor wonder, for the Aſs, his ſolemn wont
Relax'd, nor mindful of his late ſlow pace,
The mountain climbs more wanton than the kid:
Thence with ſonorous din from ruſty throat,
(The Cambrian Herald ſimulating,) thrice
Thee, TAFFY, bray'd; thrice told the public joy.
Nor leſs the Owl; (from that great Æra term'd
Cambria's Embaſſador:) for through her towns,
And utmoſt limits wand'ring wild that night,
She ſcratch'd the windows with her ominous beak,
Grating harſh diſſonance, and ſung in ſhrieks
The inſtant fate of Mouſe. The lab'ring rocks
Bring forth, and Pembroke's, and Mervinia's ſons
In ſwarms condens'd ruſh down; and whom the walls
Of Bonium hold, and Maridunum fam'd
For their prophetic bard, MERLIN; and whom
Fruitful Glamorgan feeds, and he that drinks
Of Vaga's ſtream, with the rough hardy clown
Montgomery manures.—Then TAFFY, 'midſt
The crowded ring, his raging prey inſults;
" Vain are thy efforts—fix'd thy doom of death.
" On this my altar the firſt victim thou,
" To dye with memorable blood the frame.
" No hope remains: thy flight theſe wiry poſts
" Inexorable bar—Dread, wicked wight,
" The fate thy merits aſk; for theſe thy bonds
" Thou quit'ſt not but with life."

The

The fatal words
Scarce had he ſpoke, when from the ſunny thatch,
(Her wonted haunt, when with extended limbs
She baſks luxurious, winking in ſoft eaſe,)
Down leap'd the playful Cat.—Her ſwift approach
The captive eyes, and pricks his ears, and ſtiff
Briſtles his gibbous back, nor dares attempt
The portal now up-drawn; but his ſole hope
Of freedom only in his priſon fix'd,
With hooked talons graſps his bonds, and hangs
Tenacious by his feet—At length he drops
Out-ſhaken: inſtant to her prey the Cat
Flies rapid, and with rude embrace enfolds,
And ſavage kiſſes on her ſtruggling foe
(Vain efforts!) cruelly imprints. No pauſe
Her rage admits; her ſinuous-twirling tail
Denotes the Victor's joy; her body moves
Agil in wanton frolics, watching now
Prone on the earth intent the deſtin'd Mouſe;
His neck now lightly pats with hurtleſs paw,
Diſſembling love; but ruminates the while
To tear him limb from limb. The Mouſer thus,
Witty in tyranny, with various art
Wanton barbarity enjoys: but now,
Tir'd with the ſportive mockery, no more
Conceals her rage, but o'er the trembling prey
Like the ſtarv'd lion hangs, and growling tears
His gory entrails, and convulſive limbs.

The

The circling croud, ſoon as his hated blood
Sprinkled they ſpy, fill with glad ſhouts the air;
And Echo, tenant of the Cambrian hills,
Their clam'rous joy repeats; Plinlimmon's height,
And Brechin with the loftier Snowdon join:
To nei[illegible]ng ſtars the loud acclaim aſcends,
And Offa's [illegible]llows to the din.
Taffy, [illegible]ve—Ev'n to this day
Thy gift the Cambrian celebrates; and Thee
Commemorates each circling year. The land
Grateful, its native honours to maintain,
Each joyful head crowns redolent with Leek.

VERSES UNDER THE PRINTS OF MR. HOGARTH's RAKE's PROGRESS. 1735.

BY THE SAME.

PLATE I. SCENE, *The room of the miſerly father.*

O Vanity of Age! untoward,
Ever ſpleeny, ever froward!
Why thoſe bolts, and maſſy chains,
Squint ſuſpicions, jealous pains?
Why, thy toilſome journey o'er,
Lay'ſt thou in an uſeleſs ſtore?

Hope along with *Time* is flown,
Nor canſt thou reap the field thou'ſt ſown.
Haſt thou a ſon?—In time be wiſe.
He views thy toil with other eyes.—
Needs muſt thy kind, paternal care,
Lock'd in thy cheſts, be buried there;
Whence then ſhall flow that friendly eaſe,
That ſocial converſe, home-felt peace,
Familiar duty without dread,
Inſtruction from example bred,
Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
And with *the Father* mix *the Friend?*
Uncircumſcrib'd by prudent rules,
Or precepts of expenſive ſchools;
Abus'd at home, abroad deſpis'd,
Unbred, unletter'd, unadvis'd;
The headſtrong courſe of youth begun,
What comfort from this darling ſon?

PLATE II. *The rake's levee.*

PROSPERITY (with harlot's ſmiles,
Moſt pleaſing when ſhe moſt beguiles,)
How ſoon, ſweet foe, can all thy train
Of falſe, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind;

Load *Faith* and *Love* with golden chain,
And ſprinkle Lethe o'er the brain!
PLEASURE, in her ſilver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
Venus comes with her along,
And ſmooth *Lyæus* ever young:
And in their train, to fill the preſs,
Come apiſh *Dance*, and ſwol'n *Exceſs*,
Mechanic *Honour*, vicious *Taſte*,
And *Faſhion* in her changing veſt.

PLATE III. *A brothel.*

O vanity of youthful blood,
So by miſuſe to poiſon *Good!*
Woman, fram'd for ſocial love,
Faireſt gift of pow'rs above;
Source of every houſhold bleſſing,
All charms in innocence poſſeſſing—
But turn'd to vice all plagues above,
Foe to thy being, foe to Love!
Gueſt divine to outward viewing,
Ablér miniſtèr of ruin!
And thou no leſs of gift divine,
Sweet Poiſon of miſuſed WINE[d]!
With freedom led to every part,
And ſecret chamber of the heart;

[d] Milton.

Dof

Doſt thou thy friendly hoſt betray,
And ſhew thy riotous gang the way
To enter in with covert treaſon,
O'erthrow the drowſy guard of reaſon,
To ranſack the abandon'd place,
And revel there with wild exceſs?

PLATE IV. *St. James's-ſtreet, where the rake is arreſted.*

O vanity of youthful blood,
So by miſuſe to poiſon *Good!*
Reaſon awakes, and views unbarr'd
The ſacred gates he watch'd to guard;
Approaching ſees the harpy, *Law*,
And *Poverty*, with icy paw,
Ready to ſeize the poor remains
That Vice hath left of all his gains.
Cold *Penitence*, lame *After-thought*,
With fears, deſpair, and horrors fraught,
Call back his guilty pleaſures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd.

PLATE V. *Marybone church, where he marries a rich old woman.*

New to the ſchool of hard *Miſhap*,
Driv'n from the eaſe of Fortune's lap,
What ſhames will Nature not embrace
T' avoid leſs ſhame of drear diſtreſs!

GOLD can the charms of youth beſtow,
And maſk deformity with ſhew:
GOLD can avert the ſting of *Shame*,
In Winter's arms create a flame;
Can couple youth with hoary age,
And make antipathies engage.

PLATE VI. *A gaming-houſe.*

GOLD, thou bright ſon of Phœbus, ſource
Of univerſal intercourſe;
Of weeping Virtue ſoft redreſs,
And bleſſing thoſe who live to bleſs!
Yet oft behold this ſacred *truſt*,
The tool of avaricious luſt:
No longer bond of humankind,
But bane of every virtuous mind.
What Chaos ſuch miſuſe attends!
Friendſhip ſtoops to prey on friends;
Health, that gives reliſh to delight,
Is waſted with the waſting night;
Doubt and miſtruſt is thrown on HEAVEN,
And all its power to *Chance* is given.
Sad purchaſe of repentant tears,
Of needleſs quarrels, endleſs fears,
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!
Sad purchaſe of a *tortur'd mind*
To an *impriſon'd body* join'd!

PLATE VII. *A priſon.*

Happy the man, whoſe conſtant thought
(Though in the ſchool of *hardſhip* taught,)
Can ſend *Remembrance* back, to fetch
Treaſures from life's earlieſt ſtretch;
Who, ſelf-approving, can review
Scenes of paſt virtues, which ſhine through
The gloom of age, and caſt a ray
To gild the evening of his day!
Not ſo the *guilty wretch* confin'd;
No pleaſures meet his conſcious mind;
No bleſſings brought from early youth,
But broken faith, and wreſted truth,
Talents idle and unus'd,
And every truſt of heav'n abus'd.
In ſeas of ſad reflection loſt,
From horrors ſtill to horrors toſs'd,
Reaſon the veſſel leaves to ſteer,
And gives the helm to mad DESPAIR.

PLATE VIII. *Bethle'm.*

MADNESS! thou Chaos of the brain;
What art, that pleaſure giv'ſt and pain?
Tyranny of Fancy's reign!

Mechanic *Fancy!* that can build
Vaſt labyrinths and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, ſhapeleſs meaſure,
Fill'd with *Horror*, fill'd with *Pleaſure!*
Shapes of *Horror*, that would even
Caſt doubt of mercy upon heaven!
Shapes of *Pleaſure*, that but ſeen
Would ſplit the ſhaking ſides of *Spleen!*
O vanity of AGE! here ſee
The ſtamp of heav'n effac'd by thee!
The headſtrong courſe of youth thus run,
What comfort from this darling ſon?
His rattling chains with terror hear;
Behold death grappling with deſpair;
See him by thee to ruin ſold,
And curſe *thyſelf*, and curſe thy GOLD.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF TWO YOUNG LADIES. 1730.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL, beauteous pair, whom Friendſhip binds
In ſofteſt, yet in ſtrongeſt ties,
Soft as the temper of your minds,
Strong as the luſtre of your eyes!

So

So Venus' doves in couples fly,
And friendly ſteer their equal courſe;
Whoſe feathers Cupid's ſhafts ſupply,
And wing them with reſiſtleſs force.

Thus as you move, Love's tender flame,
Like that of Friendſhip, paler burns;
Both our divided paſſion claim,
And friends and rivals prove by turns.

Then eaſe yourſelves, and bleſs mankind,
Friendſhip ſo curſt no more purſue:
In wedlock's roſy bow'r you'll find
The joys of Love and Friendſhip too.

CHLOE's UNKNOWN LIKENESS. 1738.

BY THE SAME.

I.

IN ſhape, in air, in face and voice,
The very ape of Chloe!
Since I have fix'd for life my choice,
'Tis well I do not know you.

II.

Yet witneſs, Love, I own the power
Of this *ideal* maid:
So much my Chloe I adore,
I bow me to her *ſhade*.

III.

If idol-worſhip be a fault,
Have mercy, Love, on me—
Chloe's the goddeſs of my thought,
Though Celia bows my knee.

IV.

Though the mock-ſun amuſe the ſight,
And more demand the view;
We *wonder* at the *mimic* light,
But only *feel* the *true*.

V.

Forgive me, fair reflected ſhade,
That I ſuppreſs this flame:
Who can purſue th' ideal maid,
Bleſs'd in the real dame?

VI.

Conſult your mind, conſult your glaſs,
Each charm of ſenſe and youth;
Then own, who changes is an aſs,
Nor wonder at my truth.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE, 1749.

BY THE SAME.

I.

GROWN ſick of crowds and noiſe,
To peaceful rural joys
Good Bellmont from the town retires.
Miſs Harriet ſeeks the ſhade,
And looks *the country maid*,
And artfully his taſte admires.

II.

Their ſympathizing themes
Of lawns, and ſhades, and ſtreams,
Were all they ſung, and all they ſaid.
The muſic ſweet he finds
Of well-according minds,
And loves the perfect *rural maid*.

III.

His honeſt pure deſires
Not fed by vicious fires,
Suggeſt to ſpeak his flame betimes:
But, ſcarce his paſſion known,
This *Paſſage-Bird* is flown
To warmer air and brighter climes.

IV. From

IV.

From ſhades to crowded rooms,
From flow'rs to dead perfumes—
The *ſeaſon* calls—ſhe muſt away.
'Tis then alone ſhe lives,
When ſhe in riot gives
To *routs* the night, to ſleep the day.

V.

He follows her enrag'd,
And finds her deep engag'd
At crafty *Crib* and brazen *Brag:*
He hears her betting high,
He ſees her ſlur the die—
He takes his boots, and mounts his nag.

VERSES SAID TO BE FIXED ON THE GATE OF THE LOUVRE AT PARIS. 1751.

DEUX Henris immolés par nos braves ayeux,
L'un à la liberté, et Bourbon à nos Dieux,
Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entrepriſes.
Ils revivent en toi ces anciens tyrans—
Crains nôtre deſeſpoir—*la nobleſſe* a ſes *Guiſes*,
Paris des *Ravillacs*, *le clergé* des *Clements*.

ENGLISH.

ENGLISH. By the Same.

OUR fathers' victims the two Henries ſee,
This to *religion*, that to *liberty*.
Louis, in thee again the tyrants live;
Dread, leſt our deep deſpair thoſe ſcenes revive.
Paris nor yet a *Ravilliac* denies,
The *church* a *Clement*, nor the *court* a *Guiſe*.

LATIN. By the same.

CIVILI Henricûm cecidit par nobile ferro,
Hic libertati victima, et ille Deo:
Dum priſcos renovas iterum, Ludovice, tyrannos,
Nos renovare iterum facta priora doces.
Nos timeas læſos—*Guiſos* dabit *aula* recentes,
Clauſtraque Clementes, *urbs*que *Rabilliacos*.

CHLOE

CHLOE RESOLVED. A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. GREEN. 1743.

I.

AS Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the ſtream,
She ſigh'd to the breeze, and made Colin her theme;
Though pleaſant the ſtream, and though cooling the breeze,
And the flowers though fragrant, ſhe panted for eaſe.

II.

The ſtream it was fickle, and haſted away,
It kiſs'd the ſweet banks, but no longer could ſtay;
Though beauteous inconſtant, and faithleſs though fair,
Ah! Colin, look in, and behold thyſelf there.

III.

The breeze that ſo ſweet on its boſom did play,
Now roſe to a tempeſt, and darken'd the day.
As ſweet as the breeze, and as loud as the wind,
Such Colin when angry, and Colin when kind.

IV.

The flowers when gather'd, ſo beauteous and ſweet,
Now fade on her boſom, and die at her feet;
So fair in their bloom, and ſo foul in decay,
Such Colin when preſent, and Colin away.

V.

In rage and deſpair from the ground ſhe aroſe,
And from her the flowers ſo faded ſhe throws:
She weeps in the ſtream, and ſhe ſighs to the wind,
And reſolves to drive Colin quite out of her mind.

VI. But

VI.

But what her reſolves when her Colin appear'd?
The ſtream it ſtood ſtill, and no tempeſt was heard;
The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue:
She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.

EPILOGUE

To SHAKSPEARE'S firſt Part of King HENRY IV.

Acted by YOUNG GENTLEMEN

At Mr. NEWCOMBE'S School at HACKNEY, 1748;

Spoken by Mr. J. Y.[a] in the Character of FALSTAFF,

Puſhed in upon the Stage by Prince HENRY.

BY THE SAME.

A *Plague upon all cowards* ſtill I ſay—
Old Jack muſt bear the heat of all the day,
And be the maſter-fool beyond the play—
Amidſt hot-blooded Hotſpur's rebel ſtrife,
By miracle of wit I ſav'd my life,
And now ſtand fooliſhly expos'd again
To th' hiſſing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiſer—
Thou art not fram'd for an *epil*[illegible]*vizer*.

[a] James Yorke, now biſhop of Ely.

There's

There's *Hal* now, or his nimble ſhadow *Poins*,
Strait in the back, and liſſome in the loins,
Who wears his boot ſmooth as his miſtreſs' ſkin,
And ſhining as the glaſs ſhe dreſſes in;
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog and lye—
Which honeſt *Jack* could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might ſtand it buff,
And make (ha! ha!) a ſaucy epilogue enough;
But I am old and ſtiff—nay, baſhful grown,
For Shakſpeare's humour is not now my own.
I feel myſelf a counterfeiting aſs;
And if for *ſterling* wit I give you *braſs*,
It is his *royal image* makes it paſs.
Fancy now works; and here I ſtand and ſtew
In mine own greaſy fears, which ſet to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
Wights, who with no out-facings will be ſhamm'd,
Nor into riſibility be *bamm'd*;
Will, though ſhe ſhake their ſides, think *nature* treaſon,
And ſee one damn'd, ere—laugh without a reaſon.
Then how ſhall one *not of the virtuous* ſpeed,
Who merely has a wicked *wit* to plead—
Wit without meaſure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawleſs ridicule?
'Faith! try him by his peers, a jury choſen—
The kingdom will, I think, ſcarce raiſe a dozen.
So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
I'll in, and ſwear to *Hal*—I've done e feat.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to COMUS,

Performed for the Benefit of the General Hoſpital at BATH, 1756.

BY THE SAME.

Spoken by Miſs MORRISON, in the Character of a Lady of Faſhion.

She enters with a Number of Tickets in her Hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that—charity has got no ears.
I firſt attack'd a colonel of the guards—
Sir, charity—conſider its rewards.
With healing hand the ſaddeſt ſores it ſkins,
And covers—oh!—a multitude of ſins.
He ſwore, the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd *hypocriſy* to hide one's faults;
And with that ſin his conſcience ne'er was *twitted*—
The only one he never had committed.
Next, to my knight I plead. He—ſhook his head;
Complain'd the ſtocks were low—and trade was dead.
In theſe Bath-charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than—four ſhillings in the pound.

What with the play-houſe, hoſpital, and abbey,
A man was *ſtripp'd*—unleſs he'd look quite ſhabby.
Then ſuch a train, and ſuch expence to fit!
My lady, all the brats, and couſin Kit—
He'd ſteal, himſelf—perhaps—into the pit.
Old lady Slipſlop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* ſhe regards;
Raffles for Chineſe Gods, card-houſes, ſhells,
Nor grudges to the muſic, or the bells,
But has a ſtrange *antiquity* to naſty *oſpitels*.
I hope your lordſhip—then my lord replies—
No doubt, the governors are—very wiſe;
But, for the play, he—wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days ſuch ſtuff might be the taſte,
But faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaſte.
Then ſwears, he to the charity is hearty,
But can't, in honour, break his evening party.
When to the gouty alderman I ſued,
The naſty fellow ('gad!) was downright rude.
Is begging grown the faſhion, with a pox!
The mayor ſhould ſet ſuch houſewives in the ſtocks.
Give you a guinea! z—ds! replied the beaſt,
'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feaſt.
Think what a guinea a-head might ſet before ye—
Sir—mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dorey.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a ſinner,
Unleſs they gather 't in a diſh, at dinner.

I truſt,

I truſt, by art and more polite addreſs,
You fairer advocates met more ſucceſs;
And not a man compaſſion's cauſe withſtood,
When *beauty* pleaded for ſuch *general good*.

EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

By the same.

To James Harris, Eſq;

MARTIAL, Book IV. Ep. 87.

WOULD'ST thou, by Attic taſte approv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me adviſ'd, dear Muſe, apply:
In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muſcles moves,
Thou nor the critic's ſneer ſhalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks conſign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the ſky,
Or dead 'mongſt Grub-ſtreet's records lie.

Book I. Ep. 11.

Curmudgeon the rich widow courts,
Nor lovely ſhe, nor made for ſports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That ſhe has got a church-yard cough.

Book I. Ep. 14.

When Arria from her wounded ſide
To Pætus gave the reeking ſteel,
I feel not what I've done, ſhe cried;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

Book III. Ep. 43.

Before a ſwan, behind a crow,
Such ſelf-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! ceaſe your arts—death knows you're grey,
And ſpite of all will keep his day.

Book IV. Ep. 78.

With lace bedizen'd comes the ſman,
And I muſt dine with lady Anne.
A ſilver ſervice loads the board,
Of eatables a ſlender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals ſpare;
"I came to dine, and not to ſtare."

Book VII. Ep. 75.

When dukes in town aſk thee to dine,
To rule their roaſt, and ſmack their wine;

Or

Or take thee to their country-ſeat,
To make their dogs, and bleſs their meat;
———, dream not on preferment ſoon,
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book VIII. Ep. 35.

Alike in temper and in life,
A drunken huſband, ſottiſh wife,
She a ſcold, a bully he,—
The devil's in't they don't agree.

Book XII. Ep. 23.

Your teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney,
Was not an eye too to be had for money?

Book XII. Ep. 30.

Ned is a ſober fellow, they pretend—
Such would I have my coachman, not my friend.

Book XII. Ep. 103.

You ſell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and cloaths;
The price once paid, away the purchaſe goes;
But ſhe a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still ſold returns, and ſtill is to be ſold.

Book I. Ep. 40.

Is there, t' enroll amongſt the friendly few,
Whoſe names pure faith and ancient fame renew?

Is there, enrich'd with Virtue's honeſt ſtore,
Deep verſ'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains and truth purſues,
Nor knows a wiſh that heaven can refuſe?
Is there, who can on his great ſelf depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A very gallant COPY of VERSES,

(But ſomewhat ſilly)

Upon the LADIES, and their fine CLOATHS at a BALL.

By Mr. W. TAYLOR.

HAPPY the worms, that ſpun their lives away,
T' enrich the ſplendour of this glorious day!
Well pleas'd theſe gen'rous foreigners expire,
A ſacrifice to Beauty's general fire.
Oh! had they ſeen, with what ſuperior grace
Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,
Their am'rous flames had their own work betray'd,
And burn'd the web their curious art had made!

Another

Another on the ſame Subject, written with more Judgement, but fewer Good-manners.

BY THE SAME.

HOW ſtrangely doth the power of cuſtom rule,
And prejudice our wiſeſt thoughts controul!
How does one country with contempt deride
What other nations count their chiefeſt pride!
Our European ladies think they're fine,
When in the entrails of a worm they ſhine;
Yet laugh to ſee conceited Hottentots
Grow vain, though ſhining in far nobler guts.
In turgid pomp their ſtrutting limbs are deck'd,
And unctuous ſplendours from their robes reflect:
The balmy gloſs, which on the ſurface ſhines,
Regales the ſmell, and ſmooths the ladies' ſkins.
Richly, yet wiſely dreſs'd! for of the coſt
They ſuffer not a remnant to be loſt;
But eat each tatter, as it wears away,
And ſup upon the fragments of the day.
Frugal of time, at once they undreſs and feed,
Gnaw off their cloaths, and put themſelves to bed.
Their wedding garments prove their wedding feaſts,
And the bride's finery entertains the gueſts:

The eager bridegroom ſurfeits on her charms,
And fills his belly, as he fills his arms.
Juſtly may they condemn our fooliſh pride,
Who only for the naked back provide;
And uſeleſs garments to the dunghill caſt,
Before they've through the hungry ſtomach paſs'd;
Who well might purchaſe, had we their good ſenſe,
Both food and raiment at the ſame expence.
When will our wives and daughters be ſo good,
Thus to convert their old cloaths into food?

The BREWER's COACHMAN.

BY THE SAME.

HONEST William, an eaſy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow,
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er ſate in a box, to be ſure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurſes
Took that care of their babes that he took of his horſes.
He had theſe—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the buſineſs of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er:
So his maſter effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man, who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, ſays he, you ſee the plain caſe;
Had you drunk as he does, you'd keep a good place.

Drink water! quoth William——had all men done ſo,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're ſoakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

FEMALE CAUTION.

BY THE SAME.

MOTHER Breedwell preſented her huſband each year
With a chopping brave boy, and ſometimes with a pair;
'Till the primitive bleſſing of multiplication
Had fill'd the whole houſe with a young generation.
But as they increaſed, ſo ſorrow and care,
Thoſe primitive curſes, put in for a ſhare;
And the toilſome employments of mother and wife
Had hagg'd the poor woman half out of her life.
To the doctor ſhe goes with a pitiful face,
And begs he would give his advice in her caſe.
She tells him her huſband was wretchedly poor,
And prays he'd conſider her chargeable ſtore,
And prevent for the future her having of more.
As for that, quoth the ſage, I've a cure never failing,
Which neither Hippocrates thought of, nor Galen.

Look here—I preſent you this wonderful hoſe,
Into which, every night when you bed with your ſpouſe,
Thruſt both legs; nor pull off the magical fetters,
'Till you riſe in the morn about family matters.
Obſerve but this rule, which I give you in charge,
And your ſtock may diminiſh, but never enlarge.

Many thanks for your kindneſs, dear Sir, quoth the *dame*,
(Here ſhe dropp'd him a curt'ſie)—if it were not for ſhame,
And for fear you ſhould think me too bold, I'd fain beg
T'other ſtocking—and ſo have a hoſe to each leg:
For if ſuch rare virtue's contained in one,
How ſafe ſhould I be, had I both of them on!

GRACE and NATURE.

BY THE SAME.

QUOTH John to his teacher, Good Sir, if you pleaſe,
I would beg your advice in a difficult caſe;
'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life—
'Tis, in ſhort, the old ſtory of taking a wife.
There's a pair of young damſels I'm proffer'd to marry,
And whether to chooſe puts me in a quandary:
They're alike in age, family, fortune, and feature,
Only one has more *grace*, and the other *good-nature*.

As for that, ſays the teacher, good-nature and love,
And ſweetneſs of temper, are gifts from above,

And as coming from thence we ſhould give 'em their due,
Grace is a ſuperior bleſſing, 'tis true.
Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent ſarment,
Wherein all along you gave *grace* the preferment.
I ſhall never forget it, as how you were telling.
That heaven reſided where grace had its dwelling.
Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: but, alas,
What heaven can do is quite out of the caſe;
For by day and by night, with the woman you wed
'Tis you that muſt board, and 'tis you that muſt bed;
And a *good-natur'd* girl may quickly grow *gracious*,
But a four-headed ſaint will be ever vexatious.

HULL ALE.

BY THE SAME.

LONG time did a filly old proverb prevail,
That meat, drink, and cloth were all found in good ale;
'Till a lover of truth went on purpoſe to Hull,
And to try the experiment drank his ſkin full.
He began to ſee viſions, his head it turn'd round,
'Till off from his keſſal he fell on the ground:
There in trances profound our philoſopher mellow
Lay all night in the ſnow conſulting his pillow.

Oracular

Oracular vapours give prophecy birth,
As Plutarch reports, ſpringing out of the earth.
Whether this was the cauſe, or however inſpir'd,
Our ſage gave a ſentence will be ever admir'd.
'Twas this—I pronounce that good ale is good *meat*,
For I find, I have no inclination to eat:
That good ale is good *cloth*, you may honeſtly boaſt,
For i' faith! I'm as blithe and as warm as a toaſt.
But to call it good *drink*—is a lye, I'll be ſworn.
For I ne'er was ſo *dry* ſince the hour I was born.
The *cloth*, cries a punſter who chanc'd to come by,
Muſt be a good *drop*, if it kept you ſo *dry*.

ABSOLUTION.

By the Same.

IT blew an hard ſtorm, and in utmoſt confuſion
The ſailors all hurried to get abſolution;
Which done, and the weight of the ſins they'd confeſs'd
Was transferr'd, as they thought, from themſelves to the prieſt;
To lighten the ſhip, and conclude their devotion,
They toſs'd the poor parſon ſouſe into the ocean.

PENANCE.

PENANCE,

A Drunken old Scot by the rigorous ſentence
Of the kirk was condemn'd to the ſtool of repentance.
Meſs John to his conſcience his vices put home,
And his danger in this, and the world that's to come.
Thou reprobate mortal! why, doſt not thou know
Whither, after your death, all you drunkards muſt go?
Muſt go when we're dead! why Sir, you may ſwear,
We ſhall go, one and all, where we find the beſt beer.

The MISTAKE.

By the Same.

A Cannon ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor ſailor's leg away;
And, as on 'his comrade's back he made off,
A ſecond fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the ſurgeons.
Z——ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here an headleſs trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack,——he ſaid
His leg was off, and not his head.

A FRAG.

A FRAGMENT of CHAUCER.

By J. HARRIS[a], Eſq.

RIGHT wele of lernid clerkis is it ſed,
That womenhud for mannis' uſe is made;
But naughty man liketh not one, or ſo,
He luſteth aye unthriftily for mo;
And whom he whilome cheriſhed, when tied
By holy church he cannot her abide.
Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,
His tail he waggeth, glad therefore y-grown,
But thilke ſame bone if to his tail thou tye,
Pardie, he ſcaring it away doth fly.

Upon an ALCOVE,

Now at PARSON'S GREEN[b].

By Mrs. BENNET[c].

O Favourite Muſe of SHENSTONE, hear!
And leave awhile his bliſsful groves;
Aid me this ſweet alcove to ſing,
The Author's ſeat whom SHENSTONE loves.

[a] Author of Hermes and other excellent performances. He was nephew to the celebrated author of *Characteriſtics*, and died the 21ſt day of December, 1780.

[b] Near Fulham, the country reſidence of Mr. Samuel Richardſon, author of Pamela, Clariſſa, and Sir Charles Grandiſon.

[c] Siſter of Edward Bridgen, Eſq; who had married Mr. Richardſon's ſecond daughter.

Here

Here the ſoul-harrowing genius form'd
His PAMELA's enchanting ſtory!
And here divine CLARISSA died
A martyr to our ſex's glory!

'Twas here the noble-minded Howe
With every gen'rous paſſion glow'd:
And here the gentle Belford's eyes
With manly ſorrows overflow'd.

Here Clementina, hapleſs maid!
With wild diſtreſs each boſom tears:
And here the lovely Harriet own'd
A virgin's hopes, a virgin's fears.

Here Emily, ſweet artleſs girl,
Fills every breaſt with ſtrange delight!
And when we fear her early fall,
Secures her conqueſt by her flight.

Here ſprightly Charlotte's hum'rous wit
Diſpenſes mirth to all around:
But, ah! we tremble, whilſt we ſmile,
Leſt its fine edge herſelf ſhould wound.

Here GRANDISON, to crown the whole,
A bright exemplar ſtands confeſt!
Who ſtole thoſe virtues we admire
From the great Author's glowing breaſt.

O ſacred

O ſacred ſeat! be thou rever'd
By ſuch as own thy maſter's power;
And, like his works, for ages laſt,
'Till fame and language are no more.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

I.

BETWEEN the ſmooth deſcent of yonder hills,
Deep in the vale with tufted trees beſet:
Whoſe antique roots are waſh'd with brawling rills,
Whoſe leafy arms the ſummer's rage defeat,
There ſtands a country parſon's calm retreat.
View well the ſilent ſhade with ſober eye,
And wonder at the courtier's ſwolen luxury.

II.

See to his garden's pale where cloſe ally'd
A decent church the neighbouring glebe commands;
Whoſe ſteeple's ſtock'd with bells, (the country's pride)
Whoſe beams are wreath'd about with virgin bands,
Wove on the bridal day by virgin hands,
The ſurplice clean, and chancel newly whited,
That with the good man's neatneſs all muſt be delighted.

His

III.

His houſe ſtands near (this church's younger brother)
Whoſe furniture ſhews houſewifely, and neat;
A little garden runs from one to t'other,
Stately in uſe, excluding uſeleſs ſtate,
In which a yew-tree ſtands of ancient date:
And near it roſemary climbs up the wall;
Or elſe imperfect were the rites of funeral.

IV.

Him liveth near in gentle neighbourhood
An heartſome friend, replete with bounteous love,
Whoſe generous wine long time hath corked ſtood,
(Not to avoid the taſte, but to improve;)
With him the good man's moments ſoftly move:
Nor yet compleat, if I ſhould leave untold
The dame who of his joys ſweet partnerſhip doth hold.

V.

Well knows ſhe when to govern, when obey,
Vers'd in the rights and laws of womanhood;
Nor hath ſhe too much wiſdom to be gay,
Nor hath ſhe ſo much wit to be o'er-loud:
Nor hath ſhe ſo much beauty to be proud;
But cheerful ſenſe and decent mirth impart
The ſweet domeſtic joys of a well-natur'd heart.

VI. Eight

VI.

Eight years hath heav'n poſſeſs'd them of a boy,
Who loves a ſiſter younger by a year;
And as they prank about, with ſilent joy
They ſit and ſmile upon the prattling pair,
(Who two ſweet roſes on one ſtalk appear)
And think upon themſelves once fair and young,
Before ſoft Cupid's golden bow became unſtrung.

VII.

Each ſun ariſes freſh with ſweet content,
And leads them on a courſe of new delight;
With the ſame joy the ſummer's day is ſpent,
And o'er a cheerful fire their winter night.
Such are their joys who ſpend their lives aright;
Though ſeaſons change, no ſenſe of change they know,
But with an equal eye view all things here below.

VIII.

When th' amorous earth is woo'd with ſmiling weather,
To wear the verdant mantle of the ſpring;
Forth walk the little family together
To ſee the wood, and hear its natives ſing;
The flow'rs ſweet odours to their ſenſes bring:
The world appears in bloſſom, far and near
Joyful they view the purple promiſe of the year.

IX.

Summer beholds the good man near his bride,
In ſweet contentment ſmoaking in his chair;
He views the flocks nibbling the mountain's ſide,
And every tenth he reckons to his ſhare.
Now to the hay-field walk the happy pair,
And with ſuch kindneſs greet the country folk,
The parſon's buſh is plac'd upon the biggeſt cock.

X.

The promis'd fruit now fills the teeming ſoil,
And certain plenty all his doubts relieves;
The peach he planted pays his honeſt toil,
The farmer brings him home his yellow ſheaves,
And his ſtuff'd barn the willing tax receives.
His ſervants to his loaded orchards hye,
To lay-in liquid ſtores for future jollity.

XI.

When icy bands the ſtiffened wave enfold,
Still is the parſon with contentment crown'd;
The cheerful blaze chaces the chilly cold,
In circling cups all winter thoughts are drown'd,
And no ill-nature ſends the laugh around;
Or he, in ſtudy pent, thinks what to ſay,
May touch, yet not offend the ſquire next ſabbath-day.

XII.

Thus, ſtill in age the ſame, he journeys on,
'Till envious Fate o'ertake him on the road;
For the calm pleaſures of the holy man
Claim not the madneſs of a youthful blood.
For many winters thus ſerenely ſtood,
Strong in its ſmooth decline, the ſturdy oak,
'Till came from heav'n th' unfear'd and unreſiſted ſtroke.

PLAIN TRUTH.

By HENRY FIELDING, Eſq;

AS Bathian Venus t'other day
Invited all the Gods to tea,
Her maids of honour, the miſs Graces,
Attending duly in their places,
Their godſhips gave a looſe to mirth,
As we at Butt'rings here on earth.
Minerva in her uſual way
Rallied the daughter of the ſea.
Madam, ſaid ſhe, your lov'd reſort,
The city where you hold your court,
Is lately fallen from its duty,
And triumphs more in wit than beauty;

For

For here, ſhe cried; ſee here a poem—
'Tis Dalſton's; you, Apollo, know him.
Little perſuaſion ſure invites
Pallas to read what Dalſton writes:
Nay, I have heard that in Parnaſſus
For truth a current whiſper paſſes,
That Dalſton ſometimes has been known
To publiſh her works as his own.
Minerva read, and every God
Approv'd—Jove gave the critic nod:
Apollo and the ſacred Nine
Were charm'd, and ſmil'd at every line;
And Mars, who little underſtood,
Swore, d—n him, if it was not good.
Venus alone ſat all the while
Silent, nor deign'd a ſingle ſmile.
All were ſurpriz'd: ſome thought her ſtupid
Not ſo her confident 'ſquire Cupid;
For well the little rogue diſcern'd
At what his mother was concern'd;
Yet not a word the urchin ſaid,
But hid in Hebe's lap his head.
At length the riſing choler broke:
From Venus' lips,—and thus ſhe ſpoke.
That poetry ſo cram'd with wit,
Minerva, ſhould your palate hit,
I wonder not; nor that ſome prudes
(For ſuch there are above the clouds)

Should with the prize of beauty torn
From her they view with envious ſcorn.
Me poets never pleaſe, but when
Juſtice and truth direct their pen.
This Dalſton—formerly I've known him;
Henceforth for ever I diſown him;
For Homer's wit ſhall I deſpiſe
In him who writes with Homer's eyes.
A poem on the faireſt fair
At Bath, and Betty's name not there!
Hath not this poet ſeen thoſe glances
In which my wicked urchin dances?
Nor that dear dimple, where he treats
Himſelf with all Arabia's ſweets;
In whoſe ſoft down while he repoſes
In vain the lilies bloom, or roſes,
To tempt him from a ſweeter bed
Of fairer white or livelier red?
Hath he not ſeen, when ſome kind gale
Has blown aſide the cambric veil,
That ſeat of paradiſe, where Jove
Might pamper his almighty love?
Our milky way leſs fair does ſhew:
There ſummer's ſeen 'twixt hills of ſnow.
From her lov'd voice whene'er ſhe ſpeaks,
What ſoftneſs in each accent breaks!
And when her dimpled ſmiles ariſe,
What ſweetneſs ſparkles in her eyes!

Can I then hear, enrag'd ſhe ſaid,
Slights offer'd to my fav'rite maid,
The nymph whom I decreed to be
The repreſentative of me?
The Goddeſs ceas'd—the Gods all bow'd,
Nor one the wicked bard avow'd,
Who, while in Beauty's praiſe he writ,
Dar'd Beauty's Goddeſs to omit:
For now their godſhips recollected,
'Twas Venus' ſelf he had neglected,
Who in her viſits to this place
Had ſtill worn Betty Dalſton's face.

ODE TO VENUS,

FROM HER VOTARIES OF THE STREET.

BY *****.

ARE theſe thy palms? oh queen of love!
Pity thy wretched votaries! From above
Behold them ſtroll, their boſoms bare,
Chill'd with the blaſts of rude St. Clement's air;
And twitch the ſleeve with ſly advance:
Roll the bright eye, or ſhoot the ſide-long glance:

Whilſt the chaſte moon, with envious light
Peeps through the curtain of the freezing night.
Not thus when Horace hymn'd thy praiſe,
You heard the Glyceras of happier days.
Oh goddeſs of love's pleaſing pain!
From thy own iſle avert the froſt, and rain;
Nor let the little mouth inhale,
(Bane to the teeth) a rough, unfriendly gale;
Or ſlender ancle white, and neat,
Betray a ſplaſh from the polluted ſtreet.
Look down with pity on the woes,
That trace our footſteps, and our haunts encloſe,
For thee, we forfeit fair renown,
Brave want and danger, orphans of the town;
For thee, ſuſtain the cruel ſhock
Of cauſtic Franks, and cicatrizing Rock[a]:
Happy! if Hermes' timely care,
The ſearching deity of here and there,
Can ſoften the venereal doom,
And keep awhile pale beauty from the tomb.
But languid! lifeleſs, cold and bare,
Gone every tooth, and fallen every hair,
A prey to grief, remorſe, diſeaſe!—
Ah! Paphian Venus, faithleſs as the ſeas!
Fir'd by thy ſpells, and magic charms,
We guiltleſs virgins glow'd at ſoft alarms,

[a] Two ignorant quacks.

Embark'

Embark'd with youth, and airy ſmiles,
The graces, playful loves, and wanton wiles;
On pleaſure's wave we loos'd the ſails,
Alas; too credulous of flatt'ring gales;
For lo! the heav'ns with clouds are ſpread,
The graces, loves, with youth are fled,
And leave the ſhip, an eaſy prize,
Unrigg'd and leaky to th' inclement ſkies.

AN EPIGRAM.

BY THE SAME.

I Dropt a thing in verſe, without a name;
I felt no cenſure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public ſaw the baſtard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd: ſo left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and ſmil'd.
The public now enlarges every grace,
What ſhining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what ſymmetry! what ſtrength divine!
The noble brat is ſure of Pelops' line.

THE POET's IMPORTANCE.

BY DR. H***

THE glow-worm ſcribblers of a feeble age,
Pale twinklers of an hour, provoke my rage:
In each dark hedge we ſtart an inſect fire,
Which lives by night, and muſt at dawn expire;
Yet ſuch their number, that their ſpecks combine,
And the unthinking vulgar ſwear they ſhine.
Poets are prodigies ſo greatly rare,
They ſeem the taſks of heav'n, and built with care:
Like ſuns, unquench'd, unrival'd and ſublime,
They roll, immortal, o'er the waſtes of time;
Ages in vain cloſe round and ſnatch in fame;
High over all ſtill ſhines the Poet's name!
Lords of a life that ſcorns the bounds of breath,
They ſtretch exiſtence, and defy ſtern death.
Glory and ſhame are theirs—They plant renown,
Or ſhade the Monarch's by the Muſe's crown:
To ſay Auguſtus reign'd when Virgil ſhin'd,
Does honour to the lord of half mankind.
So when three thouſand years have wan'd away,
And POPE is ſaid to have liv'd when GEORGE bore ſway,
Millions ſhall lend the King the Poet's fame,
And bleſs implicit the *ſupported* name.

To

o POLLY LAURENCE, QUITTING THE PUMP.

BATH, JANUARY 1756[a].

SPITE of beauty, air, and grace,
With honour haſt thou run thy race!
In *ſunſhine* well thy part thou'ſt play'd—
Now, ſweet Polly, ſeek the *ſhade*.
The prudent general, though beat,
Reaps honour from *a good retreat*;
But nobler thou, thy thouſands kill'd,
With *flying colours* leav'ſt the field.
Let not retirement give thee ſpleen,
Thy ſex's *longing—to be ſeen:*
But teach the vicious and the vain,
Their pleaſure's but refining pain.
Teach the gay by thy retreat,
Eternal *giggle* is not *wit*;
And the formal fool adviſe,
Prudery cannot make her *wiſe*.
Take with thee to thy private ſtate
Th' applauſes of the *good* and *great*;
The beſt reward below allow'd
Of a conduct *great* and *good*.

[a] See p. 219.

ODE

ODE TO A LADY IN LONDON.

By Miss CARTER.

WHILE ſoft through water, earth, and air,
The vernal ſpirits rove,
From noiſy joys, and giddy crowds
To rural ſcenes remove.

The mountain ſnows are all diſſolv'd,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring gale,
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flowery vale.

The circling planets' conſtant rounds
The wint'ry waſtes repair,
And ſtill from temporary death
Renew the verdant year.

But oh! when once our tranſient bloom,
The ſpring of life, is o'er,
That roſy ſeaſon takes its flight,
And muſt return no more.

Yet judge by Reaſon's ſober rules,
From falſe Opinion free,
And mark how little pilfering years
Can ſteal from you or me.

Each

Each moral pleaſure of the heart,
  Each ſmiling charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
  Of wild inconſtant youth.

The vain coquet, whoſe empty pride
  A fading face ſupplies,
May juſtly dread the wint'ry gloom
  Where all its glory dies.

Leave ſuch a ruin to deplore
  To fading forms confin'd;
Nor age, nor wrinkles, diſcompoſe
  One feature of the mind.

Amidſt the univerſal change,
  Unconſcious of decay,
It views unmov'd the ſcythe of Time,
  Sweep all beſides away.

Fix'd on its own eternal frame
  Eternal are its joys,
While, born on tranſitory wings,
  Each mortal pleaſure flies.

While ev'ry ſhort-liv'd flower of ſenſe
  Deſtructive years conſume,
Through friendſhip's fair enchanting walks
  Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous proſpect ends,
But lengthen'd through the vale of death
To Paradiſe extends.

ODE TO SPRING,

By Miss FERRER of HUNTINGDON,

SINCE MARRIED TO THE REV. MR. PECKARD.

I.

HAIL, genial goddeſs, blooming Spring!
Thy bleſt return, O let me ſing,
And aid my languid lays:
Let *me* not ſink in ſloth ſupine
While all creation at thy ſhrine
Its annual tribute pays.

II.

Eſcap'd from Winter's freezing power,
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flower;
And foremoſt of the train,
By Nature (artleſs handmaid!) dreſt,
The ſnow-drop comes in lily'd veſt,
Prophetic of thy reign.

III. The

III.

The lark now ſtrains his warbling throat,
While every loud and ſprightly note
Calls Echo from her cell.
Be warn'd, ye fair, that liſten round,
A beauteous maid became a ſound,
A maid who lov'd too well.

IV.

The bright-hair'd ſun with warmth benign
Bids tree, and ſhrub, and ſwelling vine,
Their infant-buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which Winter bound in icy chains,
And ſparkling bleſs his ray.

V.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And inſtant glows th' enamel'd ground
With Nature's vary'd hues:
Not ſo returns our youth decay'd,
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade,
The ſpring of life renews.

VI.

The ſun's too quick-revolving beam
Will ſoon diſſolve the human dream,
And bring th' appointed hour:
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly-waſted day
No longer in our power.

VII.

Then happieſt he, whoſe lengthen'd ſight
Purſues, by virtue's conſtant light,
A hope beyond the ſkies:
Where frowning Winter ne'er ſhall come,
But roſy Spring for ever bloom,
And ſuns eternal riſe.

ODE to CYNTHIA. In Imitation of an IDYLLIUM of BION.

By the same.

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aſpect mild and brow ſerene,
Whoſe friendly beams by night appear
The lonely traveller to cheer;
Attractive Power, whoſe mighty ſway
The ocean's ſwelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, ſeem to raiſe
A liquid altar to thy praiſe:
Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
Invoke to their infernal bower.
But I to no ſuch horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy ſacred light,
Nor ſeek, while all but lovers ſleep,
To rob the miſer's treaſur'd heap:

Thy kindly beams alone impart
To find the youth who ſtole my heart;
And guide me, from thy ſilver throne,
To ſteal *his* heart, or find *my own*.

ODE TO A THRUSH.

By Miss PENNINGTON[a].

SWEET warbler! to whoſe artleſs ſong
Soft Muſic's native powers belong,
Here fix thy haunt; and o'er theſe plains
Still pour thy wild untutor'd ſtrains,
Still hail the morn with ſprightly lay,
And ſweetly hymn the parting day:
But ſprightlier ſtill, and ſweeter pour
Thy ſong o'er Flavia's favorite bower;
There ſoftly breathe the vary'd ſound,
And chant thy loves or woes around.
So may'ſt thou live ſecurely bleſt,
And no rude ſtorms diſturb thy neſt;

[a] Daughter of the Rev. Mr. Pennington, rector of Huntingdon. his young lady died in the year 1759, aged 25. She wrote a Parody i Philips's Splendid Shilling, printed in Dilly's "Repoſitory," vol. I. id is celebrated by Mr. Duncombe in the Feminead.

No

No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun thy brood deſtroy;
No want of ſhelter may'ſt thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty ſhades beſtow;
No dearth of winter berries fear,
But haws and hips bluſh half the year.

E L E G Y.

I.

AH me! that reſtleſs bliſs ſo ſoon ſhould flie!
Still as I think my yielding maid to gain,
And flatt'ring hope ſays all my joys are nigh,
Officious jealouſy renews my pain.

II.

When cold ſuſpenſe and torturing deſpair,
When pauſing doubt, and anxious fear's no more,
Some idle falſhood haunts my liſt'ning ear,
And wakes my heart to all it felt before.

III.

One treads the mazes of the puzzled dance
With eaſy ſtep, and unaffected air,
Falſe rapture feigns, or rolls a meaning glance,
To catch the open, eaſy-hearted fair.

IV. Another

IV.

Another boaſts a more ſubſtantial claim,
For him fair Plenty fills her golden horn,
A thouſand flocks ſupport his haughty flame,
A thouſand acres crown'd with waving corn.

V.

But I nor tread the mazes of the dance
With eaſy ſtep, and unaffected air,
Nor rapture feign, nor roll a meaning glance,
To catch the open, eaſy-hearted fair.

VI.

I boaſt not Fortune's more ſubſtantial claim,
For me nor Plenty fills her golden horn,
Nor wealthy flocks ſupport my humble flame,
Nor ſmiling acres crown'd with waving corn.

VII.

Say, will thy gen'rous heart for theſe reject
A tender paſſion, and a ſoul ſincere?
For though with me you've little to expect,
Believe me, Sylvia, you have leſs to fear.

VIII.

Come, let us tread the flow'ry paths of peace,
'Till Fate ſhall ſeal th' irrevocable doom;
Then ſoar together to yon realms of bliſs,
And leave our mingled aſhes in the tomb.

IX.

Perhaps ſome tender ſympathetic breaſt,
Who knows with Sorrow's elegance to moan,
May ſearch the charnel where our relics reſt,
And grave our mem'ry on the faithful ſtone.

X.

" Tread ſoft, ye lovers, o'er this hallow'd ground:
" Here lies fond Damon by his Sylvia's ſide;
" Their ſouls in life by mutual love were bound,
" Nor death the laſting union could divide."

A POEM to the Memory of THOMAS, late Marquis of WHARTON, Lord Privy Seal.

VAIN are theſe pomps, thy funeral rites to grace,
And blazen forth thy long *Patrician* race;
Theſe banners mark'd with boaſted feats of old,
And ſtreamers waving with diſtinguiſh'd gold:
Proud hieroglyphics! where are darkly ſhown
Thy brave forefathers merits, not thy own.
Herald, forbear! theſe painted honours give
To names that only in thy paint can live.
Thy colours fade near this illuſtrious clay,
And all thy gaudy gildings die away.
See, [a] heaven diſpleas'd, thy fond attempt upbraids,
And claims the province thy bold hand invades;
Untimely darkneſs, gathering round the ſkies,
Blackens the morn, to grace his obſequies;
The ſick'ning ſun ſhines dim, and in the ſight
Of gazing crowds reſigns his waning light;
Mark how he labours with relapſe of night!

[a] The marquis was interred at Winchindon on the 22d of April 1715. The total eclipſe of the ſun, happening whilſt his remains were on the road, ſtopped the proceſſion.

How

How his diminiſh'd face a creſcent ſeems,
Like Cynthia newly ſilver'd with his beams.
But as in full eclipſe his light expires,
Back to its ſource our gelid blood retires;
Chill'd with ſurprize, our trembling joints unbrace,
And pale confuſion ſits on every face;
The bleating flocks, no more the ſhepherd's care,
Stray from thoſe folds to which they would repair;
Home to his young the raven wings his way,
And leaves untaſted his yet bleeding prey;
While tow'ring larks their rival notes prolong,
They drop benighted in their morning ſong;
Darkneſs and horror reign o'er earth and ſkies,
And nature for awhile with WHARTON dies.
O! ſpeak, refulgent parent of the day!
With beamy eye who doſt the globe ſurvey;
Thou radiant ſource of wit's diviner fire!
Thou trueſt judge of what thou doſt inſpire!
Say, haſt thou ſeen in any age or clime,
Since thy bright race began to meaſure time,
So great a genius riſe? in every part
So form'd by nature, finiſh'd ſo by art?
Such manly ſenſe, with ſo much fire of mind?
Judgment ſo ſtrong, to wit ſo lively join'd?
No prepoſſeſſion ſway'd his equal ſoul,
Steady to truth ſhe pointed as her pole:
Convinc'd of varying in the leaſt degrees,
Her pliant index ſhe reclaim'd with eaſe.

Early through cuſtom's and preſcription's yoke,
Tyrants of weaker ſouls, his reaſon broke.
Good ſenſe revering from the meaneſt hand,
He durſt authority in robes withſtand.
Determin'd always on maturer thought,
Still by new reaſons, to new meaſures brought;
Firm, but not ſtubborn; thoughtful, not involv'd;
Swift to perform what ſlowly he reſolv'd.
No tempeſts rag'd within his peaceful breaſt,
Where kindling paſſion reaſon ſoon ſuppreſt.
'Midſt all events his firmneſs he maintain'd,
Struggled with great, but ſlighter ills diſdain'd.
Thus what philoſophers could only preach,
His inborn virtue did in practice reach.
Nature deſign'd him maſter of addreſs;
None knew it more, nor ſeem'd to know it leſs.
It work'd like magic on your yielding heart,
Sure was the charm, but ſecret was the art.
In human nature moſt exactly learn'd,
The artful man he through his maſque diſcern'd.
With choſen baits that every temper take,
He knew of knave or fool good uſe to make.
His eaſy breeding free from form and rules,
That ſtiffen the civility of fools,
Of various turn, for all occaſions fit,
Was ſquar'd with judgment, and well touch'd with wit.
Free of acceſs, from affectation clean,
Great without pride, nor when familiar, mean.

Obliging always with good-natur'd ſenſe,
Nor apt to give nor apt to take offence.
Nor fond when kind, nor harſh when moſt ſevere,
Betwixt extremes he juſtly knew to ſteer.
In converſation wond'rous was his art
To guard his own, and ſift another's heart.
To mirth and wit he led the cheerful way,
Reſerv'dly open and diſcreetly gay;
Nor could the ſofteſt hour his ſecret ſoul betray.
Bright as the youngeſt, as the oldeſt wife,
In both extremes, alike he gave ſurprize.
In body active, yet his ſprightly mind
Within that body felt herſelf confin'd.—
When thoughts important claim'd no longer place,
Then building, planting, and the ſpeedy race,
Paintings and books ſucceſſive took their round,
No blanks of time were in his journal found.
Skill'd in the ends of his exiſtence, he
To be unuſeful thought was not to be.
Polite his taſte of arts, but vain was art
Where nature had ſo greatly done her part.
Through tireſome mediums we at truth arrive;
His eaſy knowledge ſeem'd intuitive.
No copy'd beauties meanly form'd his mind,
By heav'n a great original deſign'd.
The ſeeds of ſcience in his blood were ſown,
Born with philoſophy, 'twas all his own [b].

[b] The poet deſigned by this to cover the marquis's want of literature, for he ſtudied men and the world more than books.

Nor bribes nor threat'nings could his zeal abate
To ſerve his country, and avert her fate.
Firm to her laws and liberties he ſtood,
Submitting private views to public good.
Who could obſequious with the current ſwim,
Whigs might be call'd, but Tories were to him,
Perſons or parties he no longer knew,
When ſwerving once from honeſt, juſt, and true.
Oft has he ſtem'd the rage of impious times,
When patriot virtues bore the brand of crimes.
To check proud tyrants born, and factions awe,
But moſt devoted to good kings and law.
Twice his dear country was on ruin's brink,
Reſolv'd to ſave her, or with her to ſink,
His brave attempts ſucceſsful twice he ſaw,
Once in wiſe BRUNSWICK, once in great NASSAU.
No bolder champion in religion's cauſe;
None fought more battles, nor with more applauſe.
To arms he flew as danger preſs'd her home,
And ſnatch'd the hopeleſs prey from France and Rome.
But as from conſcience pure, religion ſprings,
He freedom preſs'd in uneſſential things.
Coercive laws, he rightly underſtood,
Might make men hypocrites, but never good.
All genuine virtue is by nature free;
And will, when forc'd, no longer virtue be.
Who juſtly would his eloquence declare,
Himſelf muſt WHARTON's fertile genius ſhare.

Would

Would you conceive it? ſee how o'er the ſands
Fair Thames advances where Auguſta ſtands.
Gentle he flows, but with reſiſtleſs force,
Not like the rapid Rhone's impetuous courſe;
Though deep, ſo clear are his tranſparent ſtreams,
His bottom riſing to his ſurface ſeems.
Full in his ſpreading current, but reſtrain'd,
And ſtill within its flow'ry banks contain'd.
Alternate wealth his two extremes unfold,
Downwards he ſends us bread, and upwards gold.
Flow, ſwifteſt river! ſtill thy courſe prolong!
Thus deep and clear, thus gentle, full and ſtrong,
That diſtant ages may the image ſee
Of WHARTON's flowing eloquence in thee:
So ſhall no torrents ſoil thy cryſtal ſtream,
Thou patriot's emblem, and thou poet's theme!
Ye nobles who ſurround the Britiſh throne,
Reflect its luſtre, and improve your own;
You who reſemble, in rich robes of ſtate,
That majeſty auguſt on which you wait,
Witneſs how often his deciſive ſenſe,
His wit, his art, and copious eloquence,
Have ſingly won the queſtion on his ſide,
Made Oxford bluſh, and St. John drop his pride;
Whilſt every year was with his accents charm'd,
As every breaſt was with his ardour warm'd;
Faction was touch'd, and felt the ſacred force,
Dumb, and convicted, but without remorſe,

Envy with rage contending in her face,
To ſee his triumph and her juſt diſgrace.
  Nor leſs in council did his weight appear,
The ableſt ſtateſman as the brighteſt peer.
Thou, mighty prince, who from perfidious power
Didſt ſpeed to ſave us in a timely hour;
Whilſt beauty join'd with valour form'd thy train,
To grace our court, and raiſe our martial vein;
Whoſe riſing beams made drooping Credit thrive,
Religion ſpring, fair Liberty revive:
Say, if thy choſen miniſters, who ſate
With thee to guide the great machine of ſtate,
A more conſummate character could boaſt,
Than that which Britain in her WHARTON loſt.
  Oh! had kind heaven (if prayers were not too late)
Another luſtrum added to his date,
How would his head, his heart, his hand conſpire,
To puniſh traitors as their crimes require!
To cruſh rebellion, bridle factious rage,
And quell the monſters of an impious age!
How would his boſom beat with joy to ſee,
Great GEORGE! the Britiſh legend true in thee!
To ſee thee o'er the vanquiſh'd dragon ride,
And free thy kingdoms from his rage and pride!
Whilſt peace and plenty ſpread their golden wings
Around the beſt of men, the beſt of kings,
And every tide ſhall waft into thy ports
Wealth from all lands, and homage from all courts.

But ſov'reign heav'n, whoſe ways are ever wiſe,
Juſt[d] drew the glorious dawn before his eyes;
And for his happier ſon[e] reſerv'd the ſight
Of Brunſwick's power in its meridian light.
GEORGE ſhall in him prove honour, courage, truth,
And find the father in the pregnant youth.
Thus the great leader of the Hebrew bands,
Through opening billows and o'er burning ſands,
From Egypt's yoke, and haughty Pharaoh's chains,
To Canaan's fruitful hills, and flow'ry plains,
From Piſgah's height the promis'd land deſcry'd;
More was forbid; he ſaw, rejoic'd, and dy'd.

PARAPHRASE upon a FRENCH SONG.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Eſq;

Venge moy d'une ingrate maitreſſe,
Dieu du vin, j'implore ton yvreſſe.

KIND relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!
In thy ſmiling cordial bowl,
Drown the ſorrows of my ſoul,
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy.

[d] He died a few months after the acceſſion of George I.

[e] This was afterwards the well-known Philip, Duke of Wharton, whoſe character is admirably drawn by Mr. Pope in his Moral Eſſays. See epiſt. I. l. 180.

Jolly

Bacchus! ſave, oh ſave
the deep devouring grave,
r, deſpairing, dying ſwain.
Haſte away,
Haſte away,
ſh thy tigers, do not ſtay,
I'm undone if thou delay.
If I view thoſe eyes once more,
Still ſhall love, and ſtill adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face!
See her move!
With what a grace!
Ye Gods above!
Is ſhe not one of your immortal race?
Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
Dart like light'ning through the ſky:
Would ye in marble temples dwell,
The dear-one to my arms compel;
Bring her in bands of myrtle tied,
Bid her forget, and bid her hide
All her ſcorn and all her pride.
Would ye that your ſlave repay
A ſmoking hecatomb each day,
O reſtore,
The beauteous Goddeſs I adore,
O reſtore, with all her charms,
The faithleſs vagrant to my arms.

THE

TOMB of SHAKSPEARE.

A

VISION.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Eſq;

WHAT time the jocund roſie-boſom'd HOURS
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profuſely ſcatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his muſky wing,

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambroſial gates of light,
Weſtward the raven-pinion'd Darkneſs flew,
The Landſcape ſmil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the ſullen Ghoſts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer ſwell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and ſlow,
And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe:

The

The God of ſleep myſterious viſions led
In gay proceſſion 'fore the mental eye;
And my free'd ſoul awhile her manſion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
Through every clime, o'er every region paſs'd,
No paradiſe or ruin 'ſcap'd my ſight,
HESPERIAN garden, or CIMMERIAN waſte.

On AVON's banks I lit, whoſe ſtreams appear
To wind with eddies fond round SHAKSPEARE's tomb,
The year's firſt feath'ry ſongſters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earlieſt roſes bloom.

Here FANCY ſat, (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets freſh th' unfullied ſod,)
And bath'd with tears the ſad ſepulchral mold,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and laſt abode.

Ah! what avails, ſhe cry'd, a Poet's name?
Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To ſnatch from dumb Oblivion others fame?
My darling child here lies a prey to Death!

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd PITY's prieſt,
From grief Domeſtic teach the tears to flow,
Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impaſſion'd breaſt
With heart-felt ſighs and ſympathy of woe.

For

For not to theſe *his* genius was confin'd,
Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
Poetic tranſports of the madding mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the ſoul to heaven;

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects of creation's ſtore,
Which on this world's extended ſurface lie;
And plaſtic thought that ſtill created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
Grant me, great goddeſs of the changeful eye,
To view each Being in poetic pride,
To whom thy ſon gave immortality.

Sweet FANCY ſmil'd, and wav'd her myſtic rod,
When ſtrait theſe viſions felt her pow'rful arm,
And one by one ſucceeded at her nod,
As vaſſal ſprites obey the wizard's charm.

Firſt a celeſtial form[a] (of azure hue
Whoſe mantle, bound with brede ætherial, flow'd
To each ſoft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the ſun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic ſway
Of an old ſage to ſolitude reſign'd,
With fenny vapours he obſcur'd the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let looſe the wind.

[a] Ariel in the Tempeſt.

He whirl'd the tempeſt through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder-clap on high,
And rais'd the roaring elemental war
Betwixt the ſea-green waves and azure ſky.

Then, like heav'n's mild embaſſador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult ceaſe,
Smooth'd the blue boſom of the realms above,
And huſh'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in ſpirit or in mien
Another form [b] ſucceeded to my view;
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in ſpleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfiniſh'd drew.

Scarce could he ſyllable the curſe he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient foreſt's bound,
The flow'ry margin [c] of a ſilent ſtream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by ſilver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended graſs,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd.
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glaſs,
That ſmoothly ſtole along the ſhad'wy glade.

[b] Caliban in the Tempeſt.

[c] Fairy-land from the Midſummer Night's Dream.

Through

Through theſe the queen TITANIA paſs'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to ſee great OBERON her lord
Wage the mock battles of a ſportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A ſtouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid ſting,
The ſharded beetle's ſcale his ſable ſhield.

Around their chief the elfin hoſt appear'd;
Each little helmet ſparkled like a ſtar,
And their ſharp ſpears in pierceleſs phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thiſtles, glitter'd in the air.

The ſcene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waſte by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three ſwart ſiſters[d] of the *weird* band
Were mutt'ring curſes to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcaſe with the weight of years,
And each ſunk eye-ball from its hollow caſe
Diſtill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three ſtaves they poſted to the bourn
Of a drear iſland, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, ſhagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boiſt'rous waves which rag'd below.

[d] The witches in Macbeth.

Deep

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where ſmiling Comfort never ſhew'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, ſave one rueful ray
Diſcov'ring all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd myſt'ries with infernal ſtate,
Whilſt ghaſtly ſpectres glided ſlowly by,
The ſcritch-owl ſcream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footſtep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor ſign of living creature could be ſeen,
Save where the reptile ſnake, or ſullen toad,
The murky floor had ſoil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow ſound,
Each *wird* ſiſter vaniſh'd into ſmoke,
Now a dire yell of ſpirits * underground
Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning ſurface broke;

When lo! each injur'd apparition roſe;
Aghaſt the murd'rer ſtarted from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I ſeen—but now the God of day
O'er earth's broad breaſt his flood of light had ſpread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
And on *their* wings each bright illuſion fled.

* Ghoſts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

Yet

Yet ſtill the dear ENCHANTRESS of the brain
My waking eyes with wiſhful wand'rings ſought,
Whoſe magic will controuls th' ideal train,
The ever-reſtleſs progeny of THOUGHT.

Sweet power, I ſaid, for others gild the ray
Of Wealth, or Honour's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude aſtray
To graſp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameleſs bliſs engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious ſtrife,
Free from the muck-worm miſer's lucrous rage,
In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Through Error's maze my devious footſteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reaſon impiouſly require
What heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow ſpan,
But teach it to ſubdue each fierce deſire,
Which wars within its own ſmall empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few poſſeſs,
That life's beſt ſcience is ourſelves to know,
The firſt of human bleſſings is to bleſs,
And happieſt he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wiſe, and innocently great,
While Time's ſmooth ſand ſhall regularly paſs,
Each deſtin'd atom's quiet courſe I'll wait,
Nor raſhly break, nor wiſh to ſtop the glaſs.

And when in death my peaceful aſhes lie,
If e'er ſome tongue congenial ſpeaks my name,
Friendſhip ſhall never bluſh to breathe a ſigh,
And great ones envy ſuch an honeſt fame.

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THE END OF VOL. V.

